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AMERICAN LITERATURE

Vol. V.

Washington Irving

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AMERICAN LITERATURE

FROM THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AND
ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. V

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LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC

PART II

1821—1834

In the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book ?

SYDNEY SMITH. A.D. 1820.

The public expectation, which had been raised so high by the character of CHANNING'S earliest performances, was continually excited and fulfilled by the appearance of some new and earnest expression of his thoughts on . . . religion, government, and literature, in their widest sense and application.

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The empire of the sea has been conceded to him (COOPER) by acclamation; in the lonely desert, or untrodden prairie, among the savage Indians or scarcely less savage settlers, we equally acknowledge his dominion.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. A.D. 1835.

We have caught ourselves, oftener than we shall confess, neglecting his (IRVING'S) excellent matter, to lap ourselves in the liquid music of his periods, and letting ourselves float passively down the mellow windings of his soft-flowing sentences.

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THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW. *London.* A.D. 1824.

The great historian of the New World, who has scarcely a rival in the Old one,—the excellent PRESCOTT.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. A.D. 1855.

LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC.

PART II.

1821—1834.

William Ellery Channing.

BORN in Newport, R. I., 1780. DIED at Bennington, Vt., 1842.

AN ESTIMATE OF BONAPARTE.

[*The Works of William E. Channing, D.D.* 1841.]

HIS original propensities, released from restraint, and pampered by indulgence, to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honor, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son. He was sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strewn

with the wounded and dead. But, if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword, with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects, which had infested his march. To him all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals, nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing, and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge through Europe; and, when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe.

Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say, he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood, that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte. There are different orders of greatness. Among these the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a god, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world.—Next to moral, comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself,

questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself from its own fulness lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the master-spirits in poetry and the fine arts.—Next comes the greatness of *action;* and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man, who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab; a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

THE NEED OF AN ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

[*Remarks on National Literature.* 1823.—*From the Same.*]

WE next observe, and we think the observation important, that the facility with which we receive the literature of foreign countries, instead of being a reason for neglecting our own, is a strong motive for its cultivation. We mean not to be paradoxical, but we believe that it would be better to admit no books from abroad, than to make them substitutes for our own intellectual activity. The more we receive from other countries, the greater the need of an original literature. A people, into whose minds the thoughts of foreigners are poured perpetually, needs an energy within itself to resist, to modify this mighty influence, and, without it, will inevitably sink under the worst bondage, will

become intellectually tame and enslaved. We have certainly no desire to complete our restrictive system, by adding to it a literary non-intercourse law. We rejoice in the increasing intellectual connection between this country and the old world. But sooner would we rupture it, than see our country sitting passively at the feet of foreign teachers. It were better to have no literature, than form ourselves unresistingly on a foreign one. The true sovereigns of a country are those who determine its mind, its modes of thinking, its tastes, its principles; and we cannot consent to lodge this sovereignty in the hands of strangers. A country, like an individual, has dignity and power only in proportion as it is self-formed. There is a great stir to secure to ourselves the manufacturing of our own clothing. We say, let others spin and weave for us, but let them not think for us. A people, whose government and laws are nothing but the embodying of public opinion, should jealously guard this opinion against foreign dictation. We need a literature to counteract, and to use wisely the literature which we import. We need an inward power proportionate to that which is exerted on us, as the means of self-subsistence. It is particularly true of a people, whose institutions demand for their support a free and bold spirit, that they should be able to subject to a manly and independent criticism, whatever comes from abroad. These views seem to us to deserve serious attention. We are more and more a reading people. Books are already among the most powerful influences here. The question is, shall Europe, through these, fashion us after its pleasure? Shall America be only an echo of what is thought and written under the aristocracies beyond the ocean?

Another view of the subject is this. A foreign literature will always, in a measure, be foreign. It has sprung from the soul of another people, which, however like, is still not our own soul. Every people has much in its own character and feelings, which can only be embodied by its own writers, and which, when transfused through literature, makes it touching and true, like the voice of our earliest friend.

UNITARIANISM.

[*Unitarian Christianity most Favorable to Piety.* 1826.—*From the Same.*]

UNITARIANISM is peculiarly favorable to piety, because it accords with nature, with the world around and the world within us; and through this accordance it gives aid to nature, and receives aid from it, in impressing the mind with God. We live in the midst of a glorious universe, which was meant to be a witness and a preacher of the Divin-

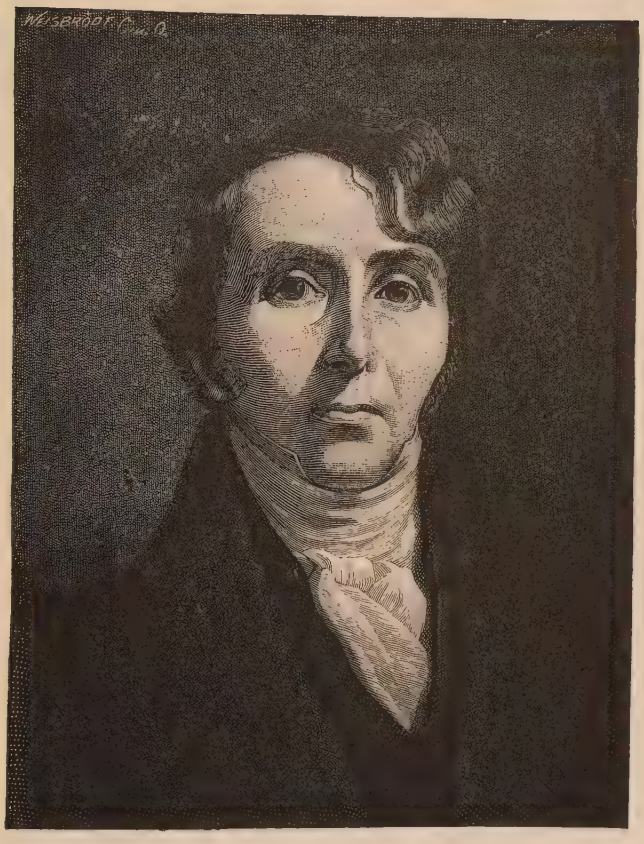
ity; and a revelation from God may be expected to be in harmony with this system, and to carry on a common ministry with it in lifting the soul to God. Now, Unitarianism is in accordance with nature. It teaches One Father, and so does creation, the more it is explored. Philosophy, in proportion as it extends its views of the universe, sees in it, more and more, a sublime and beautiful unity, and multiplies proofs, that all things have sprung from one intelligence, one power, one love. The whole outward creation proclaims to the Unitarian the truth in which he delights. So does his own soul. But neither nature nor the soul bears one trace of Three Divine Persons. Nature is no Trinitarian. It gives not a hint, not a glimpse of a tripersonal author. Trinitarianism is a confined system, shut up in a few texts, a few written lines, where many of the wisest minds have failed to discover it. It is not inscribed on the heavens and the earth, not borne on every wind, not resounding and re-echoing through the universe. The sun and stars say nothing of a God of three persons. They all speak of the One Father whom *we* adore. To *our* ears, one and the same voice comes from God's word and works, a full and swelling strain, growing clearer, louder, more thrilling as we listen, and with one blessed influence lifting up our souls to the Almighty Father.

This accordance between nature and revelation increases the power of both over the mind. Concurring as they do in one impression, they make that impression deeper. To men of reflection, the conviction of the reality of religion is exceedingly heightened, by a perception of harmony in the views of it which they derive from various sources. Revelation is never received with so intimate a persuasion of its truth, as when it is seen to conspire to the same ends and impressions, for which all other things are made. It is no small objection to Trinitarianism, that it is an insulated doctrine, that it reveals a God whom we meet nowhere in the universe. Three Divine Persons, I repeat it, are found only in a few texts, and those so dark, that the gifted minds of Milton, Newton, and Locke, could not find them there. Nature gives them not a whisper of evidence. And can they be as real and powerful to the mind, as that One Father, whom the general strain and common voice of Scripture, and the universal voice of nature call us to adore?

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

[*Spiritual Freedom. Discourse preached in* 1830.—*From the Same.*]

IT is necessary that religion should be held and professed in a liberal spirit. Just as far as it assumes an intolerant, exclusive, sectarian form, it subverts, instead of strengthening, the soul's freedom, and becomes the heaviest and most galling yoke which is laid on the intellect and conscience. Religion must be viewed, not as a monopoly of priests, ministers, or sects, not as conferring on any man a right to dictate to his fellow-beings, not as an instrument by which the few may awe the many, not as bestowing on one a prerogative which is not enjoyed by all, but as the property of every human being, and as the great subject for every human mind. It must be regarded as the revelation of a common Father, to whom all have equal access, who invites all to the like immediate communion, who has no favorites, who has appointed no infallible expounders of his will, who opens his works and word to every eye, and calls upon all to read for themselves, and to follow fearlessly the best convictions of their own understandings. Let religion be seized on by individuals or sects, as their special province; let them clothe themselves with God's prerogative of judgment; let them succeed in enforcing their creed by penalties of law, or penalties of opinion; let them succeed in fixing a brand on virtuous men, whose only crime is free investigation; and religion becomes the most blighting tyranny which can establish itself over the mind. You have all heard of the outward evils, which religion, when thus turned into tyranny, has inflicted; how it has dug dreary dungeons, kindled fires for the martyr, and invented instruments of exquisite torture. But to me all this is less fearful than its influence over the mind. When I see the superstitions which it has fastened on the conscience, the spiritual terrors with which it has haunted and subdued the ignorant and susceptible, the dark, appalling views of God which it has spread far and wide, the dread of inquiry which it has struck into superior understandings, and the servility of spirit which it has made to pass for piety,—when I see all this, the fire, the scaffold, and the outward inquisition, terrible as they are, seem to me inferior evils. I look with a solemn joy on the heroic spirits, who have met freely and fearlessly pain and death in the cause of truth and human rights. But there are other victims of intolerance, on whom I look with unmixed sorrow. They are those, who spell-bound by early prejudice, or by intimidations from the pulpit and the press, dare not think; who anxiously stifle every doubt or misgiving in regard to their opinions, as if to doubt were a crime; who shrink from the seekers after truth as from infection; who deny all virtue, which does not wear the livery of



Wm E Channing

their own sect; who, surrendering to others their best powers, receive unresistingly a teaching which wars against reason and conscience; and who think it a merit to impose on such as live within their influence, the grievous bondage, which they bear themselves. How much to be deplored is it, that religion, the very principle which is designed to raise men above the judgment and power of man, should become the chief instrument of usurpation over the soul.

Is it said, that in this country, where the rights of private judgment, and of speaking and writing according to our convictions, are guaranteed with every solemnity by institutions and laws, religion can never degenerate into tyranny; that here its whole influence must conspire to the liberation and dignity of the mind? I answer, we discover little knowledge of human nature, if we ascribe to constitutions the power of charming to sleep the spirit of intolerance and exclusion. Almost every other bad passion may sooner be put to rest; and for this plain reason, that intolerance always shelters itself under the name and garb of religious zeal. Because we live in a country, where the gross, outward, visible chain is broken, we must not conclude that we are necessarily free. There are chains not made of iron, which eat more deeply into the soul. An espionage of bigotry may as effectually close our lips and chill our hearts, as an armed and hundred-eyed police. There are countless ways by which men in a free country may encroach on their neighbors' rights. In religion, the instrument is ready made and always at hand. I refer to opinion, combined and organized in sects, and swayed by the clergy. We say we have no Inquisition. But a sect skilfully organized, trained to utter one cry, combined to cover with reproach whoever may differ from themselves, to drown the free expression of opinion by denunciations of heresy, and to strike terror into the multitude by joint and perpetual menace,—such a sect is as perilous and palsying to the intellect as the Inquisition. It serves the ministers as effectually as the sword. The present age is notoriously sectarian, and therefore hostile to liberty. One of the strongest features of our times, is the tendency of men to run into associations, to lose themselves in masses, to think and act in crowds, to act from the excitement of numbers, to sacrifice individuality, to identify themselves with parties and sects. At such a period, we ought to fear, and cannot too much dread, lest a host should be marshalled under some sectarian standard, so numerous and so strong, as to overawe opinion, stifle inquiry, compel dissenters to a prudent silence, and thus accomplish the end, without incurring the odium, of penal laws. We have indeed no small protection against this evil, in the multiplicity of sects. But let us not forget, that coalitions are as practicable and as perilous in church as in state; and that minor differences, as they are called, may be sunk, for the pur-

pose of joint exertion against a common foe. Happily, the spirit of this people, in spite of all narrowing influences, is essentially liberal. Here lies our safety. The liberal spirit of the people, I trust, is more and more to temper and curb that exclusive spirit, which is the besetting sin of their religious guides.

WHAT IS COURAGE?

[*War. Discourse preached in* 1835.—*From the Same.*]

COURAGE considered in itself, or without reference to its origin and motives, and regarded in its common manifestations, is not virtue, is not moral excellence; and the disposition to exalt it above the spirit of Christianity, is one of the most ruinous delusions which have been transmitted to us from barbarous times. In most men, courage has its origin in a happy organization of the body. It belongs to the nerves rather than the character. In some, it is an instinct bordering on rashness. In one man, it springs from strong passions obscuring the idea of danger. In another, from the want of imagination or from the incapacity of bringing future evils near. The courage of the uneducated may often be traced to stupidity; to the absence of thought and sensibility. Many are courageous from the dread of the infamy absurdly attached to cowardice. One terror expels another. A bullet is less formidable than a sneer. To show the moral worthlessness of mere courage, of contempt of bodily suffering and pain, one consideration is sufficient;—the most abandoned have possessed it in perfection. The villain often hardens into the thorough hero, if courage and heroism be one. The more complete his success in searing conscience and defying God, the more dauntless his daring. Long-continued vice and exposure naturally generate contempt of life and a reckless encounter of peril. Courage, considered in itself or without reference to its causes, is no virtue and deserves no esteem. It is found in the best and the worst, and is to be judged according to the qualities from which it springs and with which it is conjoined. There is in truth a virtuous, glorious courage; but it happens to be found least in those who are most admired for bravery. It is the courage of principle, which dares to do right in the face of scorn, which puts to hazard reputation, rank, the prospects of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and piety, which counts not life dear in withstanding error, superstition, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happiness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting duty, over which menace

and suffering have no power. It is the courage of a soul, which reverences itself too much to be greatly moved about what befalls the body; which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward life, that it can yield up the animal life without fear; in which the idea of moral, spiritual, celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interest; which aspires after immortality, and therefore heeds little the pains or pleasures of a day; which has so concentred its whole power and life in the love of godlike virtue, that it even finds a joy in the perils and sufferings by which its loyalty to God and virtue may be approved. This courage may be called the perfection of humanity, for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the highest attributes of our nature. Need I tell you, that this courage has hardly anything in common with what generally bears the name, and has been lauded by the crowd to the skies? Can any man, not wholly blinded to moral distinctions, compare or confound with this divine energy, the bravery derived from constitution, nourished by ambition, and blazing out in resentment, which forms the glory of military men and of men of the world? The courage of military and ordinary life, instead of resting on high and unchangeable principles, finds its chief motive in the opinions of the world, and its chief reward in vulgar praise. Superior to bodily pain, it crouches before censure, and dares not face the scorn which faithfulness to God and unpopular duty must often incur. It wears the appearance of energy, because it conquers one strong passion, fear; but the other passions it leaves unmastered, and thus differs essentially from moral strength or greatness, which consists in subjecting all appetites and desires to a pure and high standard of rectitude. Brilliant courage, as it is called, so far from being a principle of universal self-control, is often joined with degrading pleasures, with a lawless spirit, with general licentiousness of manners, with a hardihood which defies God as well as man, and which, not satisfied with scorning death, contemns the judgment that is to follow. So wanting in moral worth is the bravery which has so long been praised, sung, courted, adored. It is time that it should be understood. It is time that the old, barbarous, indiscriminate worship of mere courage should give place to a wise moral judgment.

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR WAR.

[*Lecture on War. Delivered in* 1838.—*From the Same.*]

I HAVE now set before you what I deem the chief evil of war. It is moral evil. And from these views you will easily judge, what I

regard as the true remedy of war, as the means of removing it, which above all others we should employ. If the most terrible view of war be, that it is the triumph and jubilee of selfish and malignant passions, then its true cure is to be sought in the diffusion of the principles of Universal Justice and Love, in that spirit of Jesus Christ, which expels the demons of selfishness and malignity from the heart. Even supposing, that war could be abolished by processes which leave the human character unchanged, that it could be terminated by the progress of a civilization, which, whilst softening manners, would not diminish the selfishness, mercenariness, hard-heartedness, fraud, ambition of men, its worst evils would still remain, and society would reap in some other forms the fruits of its guilt. God has ordained, that the wickedness within us shall always find its expression and punishment in outward evil. War is nothing more than a reflection or image of the soul. It is the fiend within coming out. Human history is nothing more, than the inward nature manifested in its native acts and issues. Let the soul continue unchanged; and, should war cease, the inward plague would still find its way to the surface. The infernal fire at the centre of our being, though it should not break forth in the wasting volcano, would not slumber, but by other eruptions, more insensible yet not less deadly, would lay waste human happiness. I do not believe, however, that any remedy but the Christian spirit can avail against war. The wild beast, that has gorged on millions of victims in every age, is not to be tamed by a polished or selfish civilization. Selfishness, however drilled into courtesy, always tends to strife. Man, as long as possessed by it, will sacrifice others to his own interest and glory, and will grow angry and fierce when others stand in his way.

War will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love, and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ. Christianity is the true remedy for war, not Christianity in name, not such Christianity as we see, not such as has grown up under arbitrary governments in church and state, not such as characterizes any Christian sect at the present day, but Christianity as it lived in the soul and came forth in the life of its founder; a religion, that reveals man as the object of God's infinite love, and which commends him to the unbounded love of his brethren; a religion, the essence of which is self-denial, self-sacrifice, in the cause of human nature; a religion, which proscribes, as among the worst sins, the passion of man for rule and dominion over his fellow-creatures; which knows nothing of rich or poor, high or low, bond or free, and casts down all the walls of partition which sever men from one another's sympathy and respect.

THE ABOLITIONISTS.

[*Remarks on the Slavery Question. Letter to J. Phillips.* 1839.—*From the Same.*]

THE Abolitionists deserve rebuke; but let it be proportioned to the offence. They do wrong in their angry denunciation of slave-holders. But is calling the slave-holder hard names a crime of unparalleled aggravation? Is it not, at least, as great a crime to spoil a man of his rights and liberty, to make him a chattel, and trample him in the dust? And why shall the latter offender escape with so much gentler rebuke? I know, as well as the slave-holder, what it is to bear the burden of hard names. The South has not been sparing of its invectives in return for my poor efforts against slavery. I understand the evil of reproach; and I am compelled to pronounce it a very slight one, and not to be named in comparison with bondage; and why is it, that he who inflicts the former should be called to drink the cup of wrath to the very dregs, whilst he who inflicts the latter receives hardly a mild rebuke?

I say these things not as a partisan of the Abolitionists, but from a love of justice. They seem to me greatly wronged by the unparalleled persecution to which they have been exposed; and the wronged should never want a defender. But I am not of them. In the spirit of many of them I see much to condemn. I utterly disapprove their sweeping denunciations. I fear that their scorn of expediency may degenerate into recklessness. I fear, that, as a natural if not necessary consequence of their multiplied meetings held chiefly for excitement, their zeal must often be forced, got up for effect, a product of calculation, not a swell of the heart. I confide in them the less, the more they increase. I fear, that their resort to political action will impair their singleness of purpose and their moral power. I distrust the system of association and agitation in a cause like this. But, because I see among them somewhat to fear and blame, must I shut my eyes on more which I ought to commend? Must not men of pure and lofty aims be honored, because, like everything human, they are not free from fault? I respect the Abolitionists for maintaining great principles with courage and fervor, amidst scorn and violence. Can men have a higher claim to respect? In their body, amidst prejudiced, narrow-minded, conceited, self-seeking members, such as are found in all associations, there is a large proportion of uncompromising, single-hearted friends of truth, right, and freedom; and such men are securities against the adoption of criminal ends or criminal means. In their front rank, perhaps at their head, is Gerrit Smith; a man worthy of all honor for his overflowing munificence, for his calm yet invincible moral courage, for his Christian liberality embracing men of every sect and name, and for his deep, active, inexhaustible sympathy

with the sinful, suffering, and oppressed. In their ranks may also be found our common friend, Charles Follen, that genuine man, that heroic spirit, whose love of freedom unites, in rare harmony, the old Roman force with Christian love, in whom we see the generous, rash enthusiasm of his youth, tempered by time and trial into a most sweet and winning virtue. I could name others, honored and dear. I do not, for the sake of such, shut my eyes on the defects of the association; but that it should be selected for outrage and persecution, is a monstrous wrong, against which solemn testimony ought to be borne.

There is one consolation attending persecution. It often exalts the spirit of the sufferer, and often covers with honor those whom it had destined to shame. Who made Socrates the most venerable name of antiquity? The men who mixed for him the cup of hemlock, and drove him as a criminal from the world which he had enlightened. Providence teaches us the doctrine of retribution very touchingly in the fact, that future ages guard with peculiar reverence the memories of men, who, in their own times, were contemned, abhorred, hunted like wild beasts, and destroyed by fire or sword, for their fidelity to truth. That the Abolitionists have grown strong under outrage, we know; and in this I should rejoice, were their cause ever so bad; because persecution must be worse, and its defeat must be a good. I wish that persecution, if not checked by principle, may be stayed, by seeing that it fights against itself, and builds up those whom it toils to destroy. How long the Abolitionists will be remembered, I know not; but, as long as they live in history, they will wear as a crown the sufferings which they have so firmly borne. Posterity will be just to them; nor can I doubt, what doom posterity will pronounce on the mobs or single men, who have labored to silence them by brutal force. I should be glad to see them exchanging their array of affiliated societies for less conspicuous and artificial means of action. But let them not do this from subserviency to opinion, or in opposition to their sense of right. Let them yield nothing to fear. Let them never be false to that great cause, which they have fought for so manfully, Freedom of Speech. Let them never give countenance to the doctrine, which all tyrants hold, that material power, physical pain, is mightier than the convictions of Reason, than the principle of Duty, than the Love of God and mankind. Sooner may they pine and perish in prisons, sooner bleed or be strangled by the executioner, than surrender their deliberate principles to lawless violence.

ADVICE TO A PREACHER.

[*Charge at the Ordination of the Rev. J. S. Dwight.* 1840.—*From the Same.*]

I HAVE said, you must preach plainly. I now add, preach with zeal, fervor, earnestness. To rouse, to quicken, is the end of all preaching, and plainness which does not minister to this is of little worth. This topic is too familiar to need expansion; and I introduce it simply to guard you against construing it too narrowly. The minister is often exhorted to be earnest in the pulpit. You will be told, that fervor in delivering your discourse is the great means of impression. I would rather exhort you to be fervent in preparing it. Write with earnestness, and you will find little difficulty in preaching earnestly; and if you have not poured out your soul in writing, vehemence of delivery will be of little avail. To enunciate with voice of thunder and vehement gestures a cold discourse, is to make it colder still. The fire which is to burn in the pulpit, must be kindled in the study. Preach with zeal. But let it be a kindly zeal. Always speak in love. Let not earnestness be a cover for anger, or for a spirit of menace and dictation. Always speak as a brother. With the boldest, sternest, most scornful, most indignant reproofs of baseness and crime, let the spirit of humanity, of sorrowful concern be blended. In too much of the zeal of the pulpit, there is a hardness, unfeelingness, inhumanity, more intolerable to a good mind, than sleepy dulness or icy indifference.

I have said, preach plainly and preach earnestly; I now say, preach with moral courage. Fear no man, high or low, rich or poor, taught or untaught. Honor all men; love all men; but fear none. Speak what you account great truths frankly, strongly, boldly. Do not spoil them of life to avoid offence. Do not seek to propitiate passion and prejudice by compromise and concession. Beware of the sophistry, which reconciles the conscience to the suppression, or vague, lifeless utterance of unpopular truth. Do not wink at wrong deeds or unholy prejudices, because sheltered by custom or respected names. Let your words breathe a heroic valor. You are bound indeed to listen candidly and respectfully to whatever objections may be urged against your views of truth and duty. You must also take heed lest you baptize your rash, crude notions, your hereditary or sectarian opinions with the name of Christian doctrine. But having deliberately, conscientiously sought the truth, abide by your conviction at all hazards. Never shrink from speaking your mind, through dread of reproach. Wait not to be backed by numbers. Wait not till you are sure of an echo from a crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own. Put faith in truth as mightier than error, prejudice, or

passion, and be ready to take a place among its martyrs. Feel that truth is not a local, temporary influence, but immutable, everlasting, the same in all worlds, one with God and armed with his omnipotence. Courage even on the side of error is power. How must it prove on the side of truth! A minister speaking not from selfish calculation, but giving out his mind in godly sincerity, uttering his convictions in natural tones, and always faithful to the light which he has received, however he may give occasional offence, will not speak in vain; he will have an ally in the moral sense, the principle of justice, the reverence for virtue, which is never wholly extinguished in the human soul.

FAITH SCHOOLED BY SORROW.

[*Memoir of W. E. Channing. By W. H. Channing.* 1848.]

YOU tell me your faith was the faith of happiness. This is never the surest. Fortunately, mine grew up under a dark sky, and the light has been increasing to this day. My passion for happiness spent itself in my youth in reverie. I never thought of realizing the vision on earth, and yet it has, in an humble manner, been realized. My faith in God, schooled by trial, looked to him first and almost exclusively for virtue, for deliverance from the great evil of sin, which I early felt to be the only true evil. The consciousness of unworthiness repressed all hopes of immediate happiness, gave me a profound conviction of the justice of my suffering, turned all my reproaches from Providence on myself, and not only made me incapable of murmuring, but taught me gratitude for the discipline of life. How often, in disappointment, has my first utterance been thanks to the Purifier of the soul!

Thus my faith has never for a moment been shaken by suffering. The consciousness of unworthiness, of falling so far below my idea of duty, a feeling which hardly forsakes me, has helped much to reconcile me to outward evil. It has taken the sting from human reproach. In listening to the inward reprover I have cared little for human opinion, and have found too much truth in censure to be much displeased with any but myself. Accordingly, my religion has taken very much one form; I think of God as the Father, from whose power and love I may seek and hope for myself and others the unutterable and only good,—that of deliverance from all inward evil, of perfect, unspotted goodness, of spiritual life now and forever.

I have talked of myself, for, after all, our experience is the best lesson we can give to others. Your nature differs. You have had an im-

patient thirst for immediate happiness, which my early history, and perhaps my mental constitution, forbade me. Happiness has come to me almost as a surprise, without plan or anticipation. You have grasped at it as almost your lawful inheritance, and had almost a feeling of wrong at disappointment.

ON THOMAS MOORE'S THEORY OF GENIUS.

[*Letter to Joanna Baillie.* 1824.—*From the Same.*]

I CAN hardly express the feeling the news of Lord Byron's death has given me. That a mind so gifted should have been left to devote its energies to the cause of impiety and vice, and should be so soon and suddenly taken, without making reparation to insulted truth and virtue, —that such a mind is to live for ages in its writings only to degrade and corrupt,—in all this we see the mysterious character of God's providence. I always hoped, that, after the fever of youthful passion, this unhappy man would reflect, repent, and prove that in genius there is something congenial with religion. But he is gone—where human praise and human reproaches cannot follow him. Such examples of perverted talent should reconcile the less gifted to their obscure lot.

In his whole life he was by way of eminence a lawless man, spurning all restraint, whether divine or human, whether from his own conscience or from society; and he seems to have valued no power more than that of defying and resisting all wills which interfered with his own. That any talent, however stupendous, should have made such a man an idol to your sex shows that you must divide with us the reproach too justly brought against our age of great moral degradation. I learn that there is not on the face of the earth a more corrupt class than the fashionable young men of England. Would this be so, if young women were more true to the cause of virtue? This is almost too grave for a letter; but the toleration of gross vice, so common in what are called the higher classes, is not to be thought of without sorrow and indignation.

You ask me what I think of Moore's doctrine, that men of the first genius are naturally unfitted for friendship or domestic life. I have no faith in it. . . . I have no doubt that genius is often joined with vice, but not naturally or necessarily. Mediocrity can boast of as many irritable, self-willed, licentious subjects as high talent. Moore seems to think genius a kind of fever, madness, intoxication. How little does he understand its divinity! I know that sometimes the "great deeps" in the heart of a man are broken open, and the mind is overwhelmed with a rush of thought and feeling; but generally genius is characterized by

self-mastery. It is true of this inspiration what Saint Paul says of a higher,—"The spirit of a prophet is subject to the prophet." The highest genius, I believe, is a self-guiding, calm, comprehensive power. It creates in the spirit of the Author of the Universe, in the spirit of order. It worships truth and beauty. There is truth in its wildest inventions, and it tinges its darkest pictures with hues of beauty. As to Moore's notion, that genius, because it delights in the ideal, is soon wearied and disgusted with the real, it is false. The contrary is rather true. He who conceives and loves beauty in its highest forms is most alive to it in its humblest manifestation. He loves it not by comparison, or for its degree, but for its own sake; and the same is true of beauty. The true worshipper of beauty sees it in the lowliest flower, meets it in every path, enjoys it everywhere. Fact is against Moore. The greatest men I have known have been the most beautiful examples of domestic virtue. Moore's doctrine makes genius a curse, and teaches that the Creator, the source of harmony, has sown discord between the noblest attributes of the soul. I shall not wonder if some half-witted pretenders to genius should, on the strength of Moore's assertion, prove their title by brutality in their domestic and social relations.

THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

[*Letter to Miss Olney.* 1829.—*From the Same.*]

THE idea of death as separating us from the outward universe, and shutting us up in our own minds, seems to me quite the reverse of the truth. Revelation speaks very distinctly of another organization which we are to receive hereafter, and which I consider as a means of communication with all God's works. This doctrine seems to me very rational. There is a progression in every part of nature, and to suppose the mind to emerge from its present connection with gross matter to a purely spiritual existence is to imagine a violent transition, quite irreconcilable with this great principle. Death is not to separate the mind from matter, but, in the case of the virtuous, is to raise it from its present subjection to matter to a glorious triumph over it. I confess, I cannot think without depression of breaking all my ties to the material universe. When I think of its infinite extent, of the countless worlds which astronomy discloses to me, I feel that material nature, including all the beings connected with it, must offer infinite food for the mind, unbounded and inexhaustible discoveries of God. Then I find, that, just as fast as my mind unfolds, my delight in the universe increases;

new correspondences are revealed between the inward and the outward world; a diviner light beams from the creation; a more thrilling voice comes from it. I cannot endure the thought of being severed from this harmonious and glorious universe. I expect death to multiply my connections with it, and to enlarge my knowledge of and power over it.

Your friend would limit us to purely moral pleasures after death. Why so? One of the great excellences of moral good is, that it aids us to enjoy all other good. The most perfect man is not he who confines himself to purely moral gratifications, but he who has a moral energy through which all things are received and enjoyed by him in a wise order and in just proportions. Other gratifications, thus controlled, become moral. In another world, our pleasures are to be diversified and multiplied. The outward creation—if on such a subject I may be allowed to speculate—will minister an increasing variety of exquisite sensations, of which sight and hearing are but types.

John James Audubon.

BORN near New Orleans, La., 1780. DIED at Minnie's Land, New York, N. Y., 1851.

A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE.

[*Ornithological Biography.* 1831.]

ON my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasoned, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace, and, as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which formed their food,

and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken:—I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character), I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch should make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and, calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes, was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be—bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat;* and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the

cold sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon ———, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising, and shooting her on the spot:—but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation.

Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives. They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and, having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Will you believe, good-natured reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where, fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with. So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

A LITTLE IDYL.

[*From the Same.*]

NO sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming Bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eyes, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the Humming Bird to secure them. Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed tongue, delicately sensible, and imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking-place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner, it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

I wish it were in my power at this moment to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasures which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favorite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love to each other:—how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous of being united;

how full of ecstasy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed; how, then, the courage and care of the male are redoubled; how he even dares to give chase to the Tyrant Fly-catcher, hurries the Blue-Bird and the Martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.

Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the Humming Bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than humble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing is it, on your leaving the spot, to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched! You might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind, to hear the physician who has attended her sick child assure her that the crisis is over, and that her babe is saved. These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine every one who views them to make it his study to contribute to the happiness of others, and to refrain from wantonly or maliciously giving them pain.

Moses Stuart.

BORN in Wilton, Conn., 1780. DIED at Andover, Mass., 1852.

ORTHODOX FREE THOUGHT.

[*From a Letter to Dr. Channing on Religious Liberty.* 1830.—*Miscellanies.* 1846.]

WE hold that every individual has a perfect right to examine, and decide for himself, what his own religious sentiments or creed shall be.

We mean by this, that no law of the land, no public authority or tribunals, and no private combination or society of men to which he has not voluntarily attached himself, shall have any power to demand from him any religious creed whatever, *i. e.* no power shall compel him to profess any creed, by civil penalty either in respect to his person, his property, or his civil or social rights. We are far from believing that religion has no connection with the prosperity and stability of government. We do fully believe that no good government on earth can be long maintained and be stable, without piety among its subjects. But this is an influence of religion on government and a connection with it, which are indirect. We do not hold to the expediency, or propriety, or safety, of committing in any sense to the civil government the disposal of religious matters, in respect either to faith or modes of worship. The only power which we wish ever to see them possess, is, that they may check what is indecent, or hurtful to the public morals, or dangerous to peace on account of the injury which it does to others. But this we would always desire to see effected, rather as an offence that is indictable at common law than by statute. We wish always to see civil government protect all its citizens in the peaceful enjoyment of their religious privileges; to do this, on the same ground that we should wish to see its subjects protected with respect to any other rights that are dear to them. We mean that the Mohammedan even, and the Jew, and the Deist, as well as the Christian, should have the liberty of worshipping in his own way among us, so long as they demean themselves peaceably, and do not invade the rights of others. We know of no exception to participation in civil and social rights, and the right of worshipping in our own way, or of even not worshipping in any way, under a government that is free in the sense that we would have it; and all this without any abridgment of the rights of citizens, without any civil disabilities.

Lewis Cass.

Born in Exeter, N. H., 1782. Died in Detroit, Mich., 1866.

THE FIRST WESTERN COURTS.

[*France, its King, Court, and Government.* 1840.]

YOUR Solons and Justinians now upon the stage must look back with forbearance upon some traits of levity of their predecessors in jurisprudence who "cut the first legal bush" in the West. A solemn

demeanor and official gravity may become the profession in these comfortable days of its existence; but in those by-gone times, when the Judge and the lawyer mounted their horses, and rode one and two hundred miles to a Court, and then to another and another yet, and through woods, following merely a bridal-path, crossing the swollen streams upon their horses while swimming, and thrown together at night into a small cabin, the school of Democritus had far more disciples among them than that of Heraclitus. I have certainly been in much greater peril since, but with respect to a real "nonplush"—(my Western friends will understand me)—the crowning incident of my life was upon the bank of the Scioto Salt Creek, suddenly raised by a heavy rain, in which I had been unhorsed by the breaking of the saddle-girths. My steed was a bad swimmer, who, instead of advancing after losing his footing, amused himself by sinking to the bottom, and then leaping with his utmost force; and this new equestrian feat he continued, till rider, saddle, saddle-bags, and blankets were thrown into the water, and the recusant animal emerged upon one side of the creek, and the luckless traveller crawled out upon the other, as he best could—while the luggage commenced its journey for New Orleans. It appears to me now, that a more dripping spectacle of despair was never exhibited, than I presented, while surveying, many miles from a house, this shipwreck of my travelling fortunes.

These, however, were the troubles of the day; but oh, they were recompensed by the comforts of the evening, when the hospitable cabin and the warm fire greeted the traveller!—when a glorious supper was spread before him—turkey, venison, bear's meat, fresh butter, hot corn-bread, sweet potatoes, apple sauce, and pumpkin butter! The sturdy English moralist may talk of a Scotch supper as he pleases, but he who never sat down to that meal in the West forty years ago, has never seen the perfection of gastronomy. And then the animated conversation succeeded by a floor and a blanket, and a refreshing sleep!

The primitive court-house built of logs, and neither chinked nor daubed, but with respectable interstices big enough to allow the passage of a man, is another permanent object in this group of recollections. And in this sanctuary, as well as in the public houses, the Court and Bar, and suitors and witnesses, were mingled in indescribable confusion.

Strange scenes sometimes occurred under these circumstances; and a characteristic anecdote is told of General Jackson, in a situation where he displayed his usual firmness, by compelling the submission of a noisy braggadocio who had interrupted the Court, and successfully resisted the efforts of the officers to apprehend him.

I recollect a similar incident which took place in a small village upon the banks of the Ohio. The Court was in session, and the presiding

officer was a Colonel P., a man of great resolution, and of a herculean frame. A person entered the Court Cabin, and by his noise put a stop to the proceedings. He was ordered out, and the Sheriff attempted to remove him; but he put himself upon his "*reserved rights*," and made such a vigorous resistance, that the officer retired from the contest. Colonel P. thereupon descended from the bench, coolly took off his coat, gave the brawler a severe beating, and after putting him out of the house, resumed his garment and his seat, and continued his judicial functions.

As I may never have so favorable an opportunity of relating another anecdote characteristic of these times, and which I have long preserved in my memory, I will inflict it upon you now. The principal actor in the scene was my early, and has been my constant, friend, and is yet pursuing his profession in the northern part of Ohio, respected by all who know him. Should these sketches meet his eye, while they recall one of the laughable scenes of his youth, they will recall, I hope, the memory of the writer.

This gentleman was engaged in a cause which came on for trial, but in which I have always suspected he was not prepared. He rose from his seat, and gravely observed, that his client was ready, but that really the members of the Court were too much intoxicated—(he used a worse word than that)—to perform their duties, and he therefore moved their "Honors" to adjourn. For my own part, I did not believe the charge —at any rate to the extent thus boldly made; and I thought the object of my free spoken friend was, by the aid of a little confusion, to retire from the field with his cause untried and his honor untouched. The matter passed off as a good joke—the Court actually adjourning—and the story is perhaps yet preserved among the judicial traditions of Wood County in Western Virginia.

Thomas Hart Benton.

BORN near Hillsborough, N. C., 1782. DIED in Washington, D. C., 1858.

THE DUEL BETWEEN RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

[*Thirty Years' View; or, A History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years.* 1854.]

SATURDAY, the 8th of April (1826)—the day for the duel—had come, and almost the hour. It was noon, and the meeting was to

take place at 4½ o'clock. I had gone to see Mr. Randolph before the hour, and for a purpose; and, besides, it was so far on the way, as he lived half-way to Georgetown, and we had to pass through that place to cross the Potomac into Virginia at the Little Falls Bridge. I had heard nothing from him on the point of not returning the fire since the first communication to that effect, eight days before. I had no reason to doubt the steadiness of his determination, but felt a desire to have fresh assurance of it after so many days' delay, and so near approach of the trying moment. I knew it would not do to ask him the question—any question which would imply a doubt of his word. His sensitive feelings would be hurt and annoyed at it. So I fell upon a scheme to get at the inquiry without seeming to make it. I told him of my visit to Mr. Clay the night before—of the late sitting—the child asleep—the unconscious tranquillity of Mrs. Clay; and added, I could not help reflecting how different all that might be the next night. He understood me perfectly, and immediately said, with a quietude of look and expression which seemed to rebuke an unworthy doubt, *I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother*, and went on with his employment—(his seconds being engaged in their preparations in a different room)—which was, making codicils to his will, all in the way of remembrance to friends; the bequests slight in value, but invaluable in tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression, and always appropriate to the receiver. To Mr. Macon he gave some English shillings, to keep the game when he played whist. His namesake, John Randolph Bryan, then at school in Baltimore, and since married to his niece, had been sent for to see him, but sent off before the hour for going out, to save the boy from a possible shock at seeing him brought back. He wanted some gold—that coin not being then in circulation, and only to be obtained by favor or purchase—and sent his faithful man, Johnny, to the United States Branch Bank to get a few pieces, American being the kind asked for. Johnny returned without the gold, and delivered the excuse that the bank had none. Instantly Mr. Randolph's clear silver-toned voice was heard above its natural pitch, exclaiming, "Their name is legion! and they are liars from the beginning. Johnny, bring me my horse." His own saddle-horse was brought him—for he never rode Johnny's, nor Johnny his, though both, and all his hundred horses, were of the finest English blood—and rode off to the bank down Pennsylvania Avenue, now Corcoran & Riggs's—Johnny following, as always, forty paces behind. Arrived at the bank, this scene, according to my informant, took place:

"Mr. Randolph asked for the state of his account, was shown it, and found to be some four thousand dollars in his favor. He asked for it. The teller took up packages of bills, and civilly asked in what sized notes

he would have it. 'I want money,' said Mr. Randolph, putting emphasis on the word; and at that time it required a bold man to intimate that United States Bank notes were not money. The teller, beginning to understand him, and willing to make sure, said, inquiringly, 'You want silver?' 'I want my money!' was the reply. Then the teller, lifting boxes to the counter, said politely: 'Have you a cart, Mr. Randolph, to put it in?' 'That is my business, sir,' said he. By that time the attention of the cashier (Mr. Richard Smith) was attracted to what was going on, who came up, and understanding the question, and its cause, told Mr. Randolph there was a mistake in the answer given to his servant; that they had gold, and he should have what he wanted."

In fact, he had only applied for a few pieces, which he wanted for a special purpose. This brought about a compromise. The pieces of gold were received, the cart and the silver dispensed with; but the account in bank was closed, and a check taken for the amount on New-York. He returned and delivered me a sealed paper, which I was to open if he was killed—give back to him if he was not; also an open slip, which I was to read before I got to the ground. This slip was a request to feel in his left breeches pocket, if he was killed, and find so many pieces of gold—I believe nine—take three for myself, and give the same number to Tatnall and Hamilton each, to make seals to wear in remembrance of him. We were all three at Mr. Randolph's lodgings then, and soon set out, Mr. Randolph and his seconds in a carriage, I following him on horseback.

I have already said that the count was to be quick after giving the word "fire," and for a reason which could not be told to the principals. To Mr. Randolph, who did not mean to fire, and who, though agreeing to be shot at, had no desire to be hit, this rapidity of counting out the time and quick arrival at the command "stop" presented no objection. With Mr. Clay it was different. With him it was all a real transaction, and gave rise to some proposal for more deliberateness in counting off the time; which being communicated to Col. Tatnall, and by him to Mr. Randolph, had an ill effect upon his feelings, and, aided by an untoward accident on the ground, unsettled for a moment the noble determination which he had formed not to fire at Mr. Clay. I now give the words of Gen. Jesup:

"When I repeated to Mr. Clay the 'word' in the manner in which it would be given, he expressed some apprehension that, as he was not accustomed to the use of the pistol, he might not be able to fire within the time, and for that reason alone desired that it might be prolonged. I mentioned to Col. Tatnall the desire of Mr. Clay. He replied, 'If you insist upon it, the time must be prolonged, but I should very much regret it.' I informed him I did not insist upon prolonging the time, and I was sure Mr. Clay would acquiesce. The original agreement was carried out."

I knew nothing of this until it was too late to speak with the seconds or principals. I had crossed the Little Falls bridge just after them, and come to the place where the servants and carriages had stopped. I saw none of the gentlemen, and supposed they had all gone to the spot where the ground was being marked off; but on speaking to Johnny, Mr. Randolph, who was still in his carriage and heard my voice, looked out from the window, and said to me: "Colonel, since I saw you, and since I have been in this carriage, I have heard something which *may* make me change my determination. Col. Hamilton will give you a note which will explain it." Col. Hamilton was then in the carriage, and gave me the note, in the course of the evening, of which Mr. Randolph spoke. I readily comprehended that this possible change of determination related to his firing; but the emphasis with which he pronounced the word "may" clearly showed that his mind was undecided, and left it doubtful whether he would fire or not. No further conversation took place between us; the preparations for the duel were finished; the parties went to their places; and I went forward to a piece of rising ground, from which I could see what passed and hear what was said. The faithful Johnny followed me close, speaking not a word, but evincing the deepest anxiety for his beloved master. The place was a thick forest, and the immediate spot a little depression, or basin, in which the parties stood. The principals saluted each other courteously as they took their stands. Col. Tatnall had won the choice of position, which gave to Gen. Jesup the delivery of the word. They stood on a line east and west—a small stump just behind Mr. Clay; a low gravelly bank rose just behind Mr. Randolph. This latter asked Gen. Jesup to repeat the word as he would give it; and while in the act of doing so, and Mr. Randolph adjusting the butt of his pistol to his hand, the muzzle pointing downward, and almost to the ground, it fired. Instantly Mr. Randolph turned to Col. Tatnall and said: "I protested against that hair-trigger." Col. Tatnall took blame to himself for having sprung the hair. Mr. Clay had not then received his pistol. Senator Johnson, of Louisiana (Josiah), one of his seconds, was carrying it to him, and still several steps from him. This untimely fire, though clearly an accident, necessarily gave rise to some remarks, and a species of inquiry, which was conducted with the utmost delicacy, but which, in itself, was of a nature to be inexpressibly painful to a gentleman's feelings. Mr. Clay stopped it with the generous remark that the fire was clearly an accident: and it was so unanimously declared. Another pistol was immediately furnished; and exchange of shots took place, and, happily, without effect upon the persons. Mr. Randolph's bullet struck the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph, and in a line with the level of his hips, both bullets having gone so true and close

that it was a marvel how they missed. The moment had come for me to interpose. I went in among the parties and offered my mediation; but nothing could be done. Mr. Clay said, with that wave of the hand with which he was accustomed to put away a trifle, *This is child's play!* and required another fire. Mr. Randolph also demanded another fire. The seconds were directed to reload. While this was doing I prevailed on Mr. Randolph to walk away from his post, and renewed to him, more pressingly than ever, my importunities to yield to some accommodation; but I found him more determined than I had ever seen him, and for the first time impatient, and seemingly annoyed and dissatisfied at what I was doing. He was indeed annoyed and dissatisfied. The accidental fire of his pistol preyed upon his feelings. He was doubly chagrined at it, both as a circumstance susceptible in itself of an unfair interpretation, and as having been the immediate and controlling cause of his firing at Mr. Clay. He regretted this fire the instant it was over. He felt that it had subjected him to imputations from which he knew himself to be free—a desire to kill Mr. Clay, and a contempt for the laws of his beloved State; and the annoyances which he felt at these vexatious circumstances revived his original determination, and decided him irrevocably to carry it out.

It was in this interval that he told me what he had heard since we parted, and to which he alluded when he spoke to me from the window of the carriage. It was to this effect: That he had been informed by Col. Tatnall that it was proposed to give out the words with more deliberateness, so as to prolong the time for taking aim. This information grated harshly upon his feelings. It unsettled his purpose, and brought his mind to the inquiry (as he now told me, and as I found it expressed in the note which he had immediately written in pencil to apprise me of his possible change), whether, under these circumstances, he might not "disable" his adversary? This note is so characteristic, and such an essential part of this affair, that I here give its very words, so far as relates to this point. It ran thus:

"Information received from Col. Tatnall since I got into the carriage *may* induce me to change my mind, of not returning Mr. Clay's fire. I seek not his death. I would not have his blood upon my hands—it will not be upon my soul if shed in self-defence—for the world. He has determined, by the use of a long, preparatory caution by words, to get time to kill me. May I not, then, disable him? Yes, if I please."

It has been seen, by the statement of Gen. Jesup, already given, that this "information" was a misapprehension; that Mr. Clay had not applied for a prolongation of time for the purpose of getting sure aim, but only to enable his unused hand, long unfamiliar with the pistol, to fire within

the limited time; that there was no prolongation, in fact, either granted or insisted upon; but he was in doubt, and General Jesup having won the word, he was having him repeat it in the way he was to give it out, when his finger touched the hair-trigger. How unfortunate that I did not know of this in time to speak to General Jesup, when one word from him would have set all right, and saved the imminent risks incurred! This inquiry, "May I not disable him?" was still on Mr. Randolph's mind, and dependent for its solution on the rising incidents of the moment, when the accidental fire of his pistol gave the turn to his feelings which solved the doubt. But he declared to me that he had not aimed at the life of Mr. Clay; that he did not level as high as the knees—not higher than the knee-band; "for it was no mercy to shoot a man in the knee;" that his only object was to disable him and spoil his aim. And then added, with a beauty of expression and a depth of feeling which no studied oratory can ever attain, and which I shall never forget, these impressive words: *I would not have seen him fall mortally, or even doubtfully, wounded, for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams.* He left me to resume his post, utterly refusing to explain out of the Senate any thing that he had said in it, and with the positive declaration that he would not return the next fire. I withdrew a little way into the woods, and kept my eyes fixed on Mr. Randolph, who I then knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol—discharge it in the air; heard him say, *I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay;* and immediately advancing and offering his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met half way, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely, *You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay*—(the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip)—to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, *I am glad the debt is no greater.* I had come up, and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was extreme at this happy termination of a most critical affair; and we immediately left, with lighter hearts than we brought. I stopped to sup with Mr. Randolph and his friends—none of us wanted dinner that day—and had a characteristic time of it. A runner came in from the bank to say that they had overpaid him, by mistake, $130 that day. He answered, *I believe it is your rule not to correct mistakes, except at the time, and at your counter.* And with that answer the runner had to return. When gone, Mr. Randolph said, *I will pay it on Monday: people must be honest, if banks are not.* He asked for the sealed paper he had given me, opened it, took out a check for $1,000, drawn in my favor, and with which I was requested to have him carried, if killed, to Virginia, and buried under his patrimonial oaks—not let him be buried at Washington, with a hundred hacks after

him. He took the gold from his left breeches pocket, and said to us (Hamilton, Tatnall, and I), "Gentlemen, Clay's bad shooting shan't rob you of your seals. I am going to London, and will have them made for you;" which he did, and most characteristically, so far as mine was concerned. He went to the herald's office in London and inquired for the Benton family, of which I had often told him there was none, as we only dated on that side from my grandfather in North Carolina. But the name was found, and with it a coat of arms—among the quarterings a lion rampant. That is the family, said he; and had the arms engraved on the seal, the same which I have since habitually worn; and added the motto, *Factis non verbis:* of which he was afterwards accustomed to say the *non* should be changed into *et.* But, enough. I run into these details, not merely to relate an event, but to show character; and if I have not done it, it is not for want of material, but of ability to use it.

On Monday the parties exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored. It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed, and so happily conducted to a fortunate issue—a result due to the noble character of the seconds as well as to the generous and heroic spirit of the principals. Certainly duelling is bad, and has been put down, but not quite so bad as its substitute—revolvers, bowie-knives, blackguarding, and street-assassinations under the pretext of self-defence.

FALL OF THE ALAMO.

[*In Benton's Speech on Texas Independence. U. S. Senate.* 1836.—*From the Same.*]

UNHAPPY day, for ever to be deplored, that Sunday morning, March 6, 1836, when the undaunted garrison of the Alamo, victorious in so many assaults over twenty times their number, perished to the last man by the hands of those, part of whom they had released on parole two months before, leaving not one to tell how they first dealt out to multitudes that death which they themselves finally received. Unhappy day, that Palm Sunday, March 27, when the five hundred and twelve prisoners at Goliad, issuing from the sally-port at dawn of day, one by one, under the cruel delusion of a return to their families, found themselves enveloped in double files of cavalry and infantry, marched to a spot fit for the perpetration of the horrid deed—and there, without an instant to think of parents, country, friends, and God—in the midst of the consternation of terror and surprise, were inhumanly set upon, and pitilessly put to death, in spite of those moving cries which reached to

heaven, and regardless of those supplicating hands, stretched forth for mercy, from which arms had been taken under the perfidious forms of a capitulation. Five hundred and six perished that morning—young, vigorous, brave, sons of respectable families, and the pride of many a parent's heart—and their bleeding bodies, torn with wounds, and many yet alive, were thrown in heaps upon vast fires, for the flames to consume what the steel had mangled. Six only escaped, and not by mercy, but by miracles. And this was the work of man upon his brother; of Christian upon Christian; of those upon those who adore the same God, invoke the same heavenly benediction, and draw precepts of charity and mercy from the same divine fountain. Accursed be the ground on which the dreadful deed was done! Sterile, and set apart, let it for ever be! No fruitful cultivation should ever enrich it; no joyful edifice should ever adorn it; but shut up, and closed by gloomy walls, the mournful cypress, the weeping willow, and the inscriptive monument, should for ever attest the foul deed of which it was the scene, and invoke from every passenger the throb of pity for the slain, and the start of horror for the slayer. And you, neglected victims of the Old Mission and San Patricio, shall you be forgotten because your numbers were fewer, and your hapless fate more concealed? No! but to you also justice shall be done. One common fate befell you all; one common memorial shall perpetuate your names, and embalm your memories. Inexorable history will sit in judgment upon all concerned, and will reject the plea of government orders, even if those orders emanated from the government, instead of being dictated to it. The French National Convention, in 1793, ordered all the English prisoners who should be taken in battle to be put to death. The French armies refused to execute the decree. They answered, that French soldiers were the protectors, not the assassins, of prisoners; and all France, all Europe, the whole civilized world, applauded the noble reply.

TRAITS OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

[*From the Same.*]

ABHORRENCE of debt, public and private, dislike of banks, and love of hard money—love of justice and love of country, were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidence in all the situations of his life. Of private debts he contracted none of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of those incurred for others. Of this he gave a signal instance, not long before the war of 1812—

selling the improved part of his estate, with the best buildings of the country upon it, to pay a debt incurred in a mercantile adventure to assist a young relative; and going into log-houses in the forest to begin a new home and farm. He was living in these rude tenements when he vanquished the British at New Orleans; and, probably, a view of their conqueror's domicile would have astonished the British officers as much as their defeat had done. He was attached to his friends, and to his country, and never believed any report to the discredit of either, until compelled by proof. He would not believe in the first reports of the surrender of General Hull, and became sad and oppressed when forced to believe it. He never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or from policy, or calculation. He was a firm believer in the goodness of a superintending Providence, and in the eventual right judgment and justice of the people. I have seen him at the most desperate part of his fortunes, and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come right in the end. In the time of Cromwell he would have been a puritan.

The character of his mind was that of judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by an instant and decisive action. It was that which made him a General, and a President for the time in which he served. He had vigorous thoughts, but not the faculty of arranging them in a regular composition, either written or spoken; and in formal papers he usually gave his draft to an aid, a friend, or a secretary, to be written over—often to the loss of vigor. But the thoughts were his own, vigorously expressed; and without effort, writing with a rapid pen, and never blotting or altering; but, as Carlyle says of Cromwell, hitting the nail upon the head as he went. I have a great deal of his writing now, some on public affairs and covering several sheets of paper; and no erasures or interlineations anywhere. His conversation was like his writing, a vigorous, flowing current, apparently without the trouble of thinking, and always impressive. His conclusions were rapid, and immovable, when he was under strong convictions; though often yielding, on minor points, to his friends. And no man yielded quicker when he was convinced; perfectly illustrating the difference between firmness and obstinacy. Of all the Presidents who have done me the honor to listen to my opinions, there was no one to whom I spoke with more confidence when I felt myself strongly to be in the right.

He had a load to carry all his life; resulting from a temper which refused compromises and bargaining, and went for a clean victory or a clean defeat, in every case. Hence, every step he took was a contest: and, it may be added, every contest was a victory.

SENATOR HAYNE AND THE DEBATE WITH WEBSTER.

[*From the Same.*]

HE had the great debate with Mr. Webster—a contest of many days, sustained to the last without losing its interest—(which bespoke fertility of resource, as well as ability in both speakers), and in which his adversary had the advantage of a more ripened intellect, an established national reputation, ample preparation, the choice of attack, and the goodness of the cause. Mr. Webster came into that field upon choice and deliberation, well feeling the grandeur of the occasion; and profoundly studying his part. He had observed, during the summer, the signs in South Carolina, and marked the proceedings of some public meetings unfriendly to the Union; and which he ran back to the incubation of Mr. Calhoun. He became the champion of the constitution and the Union, choosing his time and occasion, hanging his speech upon a disputed motion with which it had nothing to do, and which was immediately lost sight of in the blaze and expansion of a great national discussion: himself armed and equipped for the contest, glittering in the panoply of every species of parliamentary and forensic weapon—solid argument, playful wit, biting sarcasm, classic allusion. . . . The speech was *at* Mr. Calhoun, then presiding in the Senate, and without right to reply. Hayne became his sword and buckler, and had much use for the latter to cover his friend—hit by incessant blows—cut by many thrusts: but he understood too well the science of defence in wordy as well as military digladiation to confine himself to fending off. He returned, as well as received blows; but all conducted courteously; and stings when inflicted gently extracted on either side by delicate compliments. Each morning he returned reinvigorated to the contest, like Antæus refreshed, not from a fabulous contact with mother earth, but from a real communion with Mr. Calhoun! the actual subject of Mr. Webster's attack: and from the well-stored arsenal of his powerful and subtle mind, he nightly drew auxiliary supplies. Friends relieved the combatants occasionally; but it was only to relieve; and the two principal figures remained prominent to the last. To speak of the issue would be superfluous; but there was much in the arduous struggle to console the younger senator. To cope with Webster, was a distinction: not to be crushed by him, was almost a victory: to rival him in copious and graceful elocution, was to establish an equality at a point which strikes the masses: and Hayne often had the crowded galleries with him. But, equal argument! that was impossible. The cause forbade it, far more than disparity of force; and reversed positions would have reversed the issue.

Charles Jared Ingersoll.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1782. DIED there, 1862.

A SKETCH OF JEFFERSON.

[*Inchiquin, the Jesuit's Letters.* 1810.]

MR. JEFFERSON was a man of an original cast of mind—a free-thinker on all subjects. With abundant experience in diplomacy and politics, he was a master in intrigue. Though commonly too much governed by events, his system was nevertheless well settled; his mind penetrating, his judgment clear, and he looked into events deeply and dispassionately. His enemies will not allow him to be anything but a philosopher: his friends extol him as a sage. The tempestuous sea of liberty was his proper element, on which he ventured to a dangerous latitude, but without at least any personal misfortune. His manners were easy, though not elegant, his address unassuming and agreeable. His colloquial talents were considerable, and he understood perfectly the art of managing an unwieldy majority of the representatives—an art, without which a President of the United States will always be a cipher. He lived in one corner of a half-finished, half-furnished palace, plain even to peculiarity in his appearance and establishment, accessible to everybody at all times, affecting the utmost republican simplicity, and as carefully subversive of common forms, as most men in his situation would have been carefully observant of them. His conversation was free, his entertainments sociable; and though all ostentation was avoided, it is said few men understood the elegant arts of society better than he did. He was well read in books, but better in mankind. Geography and natural philosophy were his favorite studies: and being industrious, temperate, and methodical, he never wanted leisure for these pursuits, notwithstanding numerous official avocations, a most extensive correspondence, and the distractions of a perpetual liability to unceremonious visits. But though geography and natural history are beholden to his researches and patronage, politics at last swallowed up all his ideas. As respected emolument and power he was moderate and disinterested. His conduct towards individuals, however, was too often marked by vindictiveness and duplicity, and the statesman frequently sunk in the politician. As sagacity was his strongest talent, insincerity was his most prominent defect. When he might have been re-elected President, he retired to his farm; and, whatever were his motives to this resignation, it certainly was in conformity with the principles he had always professed. . . .

His policy was extremely republican and imperturbably pacific. Whatever may be the permanent effect of his measures on the welfare of America, and whatever may have been their immediate effect on the spirit and character of the American people, they were at any rate systematic and original. If they were experiments, they were tried on a great scale, and peace was their end. It seemed to be his ambition, and the invariable aim of his policy, to prove to the world that wars are not necessary to the preservation of peace, that a republican polity is susceptible of the utmost freedom without anarchy, and of combining with excessive liberty the utmost executive vigor, without incurring a despotism. For seven years of his administration, all his efforts appeared to aim at the diminution of his own authority, and the reduction of government, which he effected to such a degree, as to leave the people at last almost without any sensation of it. He had no talents for war, no pretensions to military fame. For the trophies of peace he contended, and withdrew before they could fade on his brow. His administration was original, pacific, and mostly prosperous. It remains for a few years to come to pass judgment on its wisdom. Probably it will be least approved where he seemed anxious it should be most, in its rudest democratic features; inasmuch as all extremes endanger the system they are intended to improve. The reign of Numa, the administration of Cardinal Fleury, and most other eras of extraordinary peace have been succeeded by destructive wars. Time will show whether this first of national blessings was purchased by Mr. Jefferson at too dear a price.

John Sanderson.

BORN near Carlisle, Penn., 1783. DIED in Philadelphia, Penn., 1844.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS FAMILY.

[*The American in Paris.* 1838.]

I CALLED a few days ago upon the king. We Yankees went to congratulate his majesty for not being killed on the 28th. We were overwhelmed with sympathy—and the staircase which leads up to the royal apartments, is very beautiful, and has two Ionic columns just on the summit. You first enter through a room of white and plain ground, then through a second hung round with awful field-marshals, and then you go through a room very large, and splendid with lustres, and other elegant furniture, which conducts into a fourth with a throne and velvet

canopy. The king was very grateful, at least he made a great many bows, and we too were very grateful to Providence for more than a couple of hours.—There was the queen, and the two little princesses—but I will write this so that by embroidering it a little you may put it in the newspapers.

The chamber of Peers and Deputies and other functionaries of the State were pouring in, to place, at the foot of the throne, the expression of their loyalty. This killing of the king has turned out very much to his advantage. There was nothing anywhere but laudatory speeches, and protestations of affection—foreigners from all the countries of Europe uniting in sympathy with the natives. So we got ashamed of ourselves, we Americans, and held a meeting in the Rue Rivoli, where we got up a procession, too, and waited upon his majesty for the purpose above stated, and were received into the presence—the royal family being ranged around the room to get a sight of us. Modesty forbids me to speak of the very eloquent manner in which we pronounced our address; to which the king made a very appropriate reply. "Gentlemen, you can better *guess*," said he, "than I can express to you the gratification," etc.—I missed all the rest by looking at the Princess Caroline's most beautiful of all faces, except the conclusion, which was as follows: "And I am happy to embrace this occasion of expressing to you all, and through you, to your countrymen, the deep gratitude I have ever felt for the kindness and hospitality I experienced in America during my misfortunes." The king spoke in English, and with an affectionate and animated expression, and we were pleased *all to pieces*. So was Louis Philippe, and so was *Marie-Amelie*, princess of the two Sicilies, his wife; and so were *Marie-Christine-Caroline-Adelaide-Françoise-Leopoldine*, and *Marie-Clementine Caroline-Leopoldine-Clotilde*, her two daughters, and the rest of the family.

A note from the king's aid-de-camp required the presence of our consul at the head of the deputation, which our consul refused. He did not choose, he said, to see the Republic make a fool of herself, running about town, and tossing up her cap because the king was not killed, and he would not go. "Then," said the king (a demur being made by his officers), "I will receive the Americans, as they received me, without fuss or ceremony." So we got in without any head, but not without a long attendance in the ante-chamber, very inconvenient to our legs. How we strolled about during this time, looking over the knick knacks, and how some of us took out our handkerchiefs, and knocked the dust off off our boots in the *salle des marechaux*, and how we reclined upon the royal cushions, and set one leg to ride impatiently on the other, I leave to be described by Major Downing, who was one of our party. I will bring up the rear of this paragraph with an anecdote, which will make

you laugh. One of our deputation had brought along a chubby little son of his, about sixteen. He returned (for he had gone ahead to explore), and said in a soft voice, "Tommy, you can go in to the throne, but don't go too near." And then Tommy set off with velvet steps, and approached, as you have seen timid old ladies to a blunderbuss;—he feared it might go off.

The king is a bluff old man with more firmness of character, sense and activity, than is indicated by his plump and rubicund features. The queen has a very unexceptionable face: her features are prominent, and have a sensible, benevolent expression—a face not of the French cut, but such as you often meet amongst the best New England faces. Any gentleman would like to have such a woman for his mother. The eldest daughter is married to the King of Belgium; the second and third are grown up to "manhood," but not yet married. They would be thought pretty girls even by your village beaux, and with you ladies, except two or three (how many are you?), they would be "stuck up things, no prettier than their neighbors." The Duke of Orleans is a handsome young man, and so spare and delicate as almost to call into question his mother's reputation. He assumes more dignity of manner than is natural to a Frenchman at his age; he is not awkward, but a little stiff; his smile seems compulsory and more akin to the lips than to the heart. Anybody else would have laughed out on this occasion. He has been with the army in Africa, and has returned moderately covered with laurels. The Duke of Némours is just struggling into manhood, and is shaving to get a beard as assiduously as his father to get rid of it. He also has fought valiantly somewhere—I believe in Holland. Among the ladies there is one who pleases me exceedingly; it is Madame Adelaide, the king's sister. She has little beauty, but a most affable and happy expression of countenance. She was a pupil of Madame Genlis, who used to call her "*cette belle et bonne Princesse.*" She was married secretly to General Athelin, her brother's secretary, during their residence in England. She revealed this marriage, with great fear of his displeasure, to her brother, after his accession to the throne, throwing herself on her knees.—After some pause he said, embracing her tenderly: "Domestic happiness is the main thing after all; and now that he is a king's brother-in-law we must make him a duke." Madame Adelaide is in the Indian summer of her charms.

Washington Irving.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1783. DIED at Irvington, N. Y., 1859.

OF THE RENOWNED WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

[*A History of New York. By Diedrich Knickerbocker.* 1809.]

IT was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament—when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincoln revels among the clover blossoms of the meadows—all which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller, was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the

joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look; shake his capacious head; smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter;" which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name: for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller; which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it: wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun re-

volved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects—and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

PETER THE HEADSTRONG.

[*From the Same.*]

PETER STUYVESANT was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, the best of our ancient Dutch governors. Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Peter, or Piet, as he was sociably called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever prone to familiarize names, having never been equalled by any successor. He was in fact the very man fitted by nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of her beloved province, had not the fates, those most potent and unrelenting of all ancient spinsters, destined them to inextricable confusion.

To say merely that he was a hero would be doing him great injustice —he was in truth a combination of heroes—for he was of a sturdy, raw-boned make like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide), when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as

Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and, like the self-same warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud, that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.

Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were rather unpleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders with his walking-staff.

Though I cannot find that he had read Plato, or Aristotle, or Hobbes, or Bacon, or Algernon Sydney, or Tom Paine, yet did he sometimes manifest a shrewdness and sagacity in his measures, that one would hardly expect from a man who did not know Greek, and had never studied the ancients. True it is, and I confess it with sorrow, that he had an unreasonable aversion to experiments, and was fond of governing his province after the simplest manner; but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did the erudite Kieft, though he had all the philosophers, ancient and modern, to assist and perplex him. I must likewise own that he made but very few laws; but then again he took care that those few were rigidly and impartially enforced: and I do not know but justice on the whole was as well administered as if there had been volumes of sage acts and statutes yearly made, and daily neglected and forgotten.

He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fidgeting, like William the Testy; but a man, or rather a governor of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought nor accepted the advice of others; depending bravely upon his single head as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to carry him through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted nothing more to complete him as a statesman than to think always right; for no one can say but that he always acted as he thought. He was never a man to flinch when he found himself in a scrape; but to dash forward through thick

and thin, trusting, by hook or by crook, to make all things straight in the end. In a word, he possessed, in an eminent degree, that great quality in a statesman, called perseverance by the polite, but nicknamed obstinacy by the vulgar. A wonderful salve for official blunders; since he who perseveres in error without flinching, gets the credit of boldness and consistency, while he who wavers in seeking to do what is right gets stigmatized as a trimmer. This much is certain; and it is a maxim well worthy the attention of all legislators, great and small, who stand shaking in the wind, irresolute which way to steer, that a ruler who follows his own will pleases himself; while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others runs great risk of pleasing nobody. There is nothing too like putting down one's foot resolutely, when in doubt, and letting things take their course. The clock that stands still points right twice in the four-and-twenty hours: while others may keep going continually and be continually going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous quality escape the discernment of the good people of Nieuw Nederlandts; on the contrary, so much were they struck with the independent will and vigorous resolution displayed on all occasions by their new governor, that they universally called him Hard-Koppig Piet; or Peter the Headstrong—a great compliment to the strength of his understanding.

If, from all that I have said, thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art very dull at drawing conclusions.

THE MISSION OF ANTONY THE TRUMPETER.

[*From the Same.*]

WE are told that, in the year 1651, the great confederacy of the east accused the immaculate Peter, the soul of honor and heart of steel, of secretly endeavoring, by gifts and promises, to instigate the Narroheganset, Mohaque, and Pequot Indians, to surprise and massacre the Yankee settlements. "For," as the grand council observed, "the Indians round about for divers hundred miles cercute seeme to have drunk deepe of an intoxicating cupp, att or from the Manhattoes against the English, whoe have sought their good, both in bodily and spirituall respects."

This charge they pretended to support by the evidence of divers In-

dians, who were probably moved by that spirit of truth which is said to reside in the bottle, and who swore to the fact as sturdily as though they had been so many Christian troopers.

Though descended from a family which suffered much injury from the losel Yankees of those times, my great-grandfather having had a yoke of oxen and his best pacer stolen, and having received a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose in one of these border wars; and my grandfather, when a very little boy tending pigs, having been kidnapped and severely flogged by a long-sided Connecticut schoolmaster—yet I should have passed over all these wrongs with forgiveness and oblivion—I could even have suffered them to have broken Everet Ducking's head; to have kicked the doughty Jacobus Van Curlet and his ragged regiment out of doors; to have carried every hog into captivity, and depopulated every hen-roost on the face of the earth with perfect impunity—but this wanton attack upon one of the most gallant and irreproachable heroes of modern times, is too much even for me to digest; and has overset, with a single puff, the patience of the historian, and the forbearance of the Dutchman. . . . .

The first measure of Peter Stuyvesant, on hearing of this slanderous charge, would have been worthy of a man who had studied for years in the chivalrous library of Don Quixote. Drawing his sword and laying it across the table, to put him in proper tune, he took pen in hand and indited a proud and lofty letter to the council of the league, reproaching them with giving ear to the slanders of heathen savages against a Christian, a soldier, and a cavalier; declaring that whoever charged him with the plot in question, lied in his throat; to prove which he offered to meet the president of the council or any of his compeers; or their champion, Captain Alicxsander Partridg, that mighty man of Rhodes, in single combat; wherein he trusted to vindicate his honor by the prowess of his arm.

This missive was intrusted to his trumpeter and squire, Antony Van Corlear, that man of emergencies, with orders to travel night and day, sparing neither whip nor spur, seeing that he carried the vindication of his patron's fame in his saddle-bags.

The loyal Antony accomplished his mission with great speed and considerable loss of leather. He delivered his missive with becoming ceremony, accompanying it with a flourish of defiance on his trumpet to the whole council, ending with a significant and nasal twang full in the face of Captain Partridg, who nearly jumped out of his skin in an ecstasy of astonishment.

The grand council was composed of men too cool and practical to be put readily in a heat, or to indulge in knight-errantry; and above all to run a tilt with such a fiery hero as Peter the Headstrong. They knew

the advantage, however, to have always a snug, justifiable cause of war in reserve with a neighbor, who had territories worth invading; so they devised a reply to Peter Stuyvesant, calculated to keep up the "raw" which they had established.

On receiving this answer, Antony Van Corlear remounted the Flanders mare which he always rode, and trotted merrily back to the Manhattoes, solacing himself by the way according to his wont—twanging his trumpet like a very devil, so that the sweet valleys and banks of the Connecticut resounded with the warlike melody—bringing all the folks to the windows as he passed through Hartford and Pyquag, and Middletown, and all the other border towns, ogling and winking at the women, and making aerial windmills from the end of his nose at their husbands —and stopping occasionally in the villages to eat pumpkin-pies, dance at country frolics, and bundle with the Yankee lasses—whom he rejoiced exceedingly with his soul-stirring instrument.

THE POWERFUL ARMY THAT ASSEMBLED AT THE CITY OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

[*From the Same.*]

WHILE thus the enterprising Peter was coasting, with flowing sail, up the shores of the lordly Hudson, and arousing all the phlegmatic little Dutch settlements upon its borders, a great and puissant concourse of warriors was assembling at the city of New Amsterdam. And here that invaluable fragment of antiquity, the Stuyvesant manuscript, is more than commonly particular; by which means I am enabled to record the illustrious host that encamped itself in the public square in front of the fort, at present denominated the Bowling Green.

In the centre, then, was pitched the tent of the men of battle of the Manhattoes, who being the inmates of the metropolis, composed the life-guards of the governor. These were commanded by the valiant Stoffel Brinkerhoof, who whilom had acquired such immortal fame at Oyster Bay—they displayed as a standard a beaver *rampant* on a field of orange; being the arms of the province, and denoting the persevering industry and the amphibious origin of the Netherlanders.

On their right hand might be seen the vassals of that renowned Mynheer, Michael Paw, who lorded it over the fair regions of ancient Pavonia, and the lands away south even unto the Navesink mountains, and was moreover patroon of Gibbet Island. His standard was borne by his trusty squire, Cornelius Van Vorst; consisting of a huge oyster *re-*

cumbent upon a sea-green field; being the armorial bearings of his favorite metropolis, Communipaw. He brought to the camp a stout force of warriors, heavily armed, being each clad in ten pairs of linsey-woolsey breeches, and overshadowed by broad-brimmed beavers, with short pipes twisted in their hat-bands. These were the men who vegetated in the mud along the shores of Pavonia; being of the race of genuine copperheads, and were fabled to have sprung from oysters.

At a little distance was encamped the tribe of warriors who came from the neighborhood of Hell-gate. These were commanded by the Suy Dams, and the Van Dams, incontinent hard swearers, as their names betoken —they were terrible looking fellows, clad in broad-skirted gaberdines, of that curious-colored cloth called thunder-and-lightning—and bore as a standard three Devil's darning-needles, *volant*, in a flame-colored field.

Hard by was the tent of the men of battle from the marshy borders of the Waale-Boght and the country thereabouts—these were of a sour aspect, by reason that they lived on crabs, which abound in these parts. They were the first institutors of that honorable order of knighthood, called *Fly-market shirks*, and if tradition speak true, did likewise introduce the far-famed step in dancing, called "double trouble." They were commanded by the fearless Jacobus Varra Vanger, and had, moreover, a jolly band of Breuckelen ferry-men, who performed a brave concerto on conch shells.

But I refrain from pursuing this minute description, which goes on to describe the warriors of Bloemen-dael, and Weehawk, and Hoboken, and sundry other places, well known in history and song—for now do the notes of martial music alarm the people of New Amsterdam, sounding afar from beyond the walls of the city. But this alarm was in a little while relieved, for lo, from the midst of a vast cloud of dust, they recognized the brimstone-colored breeches and splendid silver leg of Peter Stuyvesant, glaring in the sunbeams; and beheld him approaching at the head of a formidable army, which he had mustered along the banks of the Hudson. And here the excellent but anonymous writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript breaks out into a brave and glorious description of the forces, as they defiled through the principal gate of the city, that stood by the head of Wall-street.

First of all came the Van Bummels, who inhabit the pleasant borders of the Bronx: these were short fat men, wearing exceeding large trunk breeches, and were renowned for feats of the trencher—they were the first inventors of sup-pawn, or mush and milk.—Close in their rear marched the Van Vlotens, of Kaatskill, horrible quaffers of new cider, and arrant braggarts in their liquor.—After them came the Van Pelts of Groodt Esopus, dexterous horsemen, mounted upon goodly switch-tailed steeds of the Esopus breed—these were mighty hunters of minks and

muskrats, whence came the word *Peltry*.—Then the Van Nests of Kinderhoeck, valiant robbers of bird's-nests, as their name denotes; to these, if report may be believed, are we indebted for the invention of slap-jacks, or buckwheat cakes.—Then the Van Higginbottoms, of Wapping's creek; these came armed with ferules and birchen rods, being a race of school-masters, who first discovered the marvellous sympathy between the seat of honor and the seat of intellect—and that the shortest way to get knowledge into the head was to hammer it into the bottom.—Then the Van Grolls, of Antony's Nose, who carried their liquor in fair round little pottles, by reason they could not bouse it out of their canteens, having such rare long noses.—Then the Gardeniers, of Hudson and thereabouts, distinguished by many triumphant feats, such as robbing watermelon patches, smoking rabbits out of their holes, and the like, and by being great lovers of roasted pigs' tails; these were the ancestors of the renowned congressman of that name.—Then the Van Hoesens, of Sing-Sing, great choristers and players upon the jews-harp; these marched two and two, singing the great song of St. Nicholas. —Then the Couenhovens, of Sleepy Hollow; these gave birth to a jolly race of publicans, who first discovered the magic artifice of conjuring a quart of wine into a pint bottle.—Then the Van Kortlandts, who lived on the wild banks of the Croton, and were great killers of wild ducks, being much spoken of for their skill in shooting with the long bow.— Then the Van Bunschotens, of Nyack and Kakiat, who were the first that did ever kick with the left foot; they were gallant bushwhackers and hunters of raccoons by moonlight.—Then the Van Winkles, of Haerlem, potent suckers of eggs, and noted for running of horses, and running up of scores at taverns; they were the first that ever winked with both eyes at once.—Lastly came the KNICKERBOCKERS, of the great town of Scaghtikoke, where the folk lay stones upon the houses in windy weather, lest they should be blown away. These derive their name, as some say, from *Knicker*, to shake, and *Beker*, a goblet, indicating thereby that they were sturdy toss-pots of yore; but, in truth, it was derived from *Knicker*, to nod, and *Boeken*, books; plainly meaning that they were great nodders or dozers over books—from them did descend the writer of this history.

Such was the legion of sturdy bush-beaters that poured in at the grand gate of New Amsterdam; the Stuyvesant manuscript indeed speaks of many more, whose names I omit to mention, seeing that it behooves me to hasten to matters of greater moment. Nothing could surpass the joy and martial pride of the lion-hearted Peter as he reviewed this mighty host of warriors, and he determined no longer to defer the gratification of his much-wished-for revenge, upon the scoundrel Swedes at Fort Casimir.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

[*The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* 1820.]

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good-wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but, sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic

tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good-wives of the village, who, as usual, with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian-corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian-corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of

his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the school-master, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word

in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shall never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging

bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of these transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky

and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first

seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks —the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve

among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter

the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens —elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and,

having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point; —he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the

cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman," asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl,"

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact,

handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now assumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently

awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THE POOR-DEVIL AUTHOR.

[*Tales of a Traveller.* 1824.]

I NOW determined to cultivate the society of the literary, and to enroll myself in the fraternity of authorship. It is by the constant collision of mind, thought I, that authors strike out the sparks of genius, and kindle up with glorious conceptions. Poetry is evidently a contagious complaint. I will keep company with poets; who knows but I may catch it as others have done?

I found no difficulty in making a circle of literary acquaintances, not having the sin of success lying at my door: indeed the failure of my poem was a kind of recommendation to their favor. It is true my new friends were not of the most brilliant names in literature; but then if you would take their words for it, they were like the prophets of old, men of whom the world was not worthy; and who were to live in future ages, when the ephemeral favorites of the day should be forgotten.

I soon discovered, however, that the more I mingled in literary society, the less I felt capable of writing; that poetry was not so catching as I imagined; and that in familiar life there was often nothing less poetical than a poet. Besides, I wanted the *esprit du corps* to turn these literary fellowships to any account. I could not bring myself to enlist in any particular sect. I saw something to like in them all, but found that would never do, for that the tacit condition on which a man enters into one of these sects is, that he abuses all the rest.

I perceived that there were little knots of authors who lived with, and for, and by one another. They considered themselves the salt of the earth. They fostered and kept up a conventional vein of thinking and

talking, and joking on all subjects; and they cried each other up to the skies. Each sect had its particular creed; and set up certain authors as divinities, and fell down and worshipped them; and considered every one who did not worship them, or who worshipped any other, as a heretic, and an infidel.

In quoting the writers of the day, I generally found them extolling names of which I had scarcely heard, and talking slightingly of others who were the favorites of the public. If I mentioned any recent work from the pen of a first-rate author, they had not read it; they had not time to read all that was spawned from the press; he wrote too much to write well;—and then they would break out into raptures about some Mr. Timson, or Tomson, or Jackson, whose works were neglected at the present day, but who was to be the wonder and delight of posterity! Alas! what heavy debts is this neglectful world daily accumulating on the shoulders of poor posterity!

But, above all, it was edifying to hear with what contempt they would talk of the great. Ye gods! how immeasurably the great are despised by the small fry of literature! It is true, an exception was now and then made of some nobleman, with whom, perhaps, they had casually shaken hands at an election, or hob or nobbed at a public dinner, and was pronounced a "devilish good fellow," and "no humbug;" but, in general, it was enough for a man to have a title, to be the object of their sovereign disdain: you have no idea how poetically and philosophically they would talk of nobility.

For my part this affected me but little; for though I had no bitterness against the great, and did not think the worse of a man for having innocently been born to a title, yet I did not feel myself at present called upon to resent the indignities poured upon them by the little. But the hostility to the great writers of the day went sore against the grain with me. I could not enter into such feuds, nor participate in such animosities. I had not become author sufficiently to hate other authors. I could still find pleasure in the novelties of the press, and could find it in my heart to praise a contemporary, even though he were successful. Indeed I was miscellaneous in my taste, and could not confine it to any age or growth of writers. I could turn with delight from the glowing pages of Byron to the cool and polished raillery of Pope; and after wandering among the sacred groves of "Paradise Lost," I could give myself up to voluptuous abandonment in the enchanted bowers of "Lalla Rookh."

"I would have my authors," said I, "as various as my wines, and, in relishing the strong and the racy, would never decry the sparkling and exhilarating. Port and Sherry are excellent stand-bys, and so is Madeira; but Claret and Burgundy may be drunk now and then without

disparagement to one's palate, and Champagne is a beverage by no means to be despised."

Such was the tirade I uttered one day when a little flushed with ale at a literary club. I uttered it too, with something of a flourish, for I thought my simile a clever one. Unluckily, my auditors were men who drank beer and hated Pope; so my figure about wines went for nothing, and my critical toleration was looked upon as downright heterodoxy. In a word, I soon became like a freethinker in religion, an outlaw from every sect, and fair game for all. Such are the melancholy consequences of not hating in literature.

I see you are growing weary, so I will be brief with the residue of my literary career. I will not detain you with a detail of my various attempts to get astride of Pegasus; of the poems I have written which were never printed, the plays I have presented which were never performed, and the tracts I have published which were never purchased. It seemed as if booksellers, managers, and the very public, had entered into a conspiracy to starve me. Still I could not prevail upon myself to give up the trial, nor abandon those dreams of renown in which I had indulged. How should I be able to look the literary circle of my native village in the face, if I were so completely to falsify their predictions? For some time longer, therefore, I continued to write for fame, and was, of course, the most miserable dog in existence, besides being in continual risk of starvation. I accumulated loads of literary treasure on my shelves—loads which were to be treasures to posterity; but, alas! they put not a penny into my purse. What was all this wealth to my present necessities? I could not patch my elbows with an ode; nor satisfy my hunger with blank verse. "Shall a man fill his belly with the east wind?" says the proverb. He may as well do so as with poetry.

I have many a time strolled sorrowfully along, with a sad heart and an empty stomach, about five o'clock, and looked wistfully down the areas in the west end of the town, and seen through the kitchen windows the fires gleaming, and the joints of meat turning on the spits and dripping with gravy, and the cook-maids beating up puddings, or trussing turkeys, and felt for the moment that if I could but have the run of one of those kitchens, Apollo and the Muses might have the hungry heights of Parnassus for me. Oh, sir! talk of meditations among the tombs—they are nothing so melancholy as the meditations of a poor devil without penny in pouch, along a line of kitchen windows towards dinner-time.

At length, when almost reduced to famine and despair, the idea all at once entered my head, that perhaps I was not so clever a fellow as the village and myself had supposed. It was the salvation of me. The moment the idea popped into my brain it brought conviction and comfort with it. I awoke as from a dream—I gave up immortal fame to those

who could live on air; took to writing for mere bread; and have ever since had a very tolerable life of it. There is no man of letters so much at his ease, sir, as he who has no character to gain or lose. I had to train myself to it a little, and to clip my wings short at first, or they would have carried me up into poetry in spite of myself. So I determined to begin by the opposite extreme, and abandoning the higher regions of the craft, I came plump down to the lowest, and turned creeper.

"Creeper! and pray what is that?" said I.

"Oh, sir, I see you are ignorant of the language of the craft; a creeper is one who furnishes the newspapers with paragraphs at so much a line; and who goes about in quest of misfortunes; attends the Bow Street Office, the Courts of Justice, and every other den of mischief and iniquity. We are paid at the rate of a penny a line, and as we can sell the same paragraph to almost every paper, we sometimes pick up a very decent day's work. Now and then the Muse is unkind, or the day uncommonly quiet, and then we rather starve; and sometimes the unconscionable editors will clip our paragraphs when they are a little too rhetorical, and snip off twopence or threepence at a go. I have many a time had my pot of porter snipped off my dinner in this way, and have had to dine with dry lips. However, I cannot complain. I rose gradually in the lower ranks of the craft, and am now, I think, in the most comfortable region of literature."

"And pray," said I, "what may you be at present?"

"At present," said he, "I am a regular job writer, and turn my hand to anything. I work up the writings of others at so much a sheet; turn off translations; write second-rate articles to fill up reviews and magazines; compile travels and voyages, and furnish theatrical criticisms for the newspapers. All this authorship, you perceive, is anonymous: it gives me no reputation except among the trade, where I am considered an author of all work, and am always sure of employ. That's the only reputation I want. I sleep soundly, without dread of duns or critics, and leave immortal fame to those that choose to fret and fight about it. Take my word for it, the only happy author in this world is he who is below the care of reputation."

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

[*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.* 1828.—*Revised Edition.* 1860.]

COLUMBUS AND HIS CREW.

THE situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence, were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made, but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit?

In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in little knots, and fomenting a spirit of mutinous opposition: and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish temperament and its impatience of control; and that a great part of these men were sailing on compulsion; we cannot wonder that there was imminent danger of their breaking forth into open rebellion and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a desperado, bent, in a mad fantasy, upon doing something extravagant to render himself notorious. What were their sufferings and dangers to one evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? What obligations bound them to continue on with him; or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it so far. How much further were they to go in quest of a merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety, and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned, and dis-

countenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments contemplating the stars; a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew; but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything to impede the voyage. . . . .

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward: the *Niña*, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her mast-head, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the south-west, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiriting to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the south-west, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck, were seen, all

bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observes, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless ocean, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant lookout to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

THE JOYFUL SIGNAL OF LAND.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the

west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his

anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

FIRST LANDING IN THE NEW WORLD.

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the new world. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincent Jañez, his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling around him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobedo, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men, hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous

and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his benignity. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their

shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes; they were of moderate stature and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age: there was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the new world.

The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawks' bells, and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads round their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island; and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[*Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography.* 1849.]

NEVER was the trite, because sage apothegm, that "The child is father to the man," more fully verified than in the case of Goldsmith. He is shy, awkward, and blundering in childhood, yet full of sensibility; he is a butt for the jeers and jokes of his companions, but apt to surprise and confound them by sudden and witty repartees; he is dull and stupid at his tasks, yet an eager and intelligent devourer of the travelling tales and campaigning stories of his half military pedagogue; he may be a dunce, but he is already a rhymer; and his early scintillations of poetry awaken the expectations of his friends. He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fairy gifts laid in his cradle by the "good people" who haunted his birthplace, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Inny.

He carries with him the wayward elfin spirit, if we may so term it, throughout his career. His fairy gifts are of no avail at school, academy, or college: they unfit him for close study and practical science, and render him heedless of everything that does not address itself to his poetical imagination and genial and festive feelings; they dispose him to break away from restraint, to stroll about hedges, green lanes, and haunted streams, to revel with jovial companions, or to rove the country like a gypsy in quest of odd adventures.

As if confiding in these delusive gifts, he takes no heed of the present nor care for the future, lays no regular and solid foundation of knowledge, follows out no plan, adopts and discards those recommended by his friends, at one time prepares for the ministry, next turns to the law, and then fixes upon medicine. He repairs to Edinburgh, the great emporium of medical science, but the fairy gifts accompany him; he idles and frolics away his time there, imbibing only such knowledge as is agreeable to him; makes an excursion to the poetical regions of the Highlands; and having walked the hospitals for the customary time, sets off to ramble over the Continent, in quest of novelty rather than knowledge. His whole tour is a poetical one. He fancies he is playing the philosopher while he is really playing the poet; and though professedly he attends lectures and visits foreign universities, so deficient is he on his return, in the studies for which he set out, that he fails in an examination as a surgeon's mate; and while figuring as a doctor of medicine, is outvied on a point of practice by his apothecary. Baffled in every regular pursuit, after trying in vain some of the humbler callings of commonplace life, he is driven almost by chance to the exercise of his pen, and here the fairy gifts come to his assistance. For a long time, however, he seems unaware of the magic properties of that pen: he uses it only as a makeshift until he can find a *legitimate* means of support. He is not a learned man, and can write but meagrely and at second-hand on learned subjects; but he has a quick convertible talent that seizes lightly on the points of knowledge necessary to the illustration of a theme: his writings for a time are desultory, the fruits of what he has seen and felt, or what he has recently and hastily read; but his gifted pen transmutes everything into gold, and his own genial nature reflects its sunshine through his pages.

Still unaware of his powers he throws off his writings anonymously, to go with the writings of less favored men; and it is a long time, and after a bitter struggle with poverty and humiliation, before he acquires confidence in his literary talent as a means of support, and begins to dream of reputation.

From this time his pen is a wand of power in his hand, and he has only to use it discreetly, to make it competent to all his wants. But

discretion is not a part of Goldsmith's nature; and it seems the property of these fairy gifts to be accompanied by moods and temperaments to render their effect precarious. The heedlessness of his early days; his disposition for social enjoyment; his habit of throwing the present on the neck of the future, still continue. His expenses forerun his means; he incurs debts on the faith of what his magic pen is to produce, and then, under the pressure of his debts, sacrifices its productions for prices far below their value. It is a redeeming circumstance in his prodigality, that it is lavished oftener upon others than upon himself; he gives without thought or stint, and is the continual dupe of his benevolence and his trustfulness in human nature. . . . His heedlessness in pecuniary matters, which had rendered his life a struggle with poverty even in the days of his obscurity, rendered the struggle still more intense when his fairy gifts had elevated him into the society of the wealthy and luxurious, and imposed on his simple and generous spirit fancied obligations to a more ample and bounteous display. . . . Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humor and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole those familiar pictures of life which form the staple of his most popular writings.

Much, too, of this intact purity of heart may be ascribed to the lessons of his infancy under the paternal roof; to the gentle, benevolent, elevated, unworldly maxims of his father, who "passing rich with forty pounds a year," infused a spirit into his child which riches could not deprave nor poverty degrade. Much of his boyhood, too, had been passed in the household of his uncle, the amiable and generous Contarine; where he talked of literature with the good pastor, and practised music with his daughter, and delighted them both by his juvenile attempts at poetry. These early associations breathed a grace and refinement into his mind and tuned it up, after the rough sports on the green, or the frolics at the tavern. These led him to turn from the roaring glees of the club, to listen to the harp of his cousin Jane; and from the rustic triumph of "throwing the sledge," to a stroll with his flute along the pastoral banks of the Inny.

The gentle spirit of his father walked with him through life, a pure and virtuous monitor; and in all the vicissitudes of his career, we find him ever more chastened in mind by the sweet and holy recollections of the home of his infancy.

It has been questioned whether he really had any religious feeling. Those who raise the question have never considered well his writings;

his "Vicar of Wakefield," and his pictures of the Village Pastor, present religion under its most endearing forms, and with a feeling that could only flow from the deep convictions of the heart. When his fair travelling companions at Paris urged him to read the Church Service on a Sunday, he replied that "he was not worthy to do it." He had seen in early life the sacred offices performed by his father and his brother with a solemnity which had sanctified them in his memory; how could he presume to undertake such functions? His religion has been called in question by Johnson and by Boswell: he certainly had not the gloomy hypochondriacal piety of the one, nor the babbling mouth-piety of the other; but the spirit of Christian charity, breathed forth in his writings and illustrated in his conduct, gives us reason to believe he had the indwelling religion of the soul.

We have made sufficient comments in the preceding chapters on his conduct in elevated circles of literature and fashion. The fairy gifts which took him there, were not accompanied by the gifts and graces necessary to sustain him in that artificial sphere. He can neither play the learned sage with Johnson, nor the fine gentleman with Beauclerc: though he has a mind replete with wisdom and natural shrewdness, and a spirit free from vulgarity. The blunders of a fertile but hurried intellect, and the awkward display of the student assuming the man of fashion, fix on him a character for absurdity and vanity which, like the charge of lunacy, it is hard to disprove, however weak the grounds of the charge and strong the facts in opposition to it.

In truth, he is never truly in his place in these learned and fashionable circles, which talk and live for display. It is not the kind of society he craves. His heart yearns for domestic life; it craves familiar, confiding intercourse, family firesides, the guileless and happy company of children; these bring out the heartiest and sweetest sympathies of his nature.

"Had it been his fate," says the critic we have already quoted, "to meet a woman who could have loved him, despite his faults, and respected him despite his foibles, we cannot but think that his life and his genius would have been much more harmonious; his desultory affections would have been concentred, his craving self-love appeased, his pursuits more settled, his character more solid. A nature like Goldsmith's, so affectionate, so confiding—so susceptible to simple, innocent enjoyments—so dependent on others for the sunshine of existence, does not flower if deprived of the atmosphere of home."

The cravings of his heart in this respect are evident, we think, throughout his career; and if we have dwelt with more significancy than others, upon his intercourse with the beautiful Horneck family, it is because we fancied we could detect, amid his playful attentions to one of

its members, a lurking sentiment of tenderness, kept down by conscious poverty and a humiliating idea of personal defects. A hopeless feeling of this kind—the last a man would communicate to his friends—might account for much of that fitfulness of conduct, and that gathering melancholy, remarked, but not comprehended by his associates, during the last year or two of his life; and may have been one of the troubles of the mind which aggravated his last illness, and only terminated with his death.

We shall conclude these desultory remarks, with a few which have been used by us on a former occasion. From the general tone of Goldsmith's biography, it is evident that his faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we turn more kindly towards the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and is frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly terms, of "poor Goldsmith," speaks volumes. Few, who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson; "he was a very great man." But, for our part, we rather say "Let them be remembered," since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of "POOR GOLDSMITH."

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

[*Wolfert's Roost, and Other Papers.* 1855.]

MY FRENCH NEIGHBOR.

I OFTEN amuse myself by watching from my window (which by-the-by is tolerably elevated) the movements of the teeming little world below me; and as I am on sociable terms with the porter and his wife, I

gather from them, as they light my fire, or serve my breakfast, anecdotes of all my fellow-lodgers. I have been somewhat curious in studying a little antique Frenchman, who occupies one of the *jolie chambres à garçon* already mentioned. He is one of those superannuated veterans who flourished before the revolution, and have weathered all the storms of Paris, in consequence, very probably, of being fortunately too insignificant to attract attention. He has a small income, which he manages with the skill of a French economist: appropriating so much for his lodgings, so much for his meals, so much for his visits to St. Cloud and Versailles, and so much for his seat at the theatre. He has resided at the hotel for years, and always in the same chamber, which he furnishes at his own expense. The decorations of the room mark his various ages. There are some gallant pictures, which he hung up in his younger days, with a portrait of a lady of rank, whom he speaks tenderly of, dressed in the old French taste, and a pretty opera dancer, pirouetting in a hoop petticoat, who lately died at a good old age. In a corner of this picture is stuck a prescription for rheumatism, and below it stands an easy-chair. He has a small parrot at the window, to amuse him when within-doors, and a pug-dog to accompany him in his daily peregrinations. While I am writing, he is crossing the court to go out. He is attired in his best coat, of sky-blue, and is doubtless bound for the Tuileries. His hair is dressed in the old style, with powdered ear-locks and a pigtail. His little dog trips after him, sometimes on four legs, sometimes on three, and looking as if his leather small-clothes were too tight for him. Now the old gentleman stops to have a word with an old crony who lives in the entresol, and is just returning from his promenade. Now they take a pinch of snuff together; now they pull out huge red cotton handkerchiefs (those "flags of abomination," as they have well been called), and blow their noses most sonorously. Now they turn to make remarks upon their two little dogs, who are exchanging the morning's salutation; now they part, and my old gentleman stops to have a passing word with the porter's wife: and now he sallies forth, and is fairly launched upon the town for the day.

No man is so methodical as a complete idler, and none so scrupulous in measuring and portioning out his time as he whose time is worth nothing. The old gentleman in question has his exact hour for rising, and for shaving himself by a small mirror hung against his casement. He sallies forth at a certain hour every morning, to take his cup of coffee and his roll at a certain café where he reads the papers. He has been a regular admirer of the lady who presides at the bar, and always stops to have a little *badinage* with her, *en passant*. He has his regular walks on the Boulevards and in the Palais Royal, where he sets his watch by the petard fired off by the sun at mid-day. He has his daily resort

in the Garden of the Tuileries, to meet with a knot of veteran idlers like himself, who talk on pretty much the same subjects whenever they meet. He has been present at all the sights and shows and rejoicings of Paris for the last fifty years; has witnessed the great events of the revolution; the guillotining of the king and queen; the coronation of Bonaparte; the capture of Paris, and the restoration of the Bourbons. All these he speaks of with the coolness of a theatrical critic; and I question whether he has not been gratified by each in its turn; not from any inherent love of tumult, but from that insatiable appetite for spectacle, which prevails among the inhabitants of this metropolis. I have been amused with a farce, in which one of these systematic old triflers is represented. He sings a song detailing his whole day's round of insignificant occupations, and goes to bed delighted with the idea that his next day will be an exact repetition of the same routine:

"*Je me couche le soir,*
Enchanté de pouvoir
Recommencer mon train
Le lendemain
Matin."

THE ENGLISHMAN AT PARIS.

In another part of the hotel, a handsome suite of rooms is occupied by an old English gentleman of great probity, some understanding, and very considerable crustiness, who has come to France to live economically. He has a very fair property, but his wife, being of that blessed kind compared in Scripture to the fruitful vine, has overwhelmed him with a family of buxom daughters, who hang clustering about him, ready to be gathered by any hand. He is seldom to be seen in public, without one hanging on each arm, and smiling on all the world, while his own mouth is drawn down at each corner like a mastiff's, with internal growling at everything about him. He adheres rigidly to English fashion in dress, and trudges about in long gaiters and broad-brimmed hat; while his daughters almost overshadow him with feathers, flowers, and French bonnets.

He contrives to keep up an atmosphere of English habits, opinions, and prejudices, and to carry a semblance of London into the very heart of Paris. His mornings are spent at Galignani's news-room, where he forms one of a knot of inveterate quidnuncs, who read the same articles over a dozen times in a dozen different papers. He generally dines in company with some of his own countrymen, and they have what is called a "comfortable sitting," after dinner, in the English fashion, drinking wine, discussing the news of the London papers, and canvassing the French character, the French metropolis, and the French revolu-

tion, ending with a unanimous admission of English courage, English morality, English cookery, English wealth, the magnitude of London, and the ingratitude of the French.

His evenings are chiefly spent at a club of his countrymen, where the London papers are taken. Sometimes his daughters entice him to the theatres, but not often. He abuses French tragedy, as all fustian and bombast, Talma as a ranter, and Duchesnois as a mere termagant. It is true his ear is not sufficiently familiar with the language to understand French verse, and he generally goes to sleep during the performance. The wit of the French comedy is flat and pointless to him. He would not give one of Munden's wry faces, or Liston's inexpressible looks, for the whole of it.

He will not admit that Paris has any advantage over London. The Seine is a muddy rivulet in comparison with the Thames; the West End of London surpasses the finest parts of the French capital; and on some one's observing that there was a very thick fog out-of-doors: "Pish!" said he, crustily, "it's nothing to the fogs we have in London!"

He has infinite trouble in bringing his table into anything like conformity to English rule. With his liquors, it is true, he is tolerably successful. He procures London porter, and a stock of port and sherry, at considerable expense; for he observes that he cannot stand those cursed thin French wines: they dilute his blood so much as to give him the rheumatism. As to their white wines, he stigmatizes them as mere substitutes for cider; and as to claret, why "it would be port if it could." He has continual quarrels with his French cook, whom he renders wretched by insisting on his conforming to Mrs. Glass; for it is easier to convert a Frenchman from his religion than his cookery. The poor fellow, by dint of repeated efforts, once brought himself to serve up *ros bif* sufficiently raw to suit what he considered the cannibal taste of his master; but then he could not refrain, at the last moment, adding some exquisite sauce, that put the old gentleman in a fury.

He detests wood-fires, and has procured a quantity of coal; but not having a grate, he is obliged to burn it on the hearth. Here he sits poking and stirring the fire with one end of a tongs, while the room is as murky as a smithy; railing at French chimneys, French masons, and French architects; giving a poke, at the end of every sentence, as though he were stirring up the very bowels of the delinquents he is anathematizing. He lives in a state militant with inanimate objects around him; gets into high dudgeon with doors and casements, because they will not come under English law, and has implacable feuds with sundry refractory pieces of furniture. Among these is one in particular with which he is sure to have a high quarrel every time he goes to dress. It is a *commode*, one of those smooth, polished, plausible pieces of French furniture, that

have the perversity of five hundred devils. Each drawer has a will of its own; will open or not, just as the whim takes it, and sets lock and key at defiance. Sometimes a drawer will refuse to yield to either persuasion or force, and will part with both handles rather than yield; another will come out in the most coy and coquettish manner imaginable; elbowing along, zigzag; one corner retreating as the other advances, making a thousand difficulties and objections at every move; until the old gentleman, out of all patience, gives a sudden jerk, and brings drawer and contents into the middle of the floor. His hostility to this unlucky piece of furniture increases every day, as if incensed that it does not grow better. He is like the fretful invalid, who cursed his bed, that the longer he lay, the harder it grew. The only benefit he has derived from the quarrel is, that it has furnished him with a crusty joke, which he utters on all occasions. He swears that a French *commode* is the most *incommodious* thing in existence, and that although the nation cannot make a joint-stool that will stand steady, yet they are always talking of everything's being *perfectionée*.

His servants understand his humor, and avail themselves of it. He was one day disturbed by a pertinacious rattling and shaking at one of the doors, and bawled out in an angry tone to know the cause of the disturbance. "Sir," said the footman, testily, "it's this confounded French lock!" "Ah!" said the old gentleman, pacified by this hit at the nation, "I thought there was something French at the bottom of it!"

LEE AND WASHINGTON AT MONMOUTH.

[*Life of George Washington.* 1855–59.]

ARRIVING on the heights of Freehold, and riding forward with General Wayne to an open place to reconnoitre, Lee caught sight of a force under march, but partly hidden from view by intervening woods. Supposing it to be a mere covering party of about two thousand men, he detached Wayne with seven hundred men and two pieces of artillery, to skirmish in its rear and hold it in check; while he, with the rest of his force, taking a shorter road through the woods, would get in front of it, and cut it off from the main body. He at the same time sent a message to Washington, apprising him of this movement and of his certainty of success.

Washington in the meantime was on his march with the main body, to support the advance, as he had promised. The booming of cannon at a distance indicated that the attack so much desired had commenced,

and caused him to quicken his march. Arrived near Freehold church, where the road forked, he detached Greene with part of his forces to the right, to flank the enemy in the rear of Monmouth Court House, while he, with the rest of the column, would press forward by the other road.

Washington had alighted while giving these directions, and was standing with his arm thrown over his horse, when a countryman rode up and said the Continental troops were retreating. Washington was provoked at what he considered a false alarm. The man pointed, as his authority, to an American fifer, who just then came up in breathless affright. The fifer was ordered into custody to prevent his spreading an alarm among the troops who were advancing, and was threatened with a flogging should he repeat the story.

Springing on his horse, Washington had moved forward but a short distance when he met other fugitives, one in the garb of a soldier, who all concurred in the report. He now sent forward Colonels Fitzgerald and Harrison, to learn the truth, while he himself spurred past Freehold meeting-house. Between that edifice and the morass beyond it, he met Grayson's and Patton's regiments in most disorderly retreat, jaded with heat and fatigue. Riding up to the officer at their head, Washington demanded whether the whole advanced corps were retreating. The officer believed they were.

It seemed incredible. There had been scarce any firing—Washington had received no notice of the retreat from Lee. He was still almost inclined to doubt, when the heads of several columns of the advance began to appear. It was too evident—the whole advance was falling back on the main body, and no notice had been given to him. One of the first officers that came up was Colonel Shreve, at the head of his regiment; Washington, greatly surprised and alarmed, asked the meaning of this retreat. The colonel smiled significantly—he did not know—he had retreated by order. There had been no fighting excepting a slight skirmish with the enemy's cavalry, which had been repulsed.

A suspicion flashed across Washington's mind, of wrong-headed conduct on the part of Lee, to mar the plan of attack adopted contrary to his counsels. Ordering Colonel Shreve to march his men over the morass, halt them on the hill beyond and refresh them, he galloped forward to stop the retreat of the rest of the advance, his indignation kindling as he rode. At the rear of the regiment he met Major Howard; he, too, could give no reason for the retreat, but seemed provoked at it—declaring that he had never seen the like. Another officer exclaimed with an oath that they were flying from a shadow.

Arriving at a rising ground, Washington beheld Lee approaching with the residue of his command in full retreat. By this time he was thoroughly exasperated.

"What is the meaning of all this, sir?" demanded he, in the sternest and even fiercest tone, as Lee rode up to him.

Lee for a moment was disconcerted, and hesitated in making a reply, for Washington's aspect, according to Lafayette, was terrible.

"I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion," was again demanded still more vehemently.

Lee, stung by the manner more than the words of the demand, made an angry reply, and provoked still sharper expressions, which have been variously reported. He attempted a hurried explanation. His troops had been thrown into confusion by contradictory intelligence; by disobedience of orders; by the meddling and blundering of individuals; and he had not felt disposed, he said, to beard the whole British army with troops in such a situation.

"I have certain information," rejoined Washington, "that it was merely a strong covering party."

"That may be, but it was stronger than mine, and I did not think proper to run such a risk."

"I am very sorry," replied Washington, "that you undertook the command, unless you meant to fight the enemy."

"I did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement."

"Whatever your opinion may have been," replied Washington, disdainfully, "I expected my orders would have been obeyed."

This all passed rapidly, and, as it were, in flashes, for there was no time for parley. The enemy were within a quarter of an hour's march. Washington's appearance had stopped the retreat. The fortunes of the day were to be retrieved, if possible by instant arrangements. These he proceeded to make with great celerity. The place was favorable for a stand; it was a rising ground, to which the enemy could approach only over a narrow causeway. The rallied troops were hastily formed upon this eminence. Colonels Stewart and Ramsey, with two batteries, were stationed in a covert of woods on their left, to protect them and keep the enemy at bay. Colonel Oswald was posted for the same purpose on a height, with two field-pieces. The promptness with which everything was done showed the effects of the Baron Steuben's discipline.

In the interim, Lee, being asked about the disposition of some of the troops, replied that he could give no orders in the matter; as he supposed General Washington intended he should have no further command.

Shortly after this, Washington, having made all his arrangements with great despatch but admirable clearness and precision, rode back to Lee in calmer mood, and inquired, "Will you retain the command on this height or not? if you will, I will return to the main body, and have it formed on the next height."

"It is equal to me where I command," replied Lee.

"I expect you will take proper means for checking the enemy," rejoined Washington.

"Your orders shall be obeyed; and I shall not be the first to leave the ground," was the reply.

A warm cannonade by Oswald, Stewart, and Ramsey, had the desired effect. The enemy were brought to a stand, and Washington had time to gallop back and bring on the main body. This he formed on an eminence, with a wood in the rear and the morass in front. The left wing was commanded by Lord Stirling, who had with him a detachment of artillery and several field-pieces. General Greene was on his right.

Lee had maintained his advanced position with great spirit, but was at length obliged to retire. He brought off his troops in good order across a causeway which traversed the morass in front of Lord Stirling. As he had promised, he was the last to leave the ground. Having formed his men in a line, beyond the morass, he rode up to Washington. "Here, sir, are my troops," said he, "how is it your pleasure I should dispose of them?" Washington saw that the poor fellows were exhausted by marching, counter-marching, hard fighting and the intolerable heat of the weather: he ordered Lee, therefore, to repair with them to the rear of Englishtown, and assemble there all the scattered fugitives he might meet with.

William Maxwell.

Born in Norfolk, Va., 1784. Died at Richmond, Va., 1857.

A POET OF QUALITY.

[*Poems by William Maxwell, Esq.* 1816.]

TEA.

GIVE me, give me here my tea;
Ladies' nectar! give it me;
Sweet as what the Hummer sips,
Or the dew on Beauty's lips.
Tea 'tis makes the spirits flow,
Tickles up the heart of Woe,
Sets the tongue, enlivens wit,
Gives the sweet poetic fit.
Tea 'tis makes the charming Fair
Sprightly, pleasing as they are.
What is more than all, 'twas Tea,
Tea, that set Columbia free.

TO A FAIR LADY.

FAIREST, mourn not for thy charms,
Circled by no lover's arms,
While inferior belles you see
Pick up husbands merrily.
Sparrows, when they choose to pair,
Meet their matches anywhere;
But the Phœnix, sadly great,
Cannot find an equal mate.
Earth, tho' dark, enjoys the honor
Of a Moon to wait upon her;
Venus, tho' divinely bright,
Cannot boast a satellite.

TO ANNE.

HOW many kisses do I ask?
Now you set me to my task.
First, sweet Anne, will you tell me
How many waves are in the sea?
How many stars are in the sky?
How many lovers you make sigh?
How many sands are on the shore?
I shall want just one kiss more.

Nathaniel Beverley Tucker.

BORN in Matoax, Va., 1784. DIED at Winchester, Va., 1851.

THE FORESHADOWING OF DISUNION.

[*The Partisan Leader. Secretly printed in* 1836, *and afterwards suppressed. Published, and again suppressed, in* 1861.]

"YOU now require that we show you some prevailing reason why Virginia should detach herself from the Northern Confederacy, and either form a separate State, which we do not propose, or unite herself to the South, which we do. Is not that your difficulty?"

"It is," replied Douglas, "I have long been sensible that there were views of the subject which my situation had hidden from me, and have

frequently lamented, while I was grateful for, the resolute reserve which my friends have maintained."

"You must be sensible," said B——, "that the Southern States, including Virginia, are properly and almost exclusively agricultural. The quality of their soil and climate, and the peculiar character of their laboring population, concur to make agriculture the most profitable employment among them. Apart from the influence of artificial causes, it is not certain that any labor can be judiciously taken from the soil to be applied to any other object whatever. When Lord Chatham said that America ought not to manufacture a hobnail for herself, he spoke as a true and judicious friend of the colonies. The labor necessary to make a hobnail, if applied to the cultivation of the earth, might produce that for which the British manufacturer would gladly give two hobnails. By coming between the manufacturer and the farmer, and interrupting this interchange by perverse legislation, the Government broke the tie which bound the colonies to the mother country.

"When that tie was severed and peace established, it was the interest of both parties that this interchange should be restored, and put upon such a footing as to enable each, reciprocally, to obtain for the products of his own labor as much as possible of the labor of the other.

"Why was not this done? Because laws are not made for the benefit of the people, but for that of their rulers. The monopolizing spirit of the landed aristocracy in England led to the exclusion of our breadstuffs, and the necessities of the British treasury tempted to the levying of enormous revenue from our other agricultural products. The interchange between the farmer and manufacturer was thus interrupted. In part it was absolutely prevented; the profit being swallowed up by the impost, the inducement was taken away.

"What did the American Government under these circumstances? Did they say to Great Britain, 'Relax your corn-laws; reduce your duties on tobacco; make no discrimination between our cotton and that from the East Indies; and we will refrain from laying a high duty on your manufactures. You will thus enrich your own people, and it is by no means sure that their increased prosperity may not give you, through the excise and other channels of revenue, more than an equivalent to the taxes we propose to you to withdraw.'

"Did we say this? No. And why? Because, in the Northern States, there was a manufacturing interest to be advanced by the very course of legislation most fatal to the South. With a dense population, occupying a small extent of barren country, with mountain streams tumbling into deep tide-water, and bringing commerce to the aid of manufactures, they wanted nothing but a monopoly of the Southern market to enable them to enrich themselves. The alternative was before us. To invite

the great European manufacturer to reciprocate the benefits of free trade, whereby the South might enjoy all the advantages of its fertile soil and fine climate, or to transfer these advantages to the North, by meeting Great Britain on the ground of prohibition and exaction. The latter was preferred, because to the interest of that section, which, having the local majority, had the power.

"Under this system, Great Britain has never wanted a pretext for her corn-laws, and her high duties on all our products. Thus we sell all we make subject to these deductions, which, in many instances, leave much less to us than what goes into the British Treasury.

"Here, too, is the pretext to the Government of the United States for their exactions in return. The misfortune is, that the Southern planter had to bear both burdens. One-half the price of his products is seized by the British Government, and half the value of what he gets for the other half is seized by the Government of the United States.

"This they call retaliation and indemnification. It was indemnifying an interest which had not been injured, by the farther injury of one which had been injured. It was impoverishing the South for the benefit of the North, to requite the South for having been already impoverished for the benefit of Great Britain. Still it was 'indemnifying *ourselves.*' Much virtue in that word, '*ourselves.*' It is the language used by the giant to the dwarf in the fable; the language of the brazen pot to the earthen pot; the language of all dangerous or interested friendship.

"I remember seeing an illustration of this sort of indemnity in the case of a woman who was whipped by her husband. She went complaining to her father, who whipped her again, and sent her back. 'Tell your husband,' said he, 'that as often as he whips *my daughter*, I will whip *his wife.*'"

"But what remedy has been proposed for these things?" asked Douglas.

"A remedy has been proposed and applied," replied B——. "The remedy of legislation for the benefit, not of the rulers, but of the ruled."

"But in what sense will you say that our legislation has been for the benefit of the rulers alone? Are we not all our own rulers?"

"Yes," replied B——, "if you again have recourse to the use of that comprehensive word 'we,' which identifies things most dissimilar, and binds up, in the same bundle, things most discordant. If the South and North are one; if the Yankee and the Virginian are one; if light and darkness, heat and cold, life and death, can all be identified; then 'we' are our own rulers. Just so, if the State will consent to be identified with the Church, then we pay tithes with one hand, and receive them with the other. While the Commons identify themselves with the Crown, 'we' do but pay taxes to ourselves. And if Virginians can be

fooled into identifying themselves with the Yankees—a fixed tax-paying minority, with a fixed tax-receiving majority—it will still be the same thing; and they will continue to hold a distinguished place among the innumerable 'we's' that have been gulled into their own ruin ever since the world began. It is owing to this sort of deception, played off on the unthinking multitude, that in the two freest countries in the world, the most important interests are taxed for the benefit of lesser interests. In England, a country of manufacturers, they have been starved that agriculture may thrive. In this, a country of farmers and planters, they have been taxed that manufacturers may thrive. Now I will requite Lord Chatham's well-intentioned declaration, by saying that England ought not to make a barrel of flour for herself. I say, too, that if her rulers, and the rulers of the people of America, were true to their trust, both sayings would be fulfilled. She would be the workhouse, and here would be the granary of the world. What would become of the Yankees? As *I* don't call them 'we,' I leave them to find the answer to that question."

A NOVELIST'S PICTURE OF VAN BUREN.

[*From the Same.*]

AS the events of the last ten years make it probable that none of my younger readers have ever seen the august dignitary of whom I speak, and as few of us are like to have occasion to see him in future, a particular description of his person may not be unacceptable. Though far advanced in life, he was tastily and even daintily dressed, his whole costume being exactly adapted to a diminutive and dapper person, a fair complexion, a light and brilliant blue eye, and a head which might have formed a study for the phrenologist, whether we consider its ample developments or its egg-like baldness. The place of hair was supplied by powder, which his illustrious example had again made fashionable. The revolution in public sentiment which, commencing sixty years ago, had abolished all the privileges of rank and age; which trained up the young to mock at the infirmities of their fathers, and encouraged the unwashed artificer to elbow the duke from his place of precedence; this revolution had now completed its cycle. While the sovereignty of numbers was acknowledged, the convenience of the multitude had set the fashions. But the reign of an individual had been restored, and the taste of that individual gave law to the general taste. Had he worn a wig, wigs would have been the rage. But as phrenology had taught him to be justly proud of his high and polished forehead, and the intellectual de-

velopments of the whole cranium, he eschewed hair in all its forms, and barely screened his naked crown from the air with a light covering of powder. He seemed, too, not wholly unconscious of something worthy of admiration in a foot, the beauty of which was displayed to the best advantage by the tight fit and high finish of his delicate slipper. As he lay back on the sofa, his eye rested complacently on this member, which was stretched out before him, its position shifting, as if unconsciously, into every variety of grace. Returning from thence, his glance rested on his hand, fair, delicate, small, and richly jewelled. It hung carelessly on the arm of the sofa, and the fingers of this, too, as if rather from instinct than volition, performed sundry evolutions on which the eye of majesty dwelt with gentle complacency.

A SOUTHERN MARRIAGE.

[*From the Same.*]

WHEN they met again at breakfast, the swimming eye and changing cheek of Delia told that she had been made acquainted with all that had passed. The countenance of Douglas beamed with high excitement, at once pleasant and painful. A glance of triumphant encouragement to Delia, and her answering tearful smile, showed that they perfectly understood each other. Indeed, it was time they should, for it had been settled that B——, who was a resident and justice of the peace of the county, should perform the marriage ceremony, according to the unceremonious law of North Carolina, immediately after breakfast.

As soon as it was over they adjourned to the parlor, where B——, drawing Delia to him, seated her on his knee. "I don't half like this business," said he. "I have no mind to take an active part in giving up my own little girl to this young fellow. I am too old to think of loving and fighting all in a breath, as he does, and I thought to wait till the wars were over, and here he comes and cuts me out. But I am determined to do nothing in prejudice of my claim, until I find that I have no chance." "Young man," added he, in a tone gradually changing from playful to serious, "do you love this dear girl with that faithful single-hearted love, which man owes to a woman who gives him all her heart, and intrusts to him all her happiness, and all her hopes?"

As he said this, he took the hand of Douglas, and went on: "Do you thus love her, and will you in good faith manifest this love, by being to her a true and devoted husband in every change and vicissitude of life, so long as life shall last? Answer me Douglas," he continued, with a

voice approaching to sternness, and a fixed and searching look, while he strongly grasped the young man's hand.

"Assuredly, I will," said Douglas, somewhat hurt.

"And you, dear," said B——, resuming his kind and playful tone, "do you love this young fellow in like sort, and will you, on your part, be to him thus faithful as his wife?"

While B—— said this, the blushing Delia tried to disengage herself. But he detained her, and caught the hand with which she endeavored to loosen his from her waist, and held it fast. At length she hid her face on his neck, whispering: "You know I do. You know I will." "Then God bless you, my children," said B——, bringing their hands together and grasping both firmly in one of his, "for you are married as fast as the law can tie you."

In a moment the whole party were on their feet, each expressing a different variety of surprise. Douglas was the first to understand his situation fully, as appeared by his springing forward and catching his bride to his bosom, imprinting on her pure cheek the kiss that holy nature prompts, and that all the caprices of fashion (thank God!) can never shame. From him she escaped into the arms of her mother, who, caressing her with murmured tenderness, looked half reproachfully at B——. Then smiling through the tear that filled her large blue eye, she shook her finger at him, and said, "Just like you! Just like you!"

"Fairly cheated you of your scene, Margaret. All the matronly airs, and maidenly airs, that you and Delia have been rehearsing this morning, gone for nothing. And there is dear little Lucia crying as if to break her heart, because sister Delia was married before she could fix her pretty little face for the occasion. Never mind, dear! When your turn comes there will be less hurry, and you shall have a ceremony as long as the whole liturgy. Well, Douglas, you will not quarrel with me, I am sure; and I think Delia will forgive me for the trick I played her. You have but an hour to stay together, and where was the sense of giving that up to the flutter and agitation of a deferred ceremony? I suspect if I were always to manage the matter in this way, I should have my hands as full of business as the dentist that used to conjure people's teeth out of their mouths without their knowing it, while he was pretending just to fix his instrument. But go, my children. Empty your full hearts into each other's bosoms, and thank me for the privilege."

Robert Walsh.

Born in Baltimore, Md., 1784. Died in Paris, France, 1859.

THE EXPERIMENT OF EMANCIPATION.

[*An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America.* 1819.]

THE doctrine so long popular and pursued in England, and maintained openly by some of her most distinguished statesmen, that the laboring classes should not be enlightened, lest they might become unwilling to perform the necessary drudgery of their station in life, and prone to rise against the monarchical scheme of social order, was not, perhaps, in her case, altogether without foundation as to the latter topic of apprehension. Now, though the very reverse is the soundest policy for us, with our institutions, as respects the whites, that doctrine, if the right of the southern American to consult his own safety and the ultimate happiness of his slaves, be admitted, is unquestionably just in relation to the body of the southern negroes. You could not attempt to improve and fashion their minds upon a general system, so far as to make them capable of freedom in the mass and apart, without exposing yourself, even in the process, or in proportion as they began to understand and value their rights, to feel the abjection of their position and employment, calculate their strength, and be fit for intelligent concert—to formidable combinations among them, for extricating themselves from their grovelling and severe labors at once, and for gaining, not merely an equality in the state, but an ascendancy in all respects. The difference of race and color would render such aspirations in them much more certain, prompt, and active, than in the case of a body of villeins of the same color and blood with yourselves, whom you might undertake to prepare for self-government. The Duke of Wellington, in the late debate on Catholic emancipation in the British House of Peers, expressed his belief that the Catholics of Ireland, if relieved from their disabilities, would endeavor to put down the reformed religion, and this because of the feelings which must accompany the recollection, that that religion had been established in their country by the sword. What consequences, then, might we not expect in the case of our slaves, from the sense of recent suffering and degradation, and from the feelings incident to the estrangement and insulation growing out of the indelible distinctions of nature?

I know of but one mode of correcting those feelings and preventing alienation, hostility, and civil war; of making the experiment of general

instruction and emancipation with any degree of safety. We must assure the blacks of a perfect equality in all points with ourselves; we must labor to incorporate them with us, so that we shall become of one flesh and blood, and of one political family! It is doubtful even whether we could succeed in this point, so gregarious are they in their habits, and so strong in their national sympathy. No sublime philanthropist of Europe has, however, as yet, in his reveries of the impiety of political distinctions founded upon the color of the body, or in his lamentations over our injustice to the blacks, exacted from us openly this hopeful amalgamation. It would, no doubt, suit admirably the views of our friends in England, who would then have full scope for pleasant comparisons between the American and English intellect, and the American and English complexion.

I could suggest another consideration, alone sufficient to have deterred our southern states from hazarding, since our revolution, the measure of a general abolition of negro slavery, accompanied with the continuance of the negroes within their limits. It would have put those states especially, and this federal union, at the mercy of Great Britain. The facility of tampering with the blacks, and of exciting them to insurrection, would have been increased for her, incalculably, in their new condition, in time of war. Let her conduct on this head during the revolutionary struggle, and in our late contest, in relation both to the Indians and negroes, determine the point whether she would not have availed herself of the opportunity.

John Pierpont.

Born in Litchfield, Conn., 1785. Died at Medford, Mass., 1866.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

[*Airs of Palestine, and Other Poems.* 1840.—*Poems.* 1854.]

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?

Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO THE NORTH STAR.

STAR of the North! though night winds drift
The fleecy drapery of the sky
Between thy lamp and me, I lift,
Yea, lift with hope, my sleepless eye
To the blue heights wherein thou dwellest,
And of a land of freedom tellest.

Star of the North! while blazing day
Pours round me its full tide of light,
And hides thy pale but faithful ray,
I, too, lie hid, and long for night:
For night;—I dare not walk at noon,
Nor dare I trust the faithless moon,—

Nor faithless man, whose burning lust
For gold hath riveted my chain;
Nor other leader can I trust,
But thee, of even the starry train;
For, all the host around thee burning,
Like faithless man, keep turning, turning.

I may not follow where they go:
Star of the North, I look to thee
While on I press; for well I know
Thy light and truth shall set me free;—
Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth;
Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed:

With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,
Till, where its rays directly fell,
They found the Hope of Israel.

Wise were the men who followed thus
The star that sets man free from sin!
Star of the North! thou art to us,—
Who're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is night's protecting wing,—
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee!
I trust thy steady light alone:
Star of the North! thou seem'st to me
To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide me, through these forests dim
And vast, to liberty and HIM.

Thy beam is on the glassy breast
Of the still spring, upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
And bow my parching lips to drink.
Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray!

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows at the break of morn.
And there I lay, till thy sweet face
Looked in upon "my hiding-place."

The tangled cane-brake,—where I crept
For shelter from the heat of noon,
And where, while others toiled, I slept
Till wakened by the rising moon,—
As its stalks felt the night wind free,
Gave me to catch a glimpse of thee.

Star of the North! in bright array
The constellations round thee sweep,
Each holding on its nightly way,
Rising, or sinking in the deep,
And, as it hangs in mid-heaven flaming,
The homage of some nation claiming.

This nation to the Eagle cowers;
Fit ensign! she's a bird of spoil;
Like worships like! for each devours
The earnings of another's toil.

I've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion, at the Virgin's feet
Crouches, and lays his mighty paw
Into her lap!—an emblem meet
Of England's Queen and English law:—
Queen, that hath made her Islands free!
Law, that holds out its shield to me!

Star of the North! upon that shield
Thou shinest!—O, forever shine!
The negro from the cotton-field,
Shall then beneath its orb recline,
And feed the Lion couched before it,
Nor heed the Eagle screaming o'er it!

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

NO moon hung o'er the sleeping earth,
But, on their thrones of light,
The stars, that sang ere morning's birth,
Filled the blue vault of night
With heavenly music;—earthly ears
Not often catch the hymn;
It was "the music of the spheres,"
The song of seraphim.

But there were those in Judah's land,
Who watched, that night, their fold,
Who heard the song of the angel band,
As o'er them was unrolled
The starry glory;—and there came
This burst of heavenly song,
From mellow tubes and lips of flame,
In chorus loud and long.

"To God be glory!—for, this day,
Hath shot, from Judah's stem,
A Branch, that ne'er shall know decay:—
The royal diadem
Shall grace the brows of one, whom ye
Shall in a manger find;
For, him hath God raised up to be
The Saviour of mankind.

"To God be glory! Peace on earth!
Glory to God again!
For, with this infant Saviour's birth,
There comes good-will to men!"—
Good-will to men! O, God, we hail
This, of thy law the sum;
For, as this shall o'er earth prevail,
So shall thy kingdom come.

THE EXILE AT REST.

HIS falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone;—not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now, alone;—the star,
That led him on from crown to crown,
Hath sunk;—the nations from afar
Gazed, as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone;—the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch;—the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curled,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! Comes there from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's waste of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world be awed to mourn him?—No;—

The only, the perpetual dirge,
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair:
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—*he* is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

Henry Wheaton.

Born in Providence, R. I., 1785. Died at Roxbury, Mass., 1848.

DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF "VINLAND" BY THE NORTHMEN.

[*History of the Northmen.* 1831.]

THERE was formerly, say the ancient Sagas, a man named Herjolf, who was descended from Ingolf, the first settler of Iceland. This man navigated from one country to another with his son Bjarne, and generally spent the winters in Norway. It happened once on a time that they were separated from each other, and Bjarne sought his father in Norway, but not finding him there, he learnt that he was gone to the newly discovered country of Greenland. Bjarne resolved to seek and find out his father, wherever he might be, and for this purpose set sail for Greenland (A.D. 1001), directing himself by the observation of the stars, and by what others had told him of the situation of the land. The three first days he was carried to the west, but afterwards the wind, changing, blew with violence from the north, and drove him southwardly for several days. He at last descried a flat country, covered with wood, the appearance of which was so different from that of Greenland, as it had been described to him, that he would not go on shore, but made

sail to the north-west. In this course, he saw an island at a distance, but continued his voyage, and arrived safely in Greenland, where he found his father established at the promontory, afterwards called Herjolfs-nœs, directly opposite to the south-west point of Iceland.

In the following summer, Bjarne made another voyage to Norway, where he was hospitably received by Erik, a distinguished Jarl of that country. The Jarl, to whom he related his adventures, reproached him for not having explored the new land towards which he had been accidentally driven. Bjarne having returned to his father in Greenland, there was much talk among the settlers of pursuing his discovery. The restless, adventurous spirit of Leif, son of Erik the Red, was excited to emulate the fame his father had acquired by the discovery of Greenland. He purchased Bjarne's ship, and manned it with thirty-five men. Leif then requested his father to become the commander of the enterprise. Erik at first declined, on account of the increasing infirmities of his old age, which rendered him less able to bear the fatigues of a seafaring life. He was at last persuaded by his son to embark, but as he was going down to the vessel on horseback, his horse stumbled, which Erik received as an evil omen for his undertaking:—"I do not believe," said he, "that it is given to me to discover any more lands, and here will I abide." Erik returned back to his house, and Leif set sail with his thirty-five companions, among whom was one of his father's servants, a native of the South-countries, named Tyrker (Dieterich-Dirk), probably a German.

They first discovered what they supposed to be one of the countries seen by Bjarne, the coast of which was a flat, stony land, and the background crowned with lofty mountains, covered with ice and snow. This they named Helluland, or the flat country. Pursuing their voyage farther south, they soon came to another coast, also flat, covered with thick wood, and the shores of white sand, gradually sloping towards the sea. Here they cast anchor and went on shore. They named the country Markland, or the country of the wood, and pursued their voyage with a north-east wind for two days and nights, when they discovered a third land, the northern coast of which was sheltered by an island. Here they again landed, and found a country, not mountainous, but undulating and woody, and abounding with fruits and berries, delicious to the taste. From thence they re-embarked, and made sail to the west to seek a harbor, which they at last found at the mouth of a river, where they were swept by the tide into the lake from which the river issued. They cast anchor, and pitched their tents at this spot, and found the river and lake full of the largest salmon they had ever seen. Finding the climate very temperate, and the soil fruitful in pasturage, they determined to build huts and pass the winter here. The days were nearer of an equal length than in Greenland or Iceland, and when they were at

the shortest, the sun rose at half-past seven, and set at half-past four, o'clock. Supposing this computation to be correct, it must have been in the latitude of Boston, the present capital of New England.

It happened one day soon after their arrival, that Tyrker, the German, was missing, and as Leif set a great value upon the youth, on account of his skill in various arts, he sent his followers in search of him in every direction. When they at last found him, he began to speak to them in the Teutonic language, with many extravagant signs of joy. They at last made out to understand from him in the North tongue, that he had found in the vicinity vines bearing wild grapes. He led them to the spot, and they brought to their chief a quantity of the grapes which they had gathered. At first, Leif doubted whether they were really that fruit, but the German assured him he was well acquainted with it, being a native of the southern wine countries. Leif thereupon named the country Vinland. . . . .

The native inhabitants found by the Northmen in Vinland resembled those on the western coast of Greenland. These Esquimaux were called by them Skrœlingar, or dwarfs, from their diminutive and squalid appearance, in the same manner as their Gothic ancestors had given a similar appellation to the Finns and Laplanders. They found these aborigines deficient in manly courage and bodily strength.

Erik left another son named Thorstein, who, having learnt the death of his brother Thorwald, embarked for Vinland with twenty-five companions and his wife Gudrida, principally for the purpose of bringing home the body of his deceased brother. He encountered on his passage contrary winds, and after beating about for some time, was at last driven back to a part of the coast of Greenland, far remote from that where the Northmen colony was established. Here he was compelled to pass the winter, enduring all the hardships of that rigorous season in a high northern latitude, to which was added the misfortune of a contagious disease which broke out amongst the adventurers. Thorstein and the greater part of his companions perished, and Gudrida returned home with his body.

In the following summer, there came to Greenland from Norway a man of illustrious birth and great wealth, named Thorfin, who became enamored of Thorstein's widow Gudrida, and demanded her in marriage of Leif, who had succeeded to the patriarchal authority of his father, Erik the Red. The chieftain determined to effect a settlement in Vinland, and for that purpose formed an association of sixty followers, with whom he agreed to share equally the profits of the enterprise. He took with him all kinds of domestic animals, tools, and provisions to form a permanent colony, and was accompanied by his wife Gudrida, and five other women. He reached the same point of the coast formerly occupied

by Leif, where he passed the winter. In the following spring, the Skrœlingar came in great multitudes to trade with the Northmen in peltries and other productions. Thorfin forbade his companions from selling them arms, which were the objects they most passionately desired; and to secure himself against a surprise, he surrounded his huts with a high palisade. One of the natives seized an axe, and ran off with his prize to his companions. He made the first experiment of his skill in using it by striking one of his companions, who fell dead on the spot. The natives were seized with terror and astonishment at this result, and one of them, who, by his commanding air and manner seemed to be a chief, took the axe, and after examining it for some time with great attention, threw it indignantly into the sea.

After a residence of three years in Vinland, Thorfin returned to his native country with specimens of the fruits and peltries which he had collected. After making several voyages, he finished his days in Iceland, where he built a large mansion, and lived in a style of patriarchal hospitality, rivalling the principal chieftains of the country. He had a son named Snorre, who was born in Vinland; and Gudrida, his widow, afterwards made a pilgrimage to Rome, and on her return to Iceland, retired to a convent, situated near a church which had been erected by Thorfin. . . . .

No subsequent traces of the Norman colony in America are to be found until the year 1059, when it is said that an Irish or Saxon priest, named Jon or John, who had preached for some time as a missionary in Iceland, went to Vinland, for the purpose of converting the colonists to Christianity, where he was murdered by the heathens. A bishop of Greenland, named Erik, afterwards (A.D. 1121) undertook the same voyage, for the same purpose, but with what success is uncertain. The authenticity of the Icelandic accounts of the discovery and settlement of Vinland were recognized in Denmark shortly after this period by king Svend Estrithson, or Sweno II., in a conversation which Adam of Bremen had with this monarch. But no farther mention is made of them in the national annals, and it may appear doubtful what degree of credit is due to the relations of the Venetian navigators, the two brothers Zeni, who are said to have sailed in the latter part of the fourteenth century, in the service of a Norman prince of the Orcades, to the coasts of New England, Carolina, and even Mexico, or at least to have collected authentic accounts of voyages as far west and south as these countries. The land discovered and peopled by the Norwegians is called by Antonio Zeni, Estotoland, and he states, among other particulars, that the princes of the country still had in their possession Latin books, which they did not understand, and which were probably those left by the bishop Erik during his mission. Supposing these latter discoveries to be authentic,

S. Woodworth

they could hardly have escaped the attention of Columbus, who had himself navigated in the Arctic seas, but whose mind dwelt with such intense fondness upon his favorite idea of finding a passage to the East Indies, across the western ocean, that he might have neglected these indications of the existence of another continent in the direction pursued by the Venetian adventurers. At all events, there is not the slightest reason to believe that the illustrious Genoese was acquainted with the discovery of North America by the Normans five centuries before his time, however well authenticated that fact now appears to be by the Icelandic records to which we have referred. The colony established by them probably perished in the same manner with the ancient establishments in Greenland. Some faint traces of its existence may, perhaps, be found in the relations of the Jesuit missionaries respecting a native tribe in the district of Gaspé, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, who are said to have attained a certain degree of civilization, to have worshipped the sun, and observed the position of the stars. Others revered the symbol of the cross before the arrival of the French missionaries, which, according to their tradition, had been taught them by a venerable person who cured, by this means, a terrible epidemic which raged among them.

Samuel Woodworth.

Born in Scituate, Mass., 1785. Died in New York, N. Y., 1842.

THE BUCKET.

[*Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs, and Ballads.* 1826.]

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

Mordecai Manuel Noah.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1785. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1851.

THE JOURNALIST'S EXPERIENCE AS A PLAYWRIGHT.

[*Letter to William Dunlap.* 1832.—*From Dunlap's History of the American Theatre.*]

FROM a boy, I was a regular attendant of the Chestnut Street theatre, during the management of Wignell and Reinagle, and made great efforts to compass the purchase of a season ticket, which I obtained generally of the treasurer, George Davis, for $18. Our habits through life are frequently governed and directed by our early steps. I seldom missed a night; and always retired to bed, after witnessing a good play, gratified and improved: and thus, probably, escaped the haunts of taverns, and the pursuits of depraved pleasures, which too frequently allure and destroy our young men; hence I was always the firm friend of the drama, and had an undoubted right to oppose my example through life to the horror and hostility expressed by sectarians to plays and playhouses generally. Independent of several of your plays which had obtained possession of the stage, and were duly incorporated in the legitimate drama, the first call to support the productions of a fellow-townsman was, I think, Barker's opera of *The Indian Princess.* Charles Ingersoll had previously written a tragedy, a very able production for a very young man, which was supported by all the "good society;" but Barker, who was "one of us," an amiable and intelligent young fellow,

who owed nothing to hereditary rank, though his father was a whig, and a soldier of the revolution, was in reality a fine-spirited poet, a patriotic ode writer, and finally a gallant soldier of the late war. The managers gave Barker an excellent chance with all his plays, and he had merit and popularity to give them in return full houses.

About this time, I ventured to attempt a little melodrama, under the title of *The Fortress of Sorrento*, which, not having money enough to pay for printing, nor sufficient influence to have acted, I thrust the manuscript in my pocket, and having occasion to visit New York, I called in at David Longworth's Dramatic Repository one day, spoke of the little piece, and struck a bargain with him, by giving him the manuscript in return for a copy of every play he had published, which at once furnished me with a tolerably large dramatic collection. I believe the play never was performed, and I was almost ashamed to own it; but it was my first regular attempt at dramatic composition.

In the year 1812, while in Charleston, S. C., Mr. Young requested me to write a piece for his wife's benefit. You remember her, no doubt; remarkable as she was for her personal beauty and amiable deportment, it would have been very ungallant to have refused, particularly as he requested that it should be a "*breeches part*," to use a green-room term, though she was equally attractive in every character. Poor Mrs. Young! she died last year in Philadelphia. When she first arrived in New York, from London, it was difficult to conceive a more perfect beauty; her complexion was of dazzling whiteness, her golden hair and ruddy complexion, figure somewhat *embonpoint*, and graceful carriage, made her a great favorite. I soon produced the little piece, which was called *Paul and Alexis, or the Orphans of the Rhine*. I was, at that period, a very active politician, and my political opponents did me the honor to go to the theatre the night it was performed, for the purpose of hissing it, which was not attempted until the curtain fell, and the piece was successful. After three years' absence in Europe and Africa, I saw the same piece performed at the Park, under the title of *The Wandering Boys*, which even now holds possession of the stage. It seems Mr. Young sent the manuscript to London, where the title was changed, and the bantling cut up, altered, and considerably improved.

About this time, John Miller, the American bookseller in London, paid us a visit. Among the passengers in the same ship was a fine English girl of great talent and promise, Miss Leesugg, afterwards Mrs. Hackett. She was engaged at the Park as a singer, and Phillips, who was here about the same period fulfilling a most successful engagement, was decided and unqualified in his admiration of her talent. Every one took an interest in her success; she was gay, kind-hearted, and popular, always in excellent spirits, and always perfect. Anxious for her success, I vent-

ured to write a play for her benefit, and in three days finished the patriotic piece of *She would be a Soldier, or the Battle of Chippewa*, which, I was happy to find, produced her an excellent house. Mrs. Hackett retired from the stage after her marriage, and lost six or seven years of profitable and unrivalled engagement.

After this play, I became in a manner domiciliated in the green-room. My friends, Price and Simpson, who had always been exceedingly kind and liberal, allowed me to stray about the premises like one of the family, and always anxious for their success, I ventured upon another attempt for a holiday occasion, and produced *Marion, or the Hero of Lake George.* It was played on the 25th of November—Evacuation day, and I bustled about among my military friends, to raise a party in support of a military play, and what with generals, staff-officers, rank and file, the Park theatre was so crammed, that not a word of the play was heard, which was a very fortunate affair for the author. The managers presented me with a pair of handsome silver pitchers, which I still retain as a memento of their good-will and friendly consideration. You must bear in mind that while I was thus employed in occasional attempts at playwriting, I was engaged in editing a daily journal, and in all the fierce contests of political strife; I had, therefore, but little time to devote to all that study and reflection so essential to the success of dramatic composition.

My next piece, I believe, was written for the benefit of a relative and friend, who wanted something to bring a house; and as the struggle for liberty in Greece was at that period the prevailing excitement, I finished the melodrama of *The Grecian Captive*, which was brought out with all the advantages of good scenery and music. As a "good house" was of more consequence to the actor than fame to the author, it was resolved that the hero of the piece should make his appearance on an elephant, and the heroine on a camel, which were procured from a neighboring *menagerie*, and the *tout ensemble* was sufficiently imposing, only it happened that the huge elephant, in shaking his skin, so rocked the castle on his back, that the Grecian general nearly lost his balance, and was in imminent danger of coming down from his "high estate," to the infinite merriment of the audience. On this occasion, to use another significant phrase, a "gag" was hit upon of a new character altogether. The play was printed, and each auditor was presented with a copy gratis, as he entered the house. Figure to yourself a thousand people in a theatre, each with a book of the play in hand—imagine the turning over a thousand leaves simultaneously, the buzz and fluttering it produced, and you will readily believe that the actors entirely forgot their parts, and even the equanimity of the elephant and camel were essentially disturbed.

My last appearance as a dramatic writer was in another national piece, called *The Siege of Tripoli*, which the managers persuaded me to bring out for my own benefit, being my first attempt to derive any profit from dramatic efforts. The piece was elegantly got up—the house crowded with beauty and fashion—everything went off in the happiest manner; when a short time after the audience had retired, the Park theatre was discovered to be on fire, and in a short time was a heap of ruins. This conflagration burnt out all my dramatic fire and energy, since which I have been, as you well know, peaceably employed in settling the affairs of the nation, and mildly engaged in the political differences and disagreements which are so fruitful in our great state.

I still, however, retain a warm interest for the success of the drama, and all who are entitled to success engaged in sustaining it, and to none greater than to yourself, who have done more, in actual labor and successful efforts, than any man in America.

Anonymous.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE "GUERRIERE."

[*Naval Ballad of* 1812.—*Preserved in McCarty's National Song Book.* 1842.]

LONG, the tyrant of our coast,
Reigned the famous *Guerriere:*
Our little navy she defied,
Public ship and privateer;
On her sails, in letters red,
To our captains were displayed
Words of warning, words of dread,
"All who meet me, have a care!
I am England's *Guerriere.*"

On the wide Atlantic deep
(Not her equal for the fight)
The *Constitution*, on her way,
Chanced to meet these men of might:
On her sails was nothing said:
But her waist the teeth displayed
That a deal of blood could shed,
Which, if she would venture near,
Would stain the decks of the *Guerriere.*

Now our gallant ship they met,
And, to struggle with John Bull,

Who had come they little thought,
Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull.
Better, soon, to be acquainted,
Isaac hailed the Lord's anointed,
While the crew the cannon pointed,
And the balls were so directed
With a blaze so unexpected,—

Isaac did so maul and rake her,
That the decks of Captain Dacres
Were in such a woful pickle,
As if death, with scythe and sickle,
With his sling or with his shaft
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.
Thus, in thirty minutes, ended
Mischiefs that could not be mended:
Masts, and yards, and ship descended,
All to David Jones's locker—
Such a ship in such a pucker!

Drink about to the *Constitution!*
She performed some execution,
Did some share of retribution
For the insults of the year,
When she took the *Guerriere.*
May success again await her,
Let who will again command her,
Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur:
Nothing like her can withstand her
With a crew like that on board her
Who so boldly called "to order"
One bold crew of English sailors,
Long, too long, our seamen's jailers—
Dacres and the *Guerriere!*

Henry Marie Brackenridge.

BORN in Pittsburgh, Penn., 1786. DIED there, 1871.

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIERE."

[*History of the Late War between the United States and Great Britain. Revised Edition.* 1839.]

THE *Constitution* again put to sea, on the 2d of September. On the 19th a vessel hove in sight, and a chase instantly commenced. It was soon discovered to be the *Guerriere*, one of the best frigates in the

British navy; and which seemed not averse from the rencontre, as she backed her main-topsail, waiting for the *Constitution* to come down. This was a most desirable occurrence to our brave tars, as this frigate had for some time been in search of an American frigate, having given a formal challenge to all our vessels of the same class. She had at one of her mast-heads a flag, on which her name was inscribed in large characters, by way of gasconade, and on another, the words, "Not the *Little Belt*," in allusion to the broadsides which the *President* had given that vessel, before the war. The *Guerriere* had looked into several of our ports, and affected to be exceedingly anxious to earn the first laurel from the new enemy. The *Constitution*, being made ready for action, now bore down, her crew giving three cheers. At first it was the intention of Captain Hull to bring her to close action immediately; but on coming within gun-shot, she gave a broadside and filled away, then wore, giving a broadside on the other tack, but without effect. They now continued wearing and manœuvring, on both sides, for three-quarters of an hour, the *Guerriere* attempting to take a raking position; but failing in this, she bore up, and ran with her topsail and jib on the quarter. The *Constitution*, perceiving this, made sail to come up with her. Captain Hull, with admirable coolness, received the enemy's fire without returning it. The enemy, mistaking this conduct on the part of the American commander, continued to pour out his broadsides with a view to cripple his antagonist. From the *Constitution* not a gun had been fired. Already had an officer twice come on deck with information that several of the men had been killed at their guns. The gallant crew, though burning with impatience, silently awaited the orders of their commander. The moment so long looked for at last arrived. Sailing-master Aylwin having seconded the views of the captain, with admirable skill, in bringing the vessel exactly to the station intended, orders were given at five minutes before five P.M. to fire broadside after broadside, in quick succession. The crew instantly discovered the whole plan, and entered into it with all the spirit the circumstance was calculated to inspire. Never was any firing so dreadful. For fifteen minutes the vivid lightning of the *Constitution's* guns continued one blaze, and their thunder roared with scarce an intermission. The enemy's mizzen-mast had gone by the board, and he stood exposed to a raking fire which swept his decks. The *Guerriere* had now become unmanageable; her hull, rigging and sails dreadfully torn; when the *Constitution* attempted to lay her on board. At this moment Lieutenant Bush, in attempting to throw his marines on board, was killed by a musket-ball, and the enemy shot ahead, but could not be brought before the wind. A raking fire now continued for fifteen minutes longer, when his main-mast and foremast went, taking with them every spar, excepting the bowsprit. On seeing this, the firing ceased,

and at twenty-five minutes past five she surrendered. "In thirty minutes," says Captain Hull, "after we got fairly along-side of the enemy, she surrendered, and had not a spar standing, and her hull, above and below water, so shattered, that a few more broadsides must have carried her down." The *Guerriere* was so much damaged, as to render it impossible to bring her in; she was therefore set fire to the next day, and blown up. The damage sustained by the *Constitution* was comparatively of so little consequence, that she actually made ready for action when a vessel appeared in sight the next day. The loss on board the *Guerriere* was fifteen killed and sixty-three wounded: on the side of the *Constitution*, seven killed and seven wounded. It is pleasing to observe, that even the British commander, on this occasion, bore testimony to the humanity and generosity with which he was treated by the victors. The American frigate was somewhat superior in force, by a few guns; but this difference bore no comparison to the disparity of the conflict. The *Guerriere* was thought to be a match for any vessel of her class, and had been ranked amongst the largest in the British navy. The *Constitution* arrived at Boston on the 28th of August, having captured several merchant vessels.

Never did any event spread such universal joy over the whole country. The gallant Hull, and his equally gallant officers, were received with enthusiastic demonstrations of gratitude, wherever they appeared. He was presented with the freedom of all the cities through which he passed on his way to the seat of government, and with many valuable donations. Congress voted fifty thousand dollars to the crew, as a recompense for the loss of the prize, and the Executive promoted several of the officers. Sailing-master Aylwin, who had been severely wounded, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and Lieutenant Morris, who had been also wounded, was promoted to the rank of post-captain. This affair was not the less mortifying to Great Britain, who for thirty years had in no instance lost a frigate in anything like an equal conflict.

BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

[*From the Same.*]

ON the 5th (October, 1813) the pursuit was renewed; when, after capturing provisions and ammunition to a considerable amount, they reached the place where the enemy had encamped the night before. Colonel Wood was now sent forward by the Commander-in-Chief, to reconnoitre the British and Indian forces; and he very soon returned

with information, that they had made a stand a few miles distant, and were ready for action. General Proctor had drawn up his regular forces across a narrow strip of land covered with beech-trees, flanked on one side by a swamp and on the other by the river; their left resting on the river supported by the larger portion of their artillery, and their right on the swamp. Beyond the swamp, and between it and another morass still further to the right, were the Indians under Tecumseh. This position was skilfully chosen by Proctor, with regard to locality, and the character of his troops; but he committed an irreparable oversight in neglecting to fortify his front by a ditch or abatis, and in drawing up his troops "in open order, that is, with intervals of three or four feet between the files"—a mode of array which could not resist a charge of cavalry. His whole force consisted of about eight hundred regular soldiers and two thousand Indians.

The American troops, amounting to something more than three thousand men, were now disposed in order of battle. General Trotter's brigade constituted the front line; General King's brigade formed a second line, in the rear of General Trotter; and Chiles's brigade was kept as a corps of reserve. These three brigades were under the command of Major-General Henry. The whole of General Desha's division, consisting of two brigades, was formed *en potence* on the left of Trotter's brigade. Each brigade averaged five hundred men. The regular troops, amounting to one hundred and twenty men, were formed in columns, and occupied a narrow space between the road and the river, for the purpose of seizing the enemy's artillery, should opportunity offer. General Harrison had at first ordered Colonel Johnson's mounted men to form in two lines, opposite to the Indians; but he soon observed that the underwood here was too close for cavalry to act with any effect. Aware of the egregious error committed by Proctor as above mentioned, and well knowing the dexterity of backwoodsmen in riding, and in the use of the rifle, in forest ground, he immediately determined that one battalion of the mounted regiment should charge on the British regulars. The other, under the immediate command of Colonel Johnson, was left to confront the Indians. The requisite arrangements having been made, the army had moved forward but a short distance, when the enemy fired. This was the signal for our cavalry to charge; and, although the men and horses in the front of the column at first recoiled, they soon recovered themselves, and the whole body dashed through the enemy with irresistible force. Instantly forming in the rear of the British, they poured on them a destructive fire, and were about to make a second charge, when the British officers, finding it impossible, from the nature of the ground and the panic which prevailed, to form their broken ranks, immediately surrendered.

On the left, the battle was begun by Tecumseh with great fury. The galling fire of the Indians did not check the advance of the American columns; but the charge was not successful, from the miry character of the soil and the number and closeness of the thickets which covered it. In these circumstances, Colonel Johnson ordered his men to dismount, and leading them up a second time, succeeded after a desperate contest in breaking through the line of the Indians and gaining their rear. Notwithstanding this, and that the colonel now directed his men to fight them in their own mode, the Indians were unwilling to yield the day; and, quickly collecting their principal strength on the right, attempted to penetrate the line of infantry commanded by General Desha. At first they made an impression on it; but they were soon repulsed by the aid of a regiment of Kentucky volunteers led on by the aged Shelby, who had been posted at the angle formed by the front line and Desha's division. The combat now raged with increasing fury; the Indians, to the number of twelve or fifteen hundred, seeming determined to maintain their ground to the last. The terrible voice of Tecumseh could be distinctly heard, encouraging his warriors; and although beset on every side except that of the morass, they fought with more determined courage than they had ever before exhibited. An incident, however, now occurred which eventually decided the contest. The gallant Colonel Johnson having rushed towards the spot where the Indians, clustering around their undaunted chief, appeared resolved to perish by his side, his uniform, and the white horse which he rode, rendered him a conspicuous object. In a moment his holsters, dress and accoutrements were pierced with a hundred bullets, and he fell to the ground severely wounded. Tecumseh, meanwhile, was killed in the mêlée. After the rescue and removal of the wounded colonel, the command devolved on Major Thompson. The Indians maintained the fight for more than an hour; but no longer hearing the voice of their great captain, they at last gave way on all sides. Near the spot where this struggle took place, thirty Indians and six whites were found dead.

Thus fell Tecumseh, one of the most celebrated warriors that ever raised the tomahawk against us; and with him faded the last hope of our Indian enemies. This untutored man was the determined foe of civilization, and had for years been laboring to unite all the Indian tribes in resisting the progress of our settlements to the westward. Had such a man opposed the European colonists on their first arrival, this continent might still have been a wilderness. To those who prefer a savage, uncultivated waste, inhabited by wolves and panthers, and by men more savage still, to the busy city; to the peaceful hamlet and cottage; to Christianity, science, and the comforts of civilization; to such, it may be a source of regret that Tecumseh came too late. But to

all others, it must be a just cause of felicitation, that he was the champion of barbarism at a period when he could only draw down destruction on his own head. Tecumseh fell respected by his enemies as a great and magnanimous chief. Although he seldom took prisoners in battle, he was merciful to those who had been taken by others; and, at the defeat of Dudley, actually put to death a chief whom he found engaged in the work of massacre. He had been in almost every engagement with the whites since Harmer's defeat in 1791, although at his death he scarcely exceeded forty years of age. Tecumseh had received the stamp of greatness from the hand of nature; and had his lot been cast in a different state of society, he would have shone as one of the most distinguished of men. He was endowed with a powerful mind, and with the soul of a hero. There was an uncommon dignity in his countenance and manners: by the former he could easily be discovered, even after death, among the rest of the slain, for he wore no insignia of distinction. When girded with a silk sash, and told by General Proctor that he was made a brigadier-general in the British service for his conduct at Brownstown and Magagua, he refused the title. Born without title to command, such was his native greatness, that every tribe yielded submission to him at once, and no one ever disputed his precedence. Subtle and fierce in war, he was possessed of uncommon eloquence. Invective was his chief merit, as we had frequent occasion to experience. He gave a remarkable instance of its power in the reproaches which he applied to General Proctor, in a speech delivered a few days before his death; a copy of which was found among the papers of the British officers. His form was uncommonly elegant. His stature was about six feet, and his limbs were perfectly proportioned.

In this engagement, the British loss was, nineteen regulars killed, fifty wounded, and about six hundred taken prisoners. The Indians left one hundred and twenty on the field. The American loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to upwards of fifty; seventeen of the slain were Kentuckians, and among them was Colonel Whitely, a soldier of the Revolution, who served on this occasion as a private. He by some was supposed to have killed Tecumseh; while others affirmed that Colonel Johnson was the person. Several pieces of brass cannon, the trophies of our Revolution, and which had been surrendered by Hull at Detroit, were once more restored to our country. General Proctor had basely deserted his troops as soon as the charge was made; and though hotly pursued, was enabled, by means of swift horses and his knowledge of the country, to escape down the Thames. His carriage, with his private papers, however, was taken.

Andrews Norton.

Born in Hingham, Mass., 1786. Died at Newport, R. I., 1853.

ON LISTENING TO A CRICKET.

[*Selected from Contributions to "The Christian Examiner," etc.*]

I LOVE, thou little chirping thing,
To hear thy melancholy noise;
Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing
Of summer past and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveller's path,
But, through the winter's weary hours,
Shalt warm thee at my lonely hearth.

And when my lamp's decaying beam
But dimly shows the lettered page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a purer age,—

Then will I listen to thy sound,
And, musing o'er the embers pale
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil;

Recall the many-colored dreams,
That Fancy fondly weaves for youth,
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of truth;

Perchance observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures, feebly bright,
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

I love the quiet midnight hour,
When Care, and Hope, and Passion sleep,
And Reason, with untroubled power,
Can her late vigils duly keep;—

I love the night: and, sooth to say,
Before the merry birds, that sing
In all the glare and noise of day,
Prefer the cricket's grating wing.

But, see! pale Autumn strews her leaves,
Her withered leaves, o'er Nature's grave,

While giant Winter she perceives
Dark rushing from his icy cave,

And in his train the sleety showers,
That beat upon the barren earth;—
Thou, cricket, through these weary hours,
Shalt warm thee at my lonely hearth.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

MY God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know,
But not one prayer is breathed in vain
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will!

Gulian Crommelin Verplanck.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1786. Died there, 1870.

ON THE MADNESS OF HAMLET.

[*From Verplanck's "Shakespeare's Plays: With his Life, etc."* 1847.]

HAMLET, after the interview with his father's spirit, has announced to his friends his probable intent to "bear himself strange and odd," and put on an "antic disposition." But the poet speaks his own meaning through Hamlet's mouth, when he makes the Prince assure his mother "It is not madness." The madness is but simulated. Still, it is

not "cool reason" that directs his conduct and governs his impulses. His weakness and his melancholy, the weariness of life, the intruding thoughts of suicide, the abrupt transitions, the towering passion, the wild or scornful levity, the infirmity of purpose,—*these* are *not* feigned. They indicate crushed affections and blighted hopes. They show the sovereign reason,—not overthrown by disease, not captive to any illusion, not paralyzed in its power of attention and coherent thought,—but perplexed, darkened, distracted by contending and natural emotions from real causes. His mind is overwhelmed with the oppressive sense of supernatural horrors, of more horrible earthly wrongs, and terrible duties. Such causes would throw any mind from its propriety; but it is the sensitive, meditative, yet excitable and kind-hearted prince, quick in feeling, warm in affection, rich in thought, "full of large discourse, looking before and after," yet (perhaps on account of these very endowments), feeble in will and irresolute in act,—he it is, who

> "Hath a father killed, and mother stain'd,
> *Excitements* of his *reason* and his *blood*."

Marked and peculiar as is his character, he is yet, in this, the personification of a general truth of human nature, exemplified a thousand times in the biography of eminent men. He shows the ordinary incompatibility of high perfection of the meditative mind, whether poetical or philosophical (and Hamlet's is both), with the strong will, the prompt and steady determination that give energy and success in the active contests of life.

It is thus that, under extraordinary and terrible circumstances impelling him to action, Hamlet's energies are bent up to one great and engrossing object, and still he shrinks back from the execution of his resolves, and would willingly find refuge in the grave.

It may be said that, after all, this view of Hamlet's mental infirmity differs from the theory of his insanity only in words; that the unsettled mind, the morbid melancholy, the inconstancy of purpose, are but in other language the description of a species of madness. In one sense this may be true. Thin partitions divide the excitement of passion, the absorbing pursuit of trifles, the delusions of vanity, the malignity of revenge,—in short, any of the follies or vices that "flesh is heir to,"—from that stage of physical or mental disease, which, in the law of every civilized people causes the sufferer to be regarded as "of unsound mind and memory," incompetent to discharge the duties of society, and no longer to be trusted with its privileges. It was from the conviction of this truth, that a distinguished and acute physician, of great eminence and experience in the treatment of insanity (Dr. Haslam), was led, in the course of a legal inquiry, in reply to the customary question, "Was

Miss B—— of sound mind?" to astonish his professional audience by asserting that he had "never known *any* human being of sound mind."

But the poet's distinction is the plain and ordinary one. It is that between the irregular fevered action of an intellect excited, goaded, oppressed, and disturbed by natural thoughts and real causes, too powerful for its control,—and the same mind, after it has been affected by that change—modern science would say, by that physical change—which may deprive the sufferer of his power of coherent reasoning, or else inflict upon him some self-formed delusion, influencing all his perceptions, opinions, and conduct. If, instead of the conventional reality of the ghostly interview, Hamlet had been painted as acting under the impulses of the self-raised phantoms of an overheated brain, that would be insanity in the customary sense, in which, as a morbid physical affection, it is to be distinguished from the fitful struggles of a wounded spirit,—of a noble mind torn with terrible and warring thoughts.

This is the difference between Lear, in the agony of intolerable passion from real and adequate causes, and the Lear of the stormy heath, holding an imaginary court of justice upon Goneril and her sister.

Now as to this scene with Ophelia. How does it correspond with this understanding of the poet's intent?

Critics, of the highest authority in taste and feeling, have accounted for Hamlet's conduct solely upon the ground of the absorbing and overwhelming influence of the one paramount thought which renders hopeless and worthless all that formerly occupied his affections.

Such is Mrs. Jameson's theory, and that of Caldecott's note in his excellent unpublished edition of Hamlet; and Kean gave great dramatic effect to the same conception on the stage. The view is, in conception and feeling, worthy of the poet; but it is not directly supported by a single line in his text, while it overlooks the fact that he has taken pains to mark, as an incident of his plot, the unfortunate effect upon Hamlet's mind of Ophelia's too confiding obedience to her father's suspicious caution. The author could not mean that this scene should be regarded as a sudden and causeless outbreak of passion, unconnected with any prior interview with Ophelia. He has shown us that, immediately after the revelation of the murder, the suspicious policy of Polonius compels his daughter to "repel Hamlet's letters," and deny him access. This leads to that interview, so touchingly described by Ophelia,—of silent but piteous expostulation, of sorrow, suspicion, and unuttered reproach:—

> "With his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
> He falls to such perusal of my face
> As he would draw it."

This silence, more eloquent than words, implies a conflict of mixed

emotions, which the poet himself was content to suggest, without caring to analyze it in words. Whatever these emotions were, they had no mixture of levity, anger, or indifference.

When the Prince again meets Ophelia it is with calm and solemn courtesy. She renews the recollection of her former refusal of his letters, by returning "the remembrances of his that she had longed to redeliver." The reader knows that, in the gentle Ophelia, this is an act, not of her will, but of her yielding and helpless obedience. To her lover it must appear as a confirmation of her abrupt and seemingly causeless breaking off of all former ties at a moment when he most needed sympathy and kindness. This surely cannot be received with calmness. Does *she*, too, repel his confidence, and turn away from his altered fortunes and his broken spirit? The deep feelings, that had before choked his utterance, cannot but return. He wraps himself in his cloak of assumed madness. He gives vent to intense emotion in agitated and contradictory expressions ("I did love you once,"—"I loved you not"), and in wild invective, not at Ophelia personally, but at her sex's frailties. In short, as elsewhere, where he fears to repose confidence, he masks, under his assumed "antic disposition," the deep and real "excitement of his reason and his blood."

This understanding of this famous scene seems to me required by the poet's marked intention to separate Ophelia from Hamlet's confidence, by Polonius compelling her—

> "—— To lock herself from his resort;
> Admit no messenger, receive no tokens."

All which would otherwise be a useless excrescence on the plot. It besides appears so natural in itself, that the only hesitation I have as to its correctness arises from respect to the differing opinions of some of those who have most reverenced and best understood Shakespeare's genius.

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME AND AUTOGRAPHS.

[*From the Same.*]

THE right orthography of the great Poet's name has been, for the last sixty years, as disputed and doubtful a question as any other of the many points which have perplexed and divided his editors and critics. *Shake-speare*, *Shakespeare*, *Shakspeare*, *Schackspeere*, *Shaxspeare*, *Shakspear*, *Shakespear*, *Shakspere*, *Shaxpere*, are among the variations, of more or less authority; besides one or two others, like *Shaxbred*, which

are evidently blunders of a careless or ignorant scribe. More recent and minutely accurate researches seem to me to have proved, from the evidence of deeds, parish-registers, town-records, etc. (see the various extracts in Collier's "Life"), that the family name was *Shakspere*, with some varieties of spelling, such as might occur among illiterate persons in an uneducated age. The evidence that the Poet himself considered this as his family name (which before seemed most probable), has been, within a few years, confirmed by the discovery of his undoubted autograph, in a copy of the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, in folio—a book, of his familiarity with which there are many traces in his later works, and which he has used in the way of direct imitation, and almost of transcription, in the "Tempest"—act ii. scene 1. I, therefore, fully agree with Sir Frederick Madden, in his tract on this point, and with Mr. Knight, in his Biography and Pictorial edition of Shakespeare, that the Poet's legal and habitual signature was *William Shakspere*. Yet I, nevertheless, concur with Dr. Nares (Glossary), Mr. Collier, Mr. Dyce, and others, in retaining the old orthography of *Shakespeare*, by which the Poet was alone known as an author, in his own day and long after. The following reasons seem to me conclusive: Whether from the inconvenience of the Stratford mode of spelling the name not corresponding, in London, with its fixed pronunciation, or for some other reason, the Poet, at an early period of his literary and dramatic career, adopted, for all public purposes, the orthography of *Shakespeare*. His name appears thus spelled in the first edition of his "Venus and Adonis" (1593), where the dedication of the "first heir of his invention" to the Earl of Southampton, is subscribed at full length, *William Shakespeare*. This very popular poem passed through at least six editions, during the author's lifetime, between 1593 and 1606, and several more within a few years after his death, in all of which the same spelling is preserved. This was followed, in 1594, by his poem of "Lucrece," where the same orthography is preserved, in the signature to the dedication to the same noble friend and patron. All the succeeding editions, of which there were at least four during the author's life, retain the same orthography. Again, in his Sonnets, first printed in 1609, we have nearly the same orthography, it differing only in printing the name *Shake-speare*.

All the editions of Shakespeare's several poems differ from those of his plays published during his life in that typographical accuracy which denotes an author's own care, while the contemporary old quarto editions of his plays, published separately, commonly swarm with gross errors either of the printer or the copyist. Again, all those editions of his genuine plays, thus published during his life, as well as others falsely ascribed to him, concur in the same mode of spelling the name—it being given invariably either *Shake-speare*, or *Shakespeare*. His name appears thus in

at least sixty title-pages, of single plays, published by different printers, during his own life. Finally, in the folio collection of 1623, made by his friends Heminge and Condell, we find the same orthography, not only in the title and dedication, and list of performers, but in the verses prefixed by the Poet's personal friends, Ben Jonson, Holland, Digges—the only variance being that the editors and Ben Jonson write *Shakespeare* and Digges has the name *Shake-speare.* All the succeeding folios retain the same mode, and two at least of those were published while many of the Poet's contemporaries still lived. Moreover, all the Poet's literary contemporaries, who have left his name in print, give it in the same way, —as Ben Jonson, several times; Drayton, Meares (in his often quoted list of Shakespeare's works written before 1598); Allot in his collection called the "English Parnassus")—with several others.

So again, in the next generation, we find the same mode universally retained,—as, for example, by Milton, by Davenant, who was certainly the Poet's godson, and who seems to have been willing to pass for his illegitimate son; and by the painstaking Fuller. The last writer, in his notice of Shakespeare, in his "Worthies of England," refers to "the warlike sound of his surname (whence some may conjecture him of a military extraction), *Hasti-vibrans*, or *Shake-speare.*"

The heraldic grant of armorial bearings confirmed to the Poet, in his ancestors' right, bearing the crest of a Falcon, supporting (or brandishing) a spear, etc., seems to be founded on the very same signification and pronunciation of the name. Thus *Shakespeare* remained the only name of their great dramatist known to the English public, from 1593, for almost two centuries after, until, in the last half of the last century, the authority of Malone and his fellow-commentators substituted, in popular use, *Shakspeare*—a version of the name which has the least support of any of the variations.

The result of the whole evidence on this point, which in regard to any other English author would hardly be worth examining, but which has its interest to thousands of Shakespeare's readers on both sides of the Atlantic, is simply this: The Poet, for some reason, thought fit to adapt the spelling of his name to the popular mode of pronouncing it, according to the pronunciation of London, and his more cultivated readers; but this was done in his public, literary, and dramatic character only,—while as a Warwickshire gentleman, and a burgher of Stratford-upon-Avon, he used his old family orthography, in the form he thought most authentic.

Such variations in the spelling of surnames were not at all unusual in the Poet's age, and before, and half a century after, of which many instances have fallen under my own casual observation. The reason of a fact which we should now think strange, I suppose may be found in the

changes of the habits and of the law of ordinary business. When half the business of life is transacted, as now, by checks, notes, bills, receipts, and all those informal evidences of contract that the old law contemptuously designated as mere "parole contracts," although written, the identity of spelling, like a certain similarity of handwriting, becomes of absolute necessity for all persons who have any business of any kind. In the older modes of life, where few transactions were valid without the attestation of a seal and witnesses, both law and usage were satisfied with the similarity of sounds (the *idem sonans* of the courts), and a man might vary his signature as he pleased. Thus the Poet could see no objection to having, like his own Falstaff, one name for his family and townsfolk, and another for the public—*Shakspere* for his domestic use and his concerns at Stratford-upon-Avon, and *Shakespeare* for the rest of England;—*we* may add, though *he* did not, for posterity, and the whole world.

Nicholas Biddle.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1786. DIED there, 1844.

OUR POLITICAL DEMAGOGUES.

[*Address before the Alumni of Nassau Hall.* 1835.]

IN our country, too many young men rush into the arena of public life without adequate preparation. They go abroad because their home is cheerless. They fill their minds with the vulgar excitement of what they call politics, for the want of more genial stimulants within. Unable to sustain the rivalry of more disciplined intellects, they soon retire in disgust and mortification, or what is far worse, persevere after distinctions which they can now obtain only by artifice. They accordingly take refuge in leagues and factions, they rejoice in stratagems, they glory in combinations,—weapons all these, by which mediocrity revenges itself on the uncalculating manliness of genius and mines its way to power. Their knowledge of themselves inspires a low estimate of others. They distrust the judgment and the intelligence of the community, on whose passions alone they rely for advancement, and their only study is to watch the shifting currents of popular prejudice, and be ready at a moment's warning to follow them. For this purpose their theory is to have no principles and to give no opinions, never to do anything so marked as to be inconsistent with doing the direct reverse, and never to say anything not capable of contradictory explanations. They are thus disen-

cumbered for the race, and, as the ancient mathematician could have moved the world if he had had a place to stand on, they are sure of success if they have only room to turn. Accordingly, they worship cunning, which is only the counterfeit of wisdom, and deem themselves sagacious only because they are selfish. They believe that all generous sentiments of love of country, for which they feel no sympathy in their own breasts, are hollow pretences in others—that public life is a game in which success depends on dexterity and that all government is a mere struggle for place. They thus disarm ambition of its only fascination, the desire of authority in order to benefit the country; since they do not seek places to obtain power, but power to obtain places. Such persons may rise to great official stations, for high offices are like the tops of the pyramids, which reptiles can reach as well as eagles. But though they may gain places, they never can gain honors; they may be politicians, they never can become statesmen. The mystery of their success lies in their adroit management of our own weakness, just as the credulity of his audience makes half the juggler's skill. Personally and singly, objects of indifference, our collected merits are devoutly adored when we acquire the name of "the people." Our sovereignty, our virtues, our talents, are the daily themes of eulogy: they assure us that we are the best and wisest of the human race, that their highest glory is to be the instruments of our pleasure, and that they will never act nor think nor speak but as we direct them. If we name them to executive stations, they promise to execute only what we desire; if we send them to deliberative bodies, they engage never to deliberate, but to be guided solely by the light of our intuitive wisdom. Startled at first by language, which, when addressed to other sovereigns, we are accustomed to ridicule for its abject sycophancy, constant repetition makes it less incredible. By degrees, although we may not believe all the praise, we cannot doubt the praiser, till at last we become so spoiled by adulation, that truth is unwelcome. If it comes from a stranger, it must be prejudice—if from a native, scarce less than treason; and when some unhappy traveller ventures to smile at follies which we will not see or dare not acknowledge, instead of disregarding it, or being amused by it, or profiting by it, we resent it as an indignity to our sovereign perfections. This childish sensitiveness would be only ludicrous if it did not expose us to the seduction of those who flatter us only till they are able to betray us—as men praise what they mean to sell—treating us like pagan idols, caressed till we have granted away our power, and then scourged for our impotence. Their pursuit of place has alienated them from the walks of honest industry—their anxiety for the public fortunes has dissipated their own. With nothing left either in their minds or means to retreat upon; having no self-esteem, and losing that of others, when they cease

to possess authority, they acquire a servile love of sunshine, a dread of being what is called unpopular, that makes them the ready instruments of any chief who promises to be the strongest. They degenerate at last into mere demagogues, wandering about the political common, without a principle or a dollar, and anxious to dispose to the highest bidder of their only remaining possession, their popularity. If successful, they grow giddy with the frequent turns by which they rose, and wither into obscurity. If they miscalculate, if they fall into that fatal error—a minority—retirement, which is synonymous with disgrace, awaits them, while their more fortunate rivals, after flourishing for a season in a gaudy and feverish notoriety, are eclipsed by some fresher demagogue, some more popular man of the people. Such is the melancholy history of many persons, victims of an abortive ambition, whom more cultivation might have rendered useful and honorable citizens.

Above this crowd and beyond them all stands that character which I trust more than one of you will become—a real American statesman.

Lavinia Stoddard.

Born in Guilford, Conn., 1787. Died at Blakeley, Ala., 1820.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

[*Preserved in Griswold's "Female Poets of America."*]

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,
Come on—your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on—I heed you not;

Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep—my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit, that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure—oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away.

Eliza Leslie.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1787. Died at Gloucester, N. J., 1858.

THE SET OF CHINA.

[*Pencil Sketches. Second Series.* 1835.]

"MR. GUMMAGE," said Mrs. Atmore, as she entered a certain drawing-school, at that time the most fashionable in Philadelphia, "I have brought you a new pupil, my daughter, Miss Marianne Atmore. Have you a vacancy?"

"Why, I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Gummage; "I never have vacancies."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Atmore; and Miss Marianne, a tall, handsome girl of fifteen, looked disappointed.

"But perhaps I could strain a point, and find a place for her," resumed Mr. Gummage, who knew very well that he never had the smallest idea of limiting the number of his pupils, and that if twenty more

were to apply, he would take them every one, however full his school might be.

"Do pray, Mr. Gummage," said Mrs. Atmore; "do try and make an exertion to admit my daughter; I shall regard it as a particular favor."

"Well, I believe she may come," replied Gummage: "I suppose I can take her. Has she any turn for drawing?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Atmore, "she has never tried."

"Well, madam," said Mr. Gummage, "what do you wish your daughter to learn? figures, flowers, or landscapes?"

"Oh! all three," replied Mrs. Atmore. "We have been furnishing our new house, and I told Mr. Atmore that he need not get any pictures for the front parlor, as I would much prefer having them all painted by Marianne. She has been four quarters with Miss Julia, and has worked Friendship and Innocence, which cost, altogether, upwards of a hundred dollars. Do you know the piece, Mr. Gummage? There is a tomb with a weeping willow, and two ladies with long hair, one dressed in pink, the other in blue, holding a wreath between them over the top of the urn. The ladies are Friendship. Then on the right hand of the piece is a cottage, and an oak, and a little girl dressed in yellow, sitting on a green bank, and putting a wreath round the neck of a lamb. Nothing can be more natural than the lamb's wool. It is done entirely in French knots. The child and the lamb are Innocence."

"Ay, ay," said Gummage, "I know the piece well enough—I've drawn them by dozens."

"Well," continued Mrs. Atmore, "this satin piece hangs over the front parlor mantel. It is much prettier and better done than the one Miss Longstitch worked of Charlotte at the tomb of Werter, though she did sew silver spangles all over Charlotte's lilac gown, and used chenille, at a fi'-penny-bit a needleful, for all the banks and the large tree. Now, as the mantel-piece is provided for, I wish a landscape for each of the recesses, and a figure-piece to hang on each side of the large looking-glass, with flower-pieces under them, all by Marianne. Can she do all these in one quarter?"

"No, that she can't," replied Gummage; "it will take her two quarters hard work, and maybe three, to get through the whole of them."

"Well, I won't stand about a quarter more or less," said Mrs. Atmore; "but what I wish Marianne to do most particularly, and, indeed, the chief reason why I send her to drawing-school just now, is a pattern for a set of china that we are going to have made in Canton. I was told the other day by a New York lady (who was quite tired of the queer unmeaning things which are generally put on India ware), that she had sent a pattern for a tea-set, drawn by her daughter, and that every article came out with the identical device beautifully done on the china,

all in the proper colors. She said it was talked of all over New York, and that people who had never been at the house before, came to look at and admire it. No doubt it was a great feather in her daughter's cap."

"Possibly, madam," said Gummage.

"And now," resumed Mrs. Atmore, "since I heard this, I have thought of nothing else than having the same thing done in my family; only I shall send for a dinner set, and a very long one too. Mr. Atmore tells me that the *Voltaire*, one of Stephen Girard's ships, sails for Canton early next month, and he is well acquainted with the captain, who will attend to the order for the china. I suppose in the course of a fortnight Marianne will have learnt drawing enough to enable her to do the pattern?"

"Oh! yes, madam—quite enough," replied Gummage, suppressing a laugh.

. . . . . .

"To cut the matter short," said Mr. Gummage, "the best thing for the china is a flower-piece—a basket, or a wreath—or something of that sort. You can have a good cipher in the centre, and the colors may be as bright as you please. India ware is generally painted with one color only; but the Chinese are submissive animals, and will do just as they are bid. It may cost something more to have a variety of colors; but I suppose you will not mind that."

"Oh! no—no," exclaimed Mrs. Atmore, "I shall not care for the price; I have set my mind on having this china the wonder of all Philadelphia."

Our readers will understand, that at this period nearly all the porcelain used in America was of Chinese manufacture; very little of that elegant article having been, as yet, imported from France.

A wreath was selected from the portfolio that contained the engravings and drawings of flowers. It was decided that Marianne should first execute it the full size of the model (which was as large as nature), that she might immediately have a piece to frame; and that she was afterwards to make a smaller copy of it, as a border for all the articles of the china set; the middle to be ornamented with the letter A, in gold, surrounded by the rays of a golden star. Sprigs and tendrils of the flowers were to branch down from the border, so as nearly to reach the gilding in the middle. The large wreath that was intended to frame, was to bear in its centre the initials of Marianne Atmore, being the letters M. A., painted in shell gold.

"And so," said Mr. Gummage, "having a piece to frame, and a pattern for your china, you'll kill two birds with one stone."

On the following Monday, the young lady came to take her first lesson, followed by a mulatto boy, carrying a little black morocco trunk, that contained a four-row box of Reeves's colors, with an assortment of camel's-hair pencils, half a dozen white saucers, a water cup, a lead-

pencil, and a piece of India-rubber. Mr. Gummage immediately supplied her with two bristle brushes, and sundry little shallow earthen cups, each containing a modicum of some sort of body color, massicot, flake-white, etc., prepared by himself and charged at a quarter of a dollar apiece, and which he told her she would want when she came to do landscapes and figures.

Mr. Gummage's style was, to put in the sky, water, and distances with opaque paints, and the most prominent objects with transparent colors. This was probably the reason that his foregrounds seemed always to be sunk in his backgrounds. The model was scarcely considered as a guide, for he continually told his pupils that they must try to excel it; and he helped them to do so by making all his skies deep red fire at the bottom, and dark blue smoke at the top; and exactly reversing the colors on the water, by putting red at the top, and blue at the bottom. The distant mountains were lilac and white, and the near rocks buff color, shaded with purple. The castles and abbeys were usually gamboge. The trees were dabbed and dotted in with a large bristle brush, so that the foliage looked like a green fog. The foam of the cascades resembled a concourse of wigs, scuffling together and knocking the powder out of each other, the spray being always fizzed on with one of the aforesaid bristle brushes. All the dark shadows in every part of the picture were done with a mixture of Prussian blue and bistre, and of these two colors there was consequently a vast consumption in Mr. Gummage's school. At the period of our story, many of the best houses in Philadelphia were decorated with these landscapes. But for the honor of my towns-people, I must say that the taste for such productions is now entirely obsolete. We may look forward to the time, which we trust is not far distant, when the elements of drawing will be taught in every school, and considered as indispensable to education as a knowledge of writing. It has long been our belief that *any* child may, with proper instruction, be made to draw, as easily as any child may be made to write. We are rejoiced to find that so distinguished an artist as Rembrandt Peale has avowed the same opinion, in giving to the world his invaluable little work on Graphics: in which he has clearly demonstrated the affinity between drawing and writing, and admirably exemplified the leading principles of both.

Marianne's first attempt at the great wreath was awkward enough. After she had spent five or six afternoons at the outline, and made it triangular rather than circular, and found it impossible to get in the sweet-pea, and the convolvulus, and lost and bewildered herself among the multitude of leaves that formed the cup of the rose, Mr. Gummage snatched the pencil from her hand, rubbed out the whole, and then drew it himself. It must be confessed that his forte lay in flowers, and

he was extremely clever at them, "but," as he expressed it, "his scholars chiefly ran upon landscapes."

After he had sketched the wreath, he directed Marianne to rub the colors for her flowers, while he put in Miss Smithson's rocks.

When Marianne had covered all her saucers with colors, and wasted ten times as much as was necessary, she was eager to commence painting, as she called it; and in trying to wash the rose with lake, she daubed it on of crimson thickness. When Mr. Gummage saw it, he gave her a severe reprimand for meddling with her own piece. It was with great difficulty that the superabundant color was removed; and he charged her to let the flowers alone till he was ready to wash them for her. He worked a little at the piece every day, forbidding Marianne to touch it; and she remained idle while he was putting in skies, mountains, etc., for the other young ladies.

At length the wreath was finished—Mr. Gummage having only sketched it, and washed it, and given it the last touches. It was put into a splendid frame, and shown as Miss Marianne Atmore's first attempt at painting: and everybody exclaimed, "What an excellent teacher Mr. Gummage must be! How fast he brings on his pupils!"

In the mean time, she undertook at home to make the small copy that was to go to China. But she was now "at a dead lock," and found it utterly impossible to advance a step without Mr. Gummage. It was then thought best that she should do it at school—meaning that Mr. Gummage should do it for her, while she looked out of the window.

The whole was at last satisfactorily accomplished, even to the gilt star, with the A in the centre. It was taken home and compared with the larger wreath, and found still prettier, and shown as Marianne's to the envy of all mothers whose daughters could not furnish models for china. It was finally given in charge to the captain of the *Voltaire*, with injunctions to order a dinner-set exactly according to the pattern—and to prevent the possibility of a mistake, a written direction accompanied it.

The ship sailed—and Marianne continued three quarters at Mr. Gummage's school, where she nominally effected another flower-piece, and also perpetrated Kemble in Rolla, Edwin and Angelina, the Falls of Schuylkill, and the Falls of Niagara; all of which were duly framed, and hung in their appointed places.

During the year that followed the departure of the ship *Voltaire*, great impatience for her return was manifested by the ladies of the Atmore family,—anxious to see how the china would look, and frequently hoping that the colors would be bright enough, and none of the flowers omitted—that the gilding would be rich, and everything inserted in its proper place, exactly according to the pattern. Mrs. Atmore's only regret was, that she had not sent for a tea-set also; not that she was in

want of one, but then it would be so much better to have a dinner-set and a tea-set precisely alike, and Marianne's beautiful wreath on all.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Atmore, "how often have I heard you say that you would never have another *tea*-set from Canton, because the Chinese persist in making the principal articles of such old-fashioned, awkward shapes. For my part, I always disliked the tall coffee-pots, with their strait spouts, looking like light-houses with bowsprits to them; and the short, clumsy teapots, with their twisted handles, and lids that always fall off."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Atmore, "I have been looking forward to the time when we can get a French tea-set upon tolerable terms. But in the mean while I should be very glad to have cups and saucers with Marianne's beautiful wreath, and of course when we use them on the table we should always bring forward our silver pots."

Spring returned, and there was much watching of the vanes, and great joy when they pointed easterly, and the ship-news now became the most interesting column of the papers. A vessel that had sailed from New York for Canton on the same day the *Voltaire* departed from Philadelphia, had already got in; therefore the *Voltaire* might be hourly expected. At length she was reported below; and at this period the river Delaware suffered much, in comparison with the river Hudson, owing to the tediousness of its navigation from the capes to the city.

At last the *Voltaire* cast anchor at the foot of Market Street, and our ladies could scarcely refrain from walking down to the wharf to see the ship that held the box that held the china. But invitations were immediately sent out for a long projected dinner-party, which Mrs. Atmore had persuaded her husband to defer till they could exhibit the beautiful new porcelain.

The box was landed, and conveyed to the house. The whole family were present at the opening, which was performed in the dining-room by Mr. Atmore himself,—all the servants peeping in at the door. As soon as a part of the lid was split off, and a handful of straw removed, a pile of plates appeared, all separately wrapped in India paper. Each of the family snatched up a plate and hastily tore off the covering. There were the flowers glowing in beautiful colors, and the gold star and the gold A, admirably executed. But under the gold star, on every plate, dish, and tureen, were the words, "THIS IN THE MIDDLE!" —being the direction which the literal and exact Chinese had minutely copied from a crooked line that Mr. Atmore had hastily scrawled on the pattern with a very bad pen, and of course without the slightest fear of its being inserted *verbatim* beneath the central ornament.

Mr. Atmore laughed—Mrs. Atmore cried—the servants giggled aloud —and Marianne cried first, and laughed afterwards.

Emma Hart Willard.

Born in New Berlin, Conn., 1787. Died at Troy, N. Y., 1870.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

[*A collection of her Poems, afterward suppressed by the Author, was printed in* 1830.]

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Richard Henry Dana.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., 1787. Died in Boston, Mass., 1879.

THE CHANTING CHERUBS—A GROUP BY GREENOUGH.

[*Poems and Prose Writings. Collective Edition.* 1850.]

WHENCE come ye, Cherubs? from the moon?
Or from a shining star?
Ye sure are sent, a blessed boon,
From kinder worlds afar;

Richd H Dana

For, while I look, my heart is all delight:
Earth has no creatures half so pure and bright.

From moon nor star we hither flew;
The moon doth wane away,—
The stars, they pale at morning dew:
We're children of the day;
Nor change, nor night, was ever ours to bear;
Eternal light, and love, and joy, we share.

Then, sons of light, from Heaven above
Some blessed news ye bring.
Come ye to chant eternal love
And tell how angels sing,
And in your breathing, conscious forms to show
How purer forms above live, breathe, and glow?

Our parent is a human mind;
His winged thoughts are we;
To sun nor stars are we confined:
We pierce the deepest sea.
Moved by a brother's call, our Father bade
Us light on earth, and here our flight is stayed.

THE SPECTRE-HORSE.

[*The Buccaneer.* 1827.—*From the Same.*]

THE revel now is high within;
It bursts upon the midnight air.
They little think, in mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appall the living, stir the dead.

The Spirit-Steed sent up the neigh;
It seemed the living trump of hell,
Sounding to call the damned away
To join the host that fell.
It rang along the vaulted sky: the shore
Jarred hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

It rang in ears that knew the sound,
And hot, flushed cheeks are blanched with fear.
Ha! why does Lee look wildly round?
Thinks he the drowned horse near?
He drops his cup,—his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down,—it is thy banquet night.

"I cannot sit;—I needs must go:
The spell is on my spirit now.
I go to dread,—I go to woe!"
O, who so weak as thou,
Strong man! His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,
The Shadow stands! His eyes are on thee, Lee!

Thy hair pricks up!—"O, I must bear
His damp, cold breath! It chills my frame!
His eyes,—their near and dreadful glare
Speaks that I must not name!"
Art mad to mount that Horse!—"A power within,
I must obey, cries, 'Mount thee, man of sin!'"

He's now upon the Spectre's back,
With rein of silk and curb of gold.
'Tis fearful speed!—the rein is slack
Within his senseless hold;
Borne by an unseen power, right on he rides,
Yet touches not the Shadow-Beast he strides.

He goes with speed; he goes with dread!
And now they're on the hanging steep!
And, now, the living and the dead,
They'll make the horrid leap!
The Horse stops short,—his feet are on the verge!
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

And, nigh, the tall ship's burning on,
With red, hot spars and crackling flame;
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone;—
She burns, and yet's the same!
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and Horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

Through that cold light the fearful man
Sits looking on the burning ship.
Wilt ever rail again, or ban?
How fast he moves the lip!
And yet he does not speak, or make a sound!
What see you, Lee? the bodies of the drowned?

"I look, where mortal man may not,—
Down to the chambers of the deep.
I see the dead, long, long forgot;
I see them in their sleep.
A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
Save he who leagues his soul with death and woe."

Thou mild, sad mother, silent moon,
Thy last, low, melancholy ray

Shines towards him. Quit him not so soon!
Mother, in mercy, stay!
Despair and death are with him; and canst thou,
With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now?

O, thou wast born for worlds of love;
Making more lovely in thy shine
Whate'er thou look'st on: hosts above,
In that soft light of thine,
Burn softer; earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven.
Thou'rt going down!—hast left him unforgiven!

The far, low west is bright no more.
How still it is! No sound is heard
At sea, or all along the shore,
But cry of passing bird.
Thou living thing,—and dar'st thou come so near
These wild and ghastly shapes of death and fear?

And long that thick, red light has shone
On stern, dark rocks, and deep, still bay,
On man and Horse that seem of stone,
So motionless are they.
But now its lurid fire less fiercely burns:
The night is going,—faint, gray dawn returns.

That Spectre-Steed now slowly pales,
Now changes like the moonlit cloud;
That cold, thin light now slowly fails,
Which wrapt them like a shroud.
Both ship and Horse are fading into air.
Lost, mazed, alone, see, Lee is standing there!

The morning air blows fresh on him;
The waves are dancing in his sight;
The sea-birds call, and wheel, and skim.
O, blessed morning light!
He doth not hear their joyous call; he sees
No beauty in the wave, nor feels the breeze.

For he's accursed from all that's good;
He ne'er must know its healing power.
The sinner on his sin shall brood,
And wait, alone, his hour.
A stranger to earth's beauty, human love,—
No rest below for him, no hope above!

KEAN'S ACTING.

[*From the Same.*]

I HAD scarcely thought of the theatre for some years, when Kean arrived in this country; and it was more from curiosity than from any other motive, that I went to see, for the first time, the great actor of the age. I was soon lost to the recollection of being in a theatre, or looking upon a great display of the "mimic art." The simplicity, earnestness, and sincerity of his acting made me forgetful of the fiction, and bore me away with the power of reality and truth. If this be acting, said I, as I returned home, I may as well make the theatre my school, and henceforward study nature at second hand. . . . .

Kean, in truth, stands very much in that relation to other players whom we have seen, that Shakespeare does to other dramatists. One player is called classical; another makes fine points here, and another there; Kean makes more fine points than all of them together; but in him these are only little prominences, showing their bright heads above a beautifully undulated surface. A continual change is going on in him, partaking of the nature of the varying scenes he is passing through, and the many thoughts and feelings which are shifting within him. . . . .

Taken within his range of characters, the versatility of his playing is striking. He seems not the same being, now representing Richard, and, again, Hamlet; but the two characters alone appear before you, and as distinct individuals who had never known or heard of each other. So does he become the character he is to represent, that we have sometimes thought it a reason why he was not universally better liked here, in Richard; and that because the player did not make *himself* a little more visible, he must needs bear a share of our dislike of the cruel king. And this may be still more the case, as his construction of the character, whether right or wrong, creates in us an unmixed dislike of Richard, till the anguish of his mind makes him the object of pity; from which time, to the close, all allow that he plays the part better than any one has done before him.

In his highest-wrought passion, when the limbs and muscles are alive and quivering, and his gestures hurried and vehement, nothing appears ranted or overacted; because he makes us feel, that, with all this, there is something still within him struggling for utterance. The very breaking and harshness of his voice, in these parts, help to this impression, and make up, in a good degree, for this defect, if it be a defect here.

Though he is on the very verge of truth in his passionate parts, he does not fall into extravagance; but runs along the dizzy edge of the

roaring and beating sea, with feet as sure as we walk our parlors. We feel that he is safe, for some preternatural spirit upholds him as it hurries him onward; and while all is uptorn and tossing in the whirl of the passions, we see that there is a power and order over the whole.

A man has feelings sometimes which can only be breathed out; there is no utterance for them in words. I had hardly written this when the terrible "Ha!" with which Kean makes Lear hail Cornwall and Regan as they enter in the fourth scene of the second act, came to my mind. That cry seemed at the time to take me up and sweep me along in its wild swell. No description in the world could give a tolerably clear notion of it;—it must be formed, as well as it may be, from what is here said of its effect.

Kean's playing is sometimes but the outbreaking of inarticulate sounds;—the throttled struggle of rage, and the choking of grief,—the broken laugh of extreme suffering, when the mind is ready to deliver itself over to an insane joy,—the utterance of over-full love, which cannot and would not speak in express words, and that of wildering grief, which blanks all the faculties of man.

No other player whom I have heard has attempted these, except now and then; and should any one have made the trial in the various ways in which Kean gives them, probably he would have failed. Kean thrills us with them, as if they were wrung from him in his agony. They have not the appearance of study or artifice. The truth is, that the labor of a mind of his genius constitutes its existence and delight. It is not like the toil of ordinary men at their task-work. What shows effort in them comes from him with the freedom and force of nature.

Some object to the frequent use of such sounds, and to others they are quite shocking. But those who permit themselves to consider that there are really violent passions in man's nature, and that they utter themselves a little differently from our ordinary feelings, understand and feel their language as they speak to us in Kean. Probably no actor has conceived passion with the intenseness and life that he does. It seems to enter into him and possess him, as evil spirits possessed men of old. It is curious to observe how some, who have sat very contentedly, year after year, and called the face-making, which they have seen, expression, and the stage-stride, dignity, and the noisy declamation, and all the rhodomontade of acting, energy and passion, complain that Kean is apt to be extravagant; when in truth he seems to be little more than a simple personation of the feeling or passion to be expressed at the time.

It has been so common a saying, that Lear is the most difficult of characters to personate, that we had taken it for granted no man could play it so as to satisfy us. Perhaps it is the hardest to represent. Yet the part which has generally been supposed the most difficult, the insan-

ity of Lear, is scarcely more so than that of the choleric old king. Inefficient rage is almost always ridiculous; and an old man, with a broken-down body and a mind falling in pieces from the violence of its uncontrolled passions, is in constant danger of exciting, along with our pity, a feeling of contempt. It is a chance matter to which we may be most moved. And this it is which makes the opening of Lear so difficult.

We may as well notice here the objection which some make to the abrupt violence with which Kean begins in Lear. If this be a fault, it is Shakespeare, and not Kean, who is to blame; for, no doubt, he has conceived it according to his author. Perhaps, however, the mistake lies in this case, where it does in most others, with those who put themselves into the seat of judgment to pass upon great men.

In most instances, Shakespeare has given us the gradual growth of a passion, with such little accompaniments as agree with it, and go to make up the whole man. In Lear, his object being to represent the beginning and course of insanity, he has properly enough gone but a little back of it, and introduced to us an old man of good feelings enough, but one who had lived without any true principle of conduct, and whose unruled passions had grown strong with age, and were ready, upon a disappointment, to make shipwreck of an intellect never strong. To bring this about, he begins with an abruptness rather unusual; and the old king rushes in before us, with his passions at their height, and tearing him like fiends.

Kean gives this as soon as the fitting occasion offers itself. Had he put more of melancholy and depression and less of rage into the character, we should have been much puzzled at his so suddenly going mad. It would have required the change to have been slower; and besides, his insanity must have been of another kind. It must have been monotonous and complaining, instead of continually varying; at one time full of grief, at another playful, and then wild as the winds that roared about him, and fiery and sharp as the lightning that shot by him. The truth with which he conceived this was not finer than his execution of it. Not for a moment, in his utmost violence, did he suffer the imbecility of the old man's anger to touch upon the ludicrous, when nothing but the justest conception and feeling of the character could have saved him from it.

It has been said that Lear is a study for one who would make himself acquainted with the workings of an insane mind. And it is hardly less true, that the acting of Kean was an embodying of these workings. His eye, when his senses are first forsaking him, giving an inquiring look at what he saw, as if all before him was undergoing a strange and bewildering change which confused his brain,—the wandering, lost motions of his hands, which seemed feeling for something familiar to them, on which they might take hold and be assured of a safe reality,—the under mono-

tone of his voice, as if he was questioning his own being, and what surrounded him,—the continuous, but slight, oscillating motion of the body,—all these expressed, with fearful truth, the bewildered state of a mind fast unsettling, and making vain and weak efforts to find its way back to its wonted reason. There was a childish, feeble gladness in the eye, and a half-piteous smile about the mouth, at times, which one could scarce look upon without tears. As the derangement increased upon him, his eye lost its notice of objects about him, wandering over things as if he saw them not, and fastening upon the creatures of his crazed brain. The helpless and delighted fondness with which he clings to Edgar, as an insane brother, is another instance of the justness of Kean's conceptions. Nor does he lose the air of insanity, even in the fine moralizing parts, and where he inveighs against the corruptions of the world. There is a madness even in his reason.

The violent and immediate changes of the passions in Lear, so difficult to manage without jarring upon us, are given by Kean with a spirit and with a fitness to nature which we had hardly thought possible. These are equally well done both before and after the loss of reason. The most difficult scene, in this respect, is the last interview between Lear and his daughters, Goneril and Regan,—(and how wonderfully does Kean carry it through!)—the scene which ends with the horrid shout and cry with which he runs out mad from their presence, as if the very brain had taken fire.

The last scene which we are allowed to have of Shakespeare's Lear, for the simply pathetic, was played by Kean with unmatched power. We sink down helpless under the oppressive grief. It lies like a dead weight upon our hearts. We are denied even the relief of tears; and are thankful for the shudder that seizes us when he kneels to his daughter in the deploring weakness of his crazed grief.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
Why o'er the waves dost fly?
O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;

Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us: Thy wail,—
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the dead
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells,—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more;
Come, quit with me the shore,
And on the meadows light
Where birds for gladness sing!

THE MOSS SUPPLICATETH FOR THE POET.

THOUGH I am humble, slight me not,
But love me for the Poet's sake;
Forget me not till he's forgot,
For care or slight with him I take.

For oft he passed the blossoms by
And turned to me with kindly look;
Left flaunting flowers and open sky,
And wooed me by the shady brook.

And like the brook his voice was low:
So soft, so sad the words he spoke,
That with the stream they seemed to flow;
They told me that his heart was broke.

They said the world he fain would shun,
And seek the still and twilight wood,—
His spirit, weary of the sun,
In humblest things found chiefest good;

That I was of a lowly frame,
And far more constant than the flower,
Which, vain with many a boastful name,
But fluttered out its idle hour;

That I was kind to old decay,
And wrapped it softly round in green,
On naked root, and trunk of gray,
Spread out a garniture and screen.

They said, that he was withering fast,
Without a sheltering friend like me;
That on his manhood fell a blast,
And left him bare, like yonder tree;

That spring would clothe his boughs no more,
Nor ring his boughs with song of bird,—
Sounds like the melancholy shore
Alone were through his branches heard.

Methought, as then he stood to trace
The withered stems, there stole a tear,
That I could read in his sad face—
Brothers! our sorrows make us near.

And then he stretched him all along,
And laid his head upon my breast,
Listening the water's peaceful song:
How glad was I to tend his rest!

Then happier grew his soothed soul;
He turned and watched the sunlight play
Upon my face, as in it stole,
Whispering, "Above is brighter day!"

He praised my varied hues,—the green,
The silver hoar, the golden, brown;
Said, Lovelier hues were never seen;
Then gently pressed my tender down.

And where I sent up little shoots,
He called them trees, in fond conceit:
Like silly lovers in their suits
He talked, his care awhile to cheat.

I said, I'd deck me in the dews,
Could I but chase away his care,
And clothe me in a thousand hues,
To bring him joys that I might share.

He answered, earth no blessing had
To cure his lone and aching heart;

That I was one, when he was sad,
Oft stole him from his pain, in part.

But e'en from thee, he said, I go
To meet the world, its care and strife,
No more to watch this quiet flow,
Or spend with thee a gentle life.

And yet the brook is gliding on,
And I, without a care, at rest,
While he to toiling life is gone;
Nor finds his head a faithful breast.

Deal gently with him, world! I pray;
Ye cares! like softened shadows come;
His spirit, well-nigh worn away,
Asks with ye but awhile a home.

O, may I live, and when he dies
Be at his feet a humble sod;
O, may I lay me where he lies,
To die when he awakes in God!

James Fenimore Cooper.

Born in Burlington, N. J., 1789. Died at Cooperstown, N. Y., 1851.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

[*The Last of the Mohicans.* 1826.]

BY this time the signal of departure had been given, and the head of the English column was in motion. The sisters started at the sound, and glancing their eyes around, they saw the white uniforms of the French grenadiers, who had already taken possession of the gates of the fort. At that moment, an enormous cloud seemed to pass suddenly above their heads, and looking upward, they discovered that they stood beneath the wide folds of the standard of France.

"Let us go," said Cora; "this is no longer a fit place for the children of an English officer."

Alice clung to the arm of her sister, and together they left the parade, accompanied by the moving throng that surrounded them.

As they passed the gates, the French officers, who had learned their rank, bowed often and low, forbearing, however, to intrude those attentions which they saw, with peculiar tact, might not be agreeable.

J. Fenimore Cooper

As every vehicle and each beast of burden was occupied by the sick and wounded, Cora had decided to endure the fatigues of a foot march, rather than interfere with their comforts. Indeed, many a maimed and feeble soldier was compelled to drag his exhausted limbs in the rear of the columns for the want of the necessary means of conveyance, in that wilderness. The whole, however, was in motion; the weak and wounded, groaning, and in suffering; their comrades, silent and sullen; and the women and children in terror, they knew not of what.

As the confused and timid throng left the protecting mounds of the fort, and issued on the open plain, the whole scene was at once presented to their eyes. At a little distance on the right, and somewhat in the rear, the French army stood to their arms, Montcalm having collected his parties, so soon as his guards had possession of the works. They were attentive but silent observers of the proceedings of the vanquished, failing in none of the stipulated military honors, and offering no taunt or insult, in their success, to their less fortunate foes. Living masses of the English, to the amount in the whole of near three thousand, were moving slowly across the plain, towards the common centre, and gradually approached each other, as they converged to the point of their march, a vista cut through the lofty trees, where the road to the Hudson entered the forest. Along the sweeping borders of the woods, hung a dark cloud of savages, eying the passage of their enemies, and hovering, at a distance, like vultures, who were only kept from stooping on their prey by the presence and restraint of a superior army. A few had straggled among the conquered columns, where they stalked in sullen discontent; attentive, though, as yet, passive observers of the moving multitude.

The advance, with Heyward at its head, had already reached the defile, and was slowly disappearing, when the attention of Cora was drawn to a collection of stragglers, by the sounds of contention. A truant provincial was paying the forfeit of his disobedience, by being plundered of those very effects which had caused him to desert his place in the ranks. The man was of powerful frame, and too avaricious to part with his goods without a struggle. Individuals from either party interfered; the one side to prevent, and the other to aid in the robbery. Voices grew loud and angry, and a hundred savages appeared, as it were by magic, where a dozen only had been seen a minute before. It was then that Cora saw the form of Magua gliding among his countrymen, and speaking with his fatal and artful eloquence. The mass of women and children stopped, and hovered together like alarmed and fluttering birds. But the cupidity of the Indian was soon gratified, and the different bodies again moved slowly onward.

The savages now fell back, and seemed content to let their enemies

advance without further molestation. But as the female crowd approached them, the gaudy colors of a shawl attracted the eyes of a wild and untutored Huron. He advanced to seize it, without the least hesitation. The woman, more in terror than through love of the ornament, wrapped her child in the coveted article, and folded both more closely to her bosom. Cora was in the act of speaking, with an intent to advise the woman to abandon the trifle, when the savage relinquished his hold of the shawl, and tore the screaming infant from her arms. Abandoning everything to the greedy grasp of those around her, the mother darted, with distraction in her mien, to reclaim her child. The Indian smiled grimly, and extended one hand, in sign of a willingness to exchange, while, with the other, he flourished the babe over his head, holding it by the feet as if to enhance the value of the ransom.

"Here—here—there—all—any—everything!" exclaimed the breathless woman; tearing the lighter articles of dress from her person, with ill-directed and trembling fingers; "take all, but give me my babe!"

The savage spurned the worthless rags, and perceiving that the shawl had already become a prize to another, his bantering but sullen smile changing to a gleam of ferocity, he dashed the head of the infant against a rock, and cast its quivering remains to her very feet. For an instant, the mother stood, like a statue of despair, looking wildly down at the unseemly object, which had so lately nestled in her bosom and smiled in her face; and then she raised her eyes and countenance towards heaven, as if calling on God to curse the perpetrator of the foul deed. She was spared the sin of such a prayer; for, maddened at his disappointment, and excited at the sight of blood, the Huron mercifully drove his tomahawk into her own brain. The mother sank under the blow, and fell, grasping at her child, in death, with the same engrossing love that had caused her to cherish it when living.

At that dangerous moment Magua placed his hands to his mouth, and raised the fatal and appalling whoop. The scattered Indians started at the well-known cry, as coursers bound at the signal to quit the goal; and, directly, there arose such a yell along the plain, and through the arches of the wood, as seldom burst from human lips before. They who heard it listened with a curling horror at the heart, little inferior to that dread which may be expected to attend the blast of the final summons.

More than two thousand raving savages broke from the forest at the signal, and threw themselves across the fatal plain with instinctive alacrity. We shall not dwell on the revolting horrors that succeeded. Death was everywhere, and in his most terrific and disgusting aspects. Resistance only served to inflame the murderers, who inflicted their furious blows long after their victims were beyond the power of their

resentment. The flow of blood might be likened to the outbreaking of a torrent; and as the natives became heated and maddened by the sight, many among them even kneeled to the earth, and drank freely, exultingly, hellishly, of the crimson tide.

The trained bodies of the troops threw themselves quickly into solid masses, endeavoring to awe their assailants by the imposing appearance of a military front. The experiment in some measure succeeded, though far too many suffered their unloaded muskets to be torn from their hands, in the vain hope of appeasing the savages.

In such a scene none had leisure to note the fleeting moments. It might have been ten minutes (it seemed an age), that the sisters had stood riveted to one spot, horror-stricken, and nearly helpless. When the first blow was struck, their screaming companions had pressed upon them in a body, rendering flight impossible; and now that fear or death had scattered most, if not all, from around them, they saw no avenue open, but such as conducted to the tomahawks of their foes. On every side arose shrieks, groans, exhortations, and curses. At this moment, Alice caught a glimpse of the vast form of her father, moving rapidly across the plain, in the direction of the French army. He was, in truth, proceeding to Montcalm, fearless of every danger, to claim the tardy escort for which he had before conditioned. Fifty glittering axes and barbed spears were offered unheeded at his life, but the savages respected his rank and calmness, even in their fury. The dangerous weapons were brushed aside by the still nervous arm of the veteran, or fell of themselves after menacing an act that it would seem no one had courage to perform. Fortunately, the vindictive Magua was searching for his victim in the very band the veteran had just quitted.

"Father—father—we are here!" shrieked Alice, as he passed, at no great distance, without appearing to heed them. "Come to us, father, or we die!"

The cry was repeated, and in terms and tones that might have melted a heart of stone, but it was unanswered. Once, indeed, the old man appeared to catch the sounds, for he paused and listened; but Alice had dropped senseless on the earth, and Cora had sunk at her side, hovering in untiring tenderness over her lifeless form. Munro shook his head in disappointment, and proceeded, bent on the high duty of his station. . . . .

The cruel work was still unchecked. On every side the captured were flying before their relentless persecutors, while the armed columns of the Christian king stood fast in an apathy which has never been explained, and which has left an immovable blot on the otherwise fair escutcheon of their leader. Nor was the sword of death stayed until cupidity got the mastery of revenge. Then, indeed, the shrieks of the wounded, and

the yells of their murderers grew less frequent, until, finally, the cries of horror were lost to their ear, or were drowned in the loud, long, and piercing whoops of the triumphant savages.

THE JUDGMENT OF TAMENUND.

[*From the Same.*]

THE silence continued unbroken by human sounds for many anxious minutes. Then the waving multitude opened and shut again, and Uncas stood in the living circle. All those eyes, which had been curiously studying the lineaments of the sage, as the source of their own intelligence, turned on the instant, and were now bent in secret admiration on the erect, agile, and faultless person of the captive. But neither the presence in which he found himself, nor the exclusive attention that he attracted, in any manner disturbed the self-possession of the young Mohican. He cast a deliberate and observing look on every side of him, meeting the settled expression of hostility that lowered in the visages of the chiefs, with the same calmness as the curious gaze of the attentive children. But when, last in his haughty scrutiny, the person of Tamenund came under his glance, his eye became fixed, as though all other objects were already forgotten. Then advancing with a slow and noiseless step up the area, he placed himself immediately before the footstool of the sage. Here he stood unnoted, though keenly observant himself, until one of the chiefs apprised the latter of his presence.

"With what tongue does the prisoner speak to the Manitou?" demanded the patriarch, without unclosing his eyes.

"Like his fathers," Uncas replied; "with the tongue of a Delaware."

At this sudden and unexpected annunciation, a low, fierce yell ran through the multitude, that might not inaptly be compared to the growl of the lion, as his choler is first awakened—a fearful omen of the weight of his future anger. The effect was equally strong on the sage, though differently exhibited He passed a hand before his eyes, as if to exclude the least evidence of so shameful a spectacle, while he repeated, in his low, guttural tones, the words he had just heard.

"A Delaware! I have lived to see the tribes of the Lenape driven from their council fires, and scattered, like broken herds of deer, among the hills of the Iroquois! I have seen the hatchets of a strange people sweep woods from the valleys, that the winds of heaven had spared! The beasts that run on the mountains, and the birds that fly above the trees, have I seen living in the wigwams of men; but never before have

I found a Delaware so base as to creep, like a poisonous serpent, into the camps of his nation."

"The singing-birds have opened their bills," returned Uncas, in the softest notes of his own musical voice; "and Tamenund has heard their song."

The sage started, and bent his head aside, as if to catch the fleeting sounds of some passing melody.

"Does Tamenund dream!" he exclaimed. "What voice is at his ear! Have the winters gone backward! Will summer come again to the children of the Lenape!"

A solemn and respectful silence succeeded this incoherent burst from the lips of the Delaware prophet. His people readily construed his unintelligible language into one of those mysterious conferences he was believed to hold so frequently with a superior intelligence, and they awaited the issue of the revelation in awe. After a patient pause, however, one of the aged men, perceiving that the sage had lost the recollection of the subject before them, ventured to remind him again of the presence of the prisoner.

"The false Delaware trembles lest he should hear the words of Tamenund," he said. "'Tis a hound that howls, when the Yengeese show him a trail."

"And ye," returned Uncas, looking sternly around him, "are dogs that whine, when the Frenchman casts ye the offals of his deer!"

Twenty knives gleamed in the air, and as many warriors sprang to their feet, at this biting, and perhaps merited retort; but a motion from one of the chiefs suppressed the outbreaking of their tempers, and restored the appearance of quiet. The task might probably have been more difficult, had not a movement made by Tamenund indicated that he was again about to speak.

"Delaware!" resumed the sage, "little art thou worthy of thy name. My people have not seen a bright sun in many winters; and the warrior who deserts his tribe when hid in clouds is doubly a traitor. The law of the Manitou is just. It is so; while the rivers run and the mountains stand, while the blossoms come and go on the trees, it must be so. He is thine, my children; deal justly by him."

Not a limb was moved, nor was a breath drawn louder and longer than common, until the closing syllable of this final decree had passed the lips of Tamenund. Then a cry of vengeance burst at once, as it might be, from the united lips of the nation; a frightful augury of their ruthless intentions. In the midst of these prolonged and savage yells, a chief proclaimed, in a high voice, that the captive was condemned to endure the dreadful trial of torture by fire. The circle broke its order, and screams of delight mingled with the bustle and tumult of

preparation. Heyward struggled madly with his captors; the anxious eyes of Hawkeye began to look around him, with an expression of peculiar earnestness; and Cora again threw herself at the feet of the patriarch, once more a suppliant for mercy.

Throughout the whole of these trying moments, Uncas had alone preserved his serenity. He looked on the preparations with a steady eye, and when the tormentors came to seize him, he met them with a firm and upright attitude. One among them, if possible, more fierce and savage than his fellows, seized the hunting-shirt of the young warrior, and at a single effort tore it from his body. Then, with a yell of frantic pleasure, he leaped toward his unresisting victim, and prepared to lead him to the stake. But, at that moment, when he appeared most a stranger to the feelings of humanity, the purpose of the savage was arrested as suddenly as if a supernatural agency had interposed in the behalf of Uncas. The eyeballs of the Delaware seemed to start from their sockets; his mouth opened, and his whole form became frozen in an attitude of amazement. Raising his hand with a slow and regulated motion, he pointed with a finger to the bosom of the captive. His companions crowded about him in wonder, and every eye was, like his own, fastened intently on the figure of a small tortoise, beautifully tattooed on the breast of the prisoner in a bright blue tint.

For a single instant Uncas enjoyed his triumph, smiling calmly on the scene. Then motioning the crowd away with a high and haughty sweep of his arm, he advanced in front of the nation with the air of a king, and spoke in a voice louder than the murmur of admiration that ran through the multitude.

"Men of the Lenni Lenape!" he said, "my race upholds the earth! Your feeble tribe stands on my shell! What fire that a Delaware can light would burn the child of my fathers," he added, pointing proudly to the simple blazonry on his skin; "the blood that came from such a stock would smother your flames! My race is the grandfather of nations!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Tamenund, rising at the startling tones he heard, more than at any meaning conveyed by the language of the prisoner.

"Uncas, the son of Chingachgook," answered the captive modestly, turning from the nation, and bending his head in reverence to the other's character and years; "a son of the great Unamis."

"The hour of Tamenund is nigh!" exclaimed the sage; "the day is come, at last, to the night! I thank the Manitou, that one is here to fill my place at the council-fire. Uncas, the child of Uncas, is found! Let the eyes of a dying eagle gaze on the rising sun."

The youth stepped lightly, but proudly, on the platform, where he

became visible to the whole agitated and wondering multitude. Tamenund held him long at the length of his arm, and read every turn in the fine lineaments of his countenance, with the untiring gaze of one who recalled days of happiness.

"Is Tamenund a boy?" at length the bewildered prophet exclaimed. "Have I dreamt of so many snows—that my people were scattered like floating sands—of Yengeese, more plenty than the leaves on the trees! The arrow of Tamenund would not frighten the fawn; his arm is withered like the branch of a dead oak; the snail would be swifter in the race; yet is Uncas before him as they went to battle against the pale-faces! Uncas, the panther of his tribe, the eldest son of the Lenape, the wisest Sagamore of the Mohicans! Tell me, ye Delawares, has Tamenund been a sleeper for a hundred winters?"

The calm and deep silence which succeeded these words, sufficiently announced the awful reverence with which his people received the communication of the patriarch. None dared to answer, though all listened in breathless expectation of what might follow. Uncas, however, looking in his face with the fondness and veneration of a favored child, presumed on his own high and acknowledged rank, to reply.

"Four warriors of his race have lived, and died," he said, "since the friend of Tamenund led his people in battle. The blood of the turtle has been in many chiefs, but all have gone back into the earth from whence they came except Chingachgook and his son."

"It is true—it is true," returned the sage; a flash of recollection destroying all his pleasing fancies, and restoring him at once to a consciousness of the true history of his nation. "Our wise men have often said that two warriors of the unchanged race were in the hills of the Yengeese; why have their seats at the council-fires of the Delawares been so long empty?"

At these words the young man raised his head, which he had still kept bowed a little, in reverence; and lifting his voice so as to be heard by the multitude, as if to explain at once and forever the policy of his family, he said aloud,—

"Once we slept where we could hear the salt lake speak in its anger. Then we were rulers and Sagamores over the land. But when a pale-face was seen on every brook, we followed the deer back to the river of our nation. The Delawares were gone. Few warriors of them all stayed to drink of the stream they loved. Then said my fathers, 'Here will we hunt. The waters of the river go into the salt lake. If we go towards the setting sun, we shall find streams that run into the great lakes of sweet water; there would a Mohican die, like fishes of the sea, in the clear springs. When the Manitou is ready, and shall say "Come," we will follow the river to the sea, and take our own again.' Such, Dela-

wares, is the belief of the children of the Turtle. Our eyes are on the rising, and not towards the setting sun. We know whence he comes, but we know not whither he goes. It is enough."

The men of the Lenape listened to his words with all the respect that superstition could lend, finding a secret charm even in the figurative language with which the young Sagamore imparted his ideas. Uncas himself watched the effect of his brief explanation with intelligent eyes, and gradually dropped the air of authority he had assumed, as he perceived that his auditors were content. Then permitting his looks to wander over the silent throng that crowded around the elevated seat of Tamenund, he first perceived Hawkeye in his bonds. Stepping eagerly from his stand, he made way for himself to the side of his friend; and cutting his thongs with a quick and angry stroke of his own knife, he motioned to the crowd to divide. The Indians silently obeyed, and once more they stood ranged in their circle, as before his appearance among them. Uncas took the scout by the hand, and led him to the feet of the patriarch.

"Father," he said, "look at this pale-face; a just man and the friend of the Delawares."

"Is he a son of Miquon?"

"Not so; a warrior known to the Yengeese, and feared by the Maquas."

"What name has he gained by his deeds?"

"We call him Hawkeye," Uncas replied, using the Delaware phrase; "for his sight never fails. The Mingoes know him better by the death he gives their warriors; with them he is 'The Long Rifle.'"

"La Longue Carabine!" exclaimed Tamenund, opening his eyes, and regarding the scout sternly. "My son has not done well to call him friend."

"I call him so who proves himself such," returned the young chief with great calmness, but with a steady mien. "If Uncas is welcome among the Delawares, then is Hawkeye with his friends."

"The pale-face has slain my young men; his name is great for the blows he has struck the Lenape."

"If a Mingo has whispered that much in the ear of the Delaware, he has only shown that he is a singing-bird," said the scout, who now believed that it was time to vindicate himself from such offensive charges, and who spoke in the tongue of the man he addressed, modifying his Indian figures, however, with his own peculiar notions. "That I have slain the Maquas I am not the man to deny, even at their own council-fires; but that, knowingly, my hand has ever harmed a Delaware, is opposed to the reason of my gifts, which is friendly to them, and all that belongs to their nation."

A low exclamation of applause passed among the warriors, who exchanged looks with each other like men that first began to perceive their error.

"Where is the Huron?" demanded Tamenund. "Has he stopped my ears?"

Magua, whose feelings during that scene in which Uncas had triumphed may be better imagined than described, answered to the call by stepping boldly in front of the patriarch.

"The just Tamenund," he said, "will not keep what a Huron has lent."

"Tell me, son of my brother," returned the sage, avoiding the dark countenance of Le Subtil, and turning gladly to the more ingenuous features of Uncas, "has the stranger a conqueror's right over you?"

"He has none. The panther may get into snares set by the women; but he is strong, and knows how to leap through them."

"La Longue Carabine?"

"Laughs at the Mingoes. Go, Huron, ask your squaws the color of a bear."

"The stranger and the white maiden that came into my camp together?"

"Should journey on an open path."

"And the woman that Huron left with my warriors?"

Uncas made no reply.

"And the woman that the Mingo has brought into my camp," repeated Tamenund, gravely.

"She is mine," cried Magua, shaking his hand in triumph at Uncas. "Mohican, you know that she is mine."

"My son is silent," said Tamenund, endeavoring to read the expression of the face that the youth turned from him in sorrow.

"It is so," was the low answer.

A short and impressive pause succeeded, during which it was very apparent with what reluctance the multitude admitted the justice of the Mingo's claim. At length the sage, on whom alone the decision depended, said, in a firm voice,—

"Huron, depart."

"As he came, just Tamenund," demanded the wily Magua: "or with hands filled with the faith of the Delawares? The wigwam of Le Renard Subtil is empty. Make him strong with his own."

The aged man mused with himself for a time; and then bending his head towards one of his venerable companions, he asked,—

"Are my ears open?"

"It is true."

"Is this Mingo a chief?"

"The first in his nation."

"Girl, what wouldst thou? A great warrior takes thee to wife. Go! thy race will not end."

"Better, a thousand times, it should," exclaimed the horror-struck Cora, "than meet with such a degradation!"

"Huron, her mind is in the tents of her fathers. An unwilling maiden makes an unhappy wigwam."

"She speaks with the tongue of her people," returned Magua, regarding his victim with a look of bitter irony. "She is of a race of traders, and will bargain for a bright look. Let Tamenund speak the words."

"Take you the wampum, and our love."

"Nothing hence but what Magua brought hither."

"Then depart with thine own. The Great Manitou forbids that a Delaware should be unjust."

Magua advanced, and seized his captive strongly by the arm; the Delawares fell back, in silence; and Cora, as if conscious that remonstrance would be useless, prepared to submit to her fate without resistance.

"Hold, hold!" cried Duncan, springing forward; "Huron, have mercy! her ransom shall make thee richer than any of thy people were ever yet known to be."

"Magua is a red-skin; he wants not the beads of the pale-faces."

"Gold, silver, powder, lead—all that a warrior needs shall be in thy wigwam; all that becomes the greatest chief."

"Le Subtil is very strong," cried Magua, violently shaking the hand which grasped the unresisting arm of Cora; "he has his revenge!"

"Mighty ruler of providence!" exclaimed Heyward, clasping his hands together in agony, "can this be suffered! To you, just Tamenund, I appeal for mercy."

"The words of the Delaware are said," returned the sage, closing his eyes, and dropping back into his seat, alike wearied with his mental and his bodily exertion. "Men speak not twice."

"That a speaker should not misspend his time in unsaying what has once been spoken, is wise and reasonable," said Hawkeye, motioning to Duncan to be silent; "but it is also prudent in every warrior to consider well before he strikes his tomahawk into the head of his prisoner. Huron, I love you not; nor can I say that any Mingo has ever received much favor at my hands. It is fair to conclude that, if this war does not soon end, many more of your warriors will meet me in the woods. Put it to your judgment, then, whether you would prefer taking such a prisoner as that into your encampment, or one like myself, who am a man that it would greatly rejoice your nation to see with naked hands."

"Will 'The Long Rifle' give his life for the woman?" demanded

Magua, hesitatingly; for he had already made a motion towards quitting the place with his victim.

"No, no; I have not said so much as that," returned Hawkeye, drawing back with suitable discretion, when he noted the eagerness with which Magua listened to his proposal. "It would be an unequal exchange, to give a warrior, in the prime of his age and usefulness, for the best woman on the frontiers. I might consent to go into winter quarters, now—at least six weeks afore the leaves will turn—on condition you will release the maiden."

Magua shook his head, and made an impatient sign for the crowd to open.

"Well, then," added the scout, with the musing air of a man who had not half made up his mind, "I will throw 'Killdeer' into the bargain. Take the word of an experienced hunter, the piece has not its equal atween the provinces."

Magua still disdained to reply, continuing his efforts to disperse the crowd.

"Perhaps," added the scout, losing his dissembled coolness, exactly in proportion as the other manifested an indifference to the exchange, "if I should condition to teach your young men the real virtue of the we'pon, it would smooth the little differences in our judgments."

Le Renard fiercely ordered the Delawares, who still lingered in an impenetrable belt around him, in hopes he would listen to the amicable proposal, to open his path, threatening, by the glance of his eye, another appeal to the infallible justice of their "prophet."

"What is ordered must sooner or later arrive," continued Hawkeye, turning with a sad and humbled look to Uncas. "The varlet knows his advantage, and will keep it! God bless you, boy; you have found friends among your natural kin and I hope they will prove as true as some you have met who had no Indian cross. As for me, sooner or later, I must die; it is therefore fortunate there are but few to make my death-howl. After all, it is likely the imps would have managed to master my scalp, so a day or two will make no great difference in the everlasting reckoning of time. God bless you," added the rugged woodsman, bending his head aside, and then instantly changing its direction again, with a wistful look towards the youth; "I loved both you and your father, Uncas, though our skins are not altogether of a color, and our gifts are somewhat different. Tell the Sagamore I never lost sight of him in my greatest trouble; and, as for you, think of me sometimes when on a lucky trail; and depend on it, boy, whether there be one heaven or two, there is a path in the other world by which honest men may come together again. You'll find the rifle in the place we hid it; take it, and keep it for my sake; and harkee, lad, as your natural gifts

don't deny you the use of vengeance, use it a little freely on the Mingoes; it may unburden grief at my loss, and ease your mind. Huron, I accept your offer; release the woman. I am your prisoner!"

A suppressed, but still distinct murmur of approbation, ran through the crowd at this generous proposition; even the fiercest among the Delaware warriors manifesting pleasure at the manliness of the intended sacrifice. Magua paused, and for an anxious moment, it might be said, he doubted; then casting his eyes on Cora, with an expression in which ferocity and admiration were strangely mingled, his purpose became fixed forever.

He intimated his contempt of the offer with a backward motion of his head, and said, in a steady and settled voice,—

"Le Renard Subtil is a great chief; he has but one mind. Come," he added, laying his hand too familiarly on the shoulder of his captive to urge her onward; "a Huron is no tattler; we will go." . . .

"Ay, go," cried Duncan, placing Alice in the arms of an Indian girl; "go, Magua, go. These Delawares have their laws, which forbid them to detain you; but I—I have no such obligation. Go, malignant monster—why do you delay?"

It would be difficult to describe the expression with which Magua listened to this threat to follow. There was at first a fierce and manifest display of joy, and then it was instantly subdued in a look of cunning coldness.

"The woods are open," he was content with answering. "'The Open Hand' can come."

"Hold," cried Hawkeye, seizing Duncan by the arm, and detaining him by violence; "you know not the craft of the imp. He would lead you to an ambushment, and your death"—

"Huron," interrupted Uncas, who, submissive to the stern customs of his people, had been an attentive and grave listener to all that passed; "Huron, the justice of the Delawares comes from the Manitou. Look at the sun. He is now in the upper branches of the hemlock. Your path is short and open. When he is seen above the trees, there will be men on your trail."

"I hear a crow!" exclaimed Magua, with a taunting laugh. "Go!" he added, shaking his hand at the crowd, which had slowly opened to admit his passage,—"Where are the petticoats of the Delawares! Let them send their arrows and their guns to the Wyandots; they shall have venison to eat, and corn to hoe. Dogs, rabbits, thieves—I spit on you!"

His parting gibes were listened to in a dead, boding silence, and, with these biting words in his mouth, the triumphant Magua passed unmolested into the forest, followed by his passive captive, and protected by the inviolable laws of Indian hospitality.

THE FIGHT OF THE AMERICAN FRIGATE.

[*The Pilot.* 1823.]

THE cry of "a strange vessel close aboard the frigate," having already flown down the hatches, the ship was in an uproar at the first tap of the drum. The seamen threw themselves from their hammocks, and lashing them rapidly into long, hard bundles, they rushed to the decks, where they were dexterously stowed in the netting, to aid the defences of the upper part of the vessel. . . . .

The guns were cleared of their lumber, and loosened. The bulkheads were knocked down, and the cabin relieved of its furniture; and the gun-deck exhibited one unbroken line of formidable cannon, arranged in all the order of a naval battery ready to engage. Arm-chests were thrown open, and the decks strewed with pikes, cutlasses, pistols, and all the various weapons for boarding. In short, the yards were slung, and every other arrangement was made with a readiness and dexterity that were actually wonderful, though all was performed amid an appearance of disorder and confusion that rendered the ship another Babel during the continuance of the preparations. In a very few minutes everything was completed, and even the voices of the men ceased to be heard answering to their names, as they were mustered at their stations, by their respective officers. Gradually the ship became as quiet as the grave; and when even Griffith or his commander found it necessary to speak, their voices were calmer, and their tones more mild than usual. The course of the vessel was changed to an oblique line from that in which their enemy was approaching, though the appearance of flight was to be studiously avoided to the last moment. When nothing further remained to be done, every eye became fixed on the enormous pile of swelling canvas that was rising, in cloud over cloud, far above the fog, and which was manifestly moving, like driving vapor, swiftly to the north. Presently the dull, smoky boundary of the mist which rested on the water was pushed aside in vast volumes, and the long taper spars that projected from the bowsprit of the strange ship issued from the obscurity, and were quickly followed by the whole of the enormous fabric to which they were merely light appendages. For a moment, streaks of reluctant vapor clung to the huge floating pile; but they were soon shaken off by the rapid vessel, and the whole of her black hull became distinct to the eye.

"One, two, three rows of teeth!" said Boltrope, deliberately counting the tiers of guns that bristled along the sides of the enemy; "a three-decker! Jack Manly would show his stern to such a fellow! and even the bloody Scotchman would run!"

"Hard up with your helm, quartermaster!" cried Captain Munson; "there is indeed no time to hesitate, with such an enemy within a quarter of a mile! Turn the hands up, Mr. Griffith, and pack on the ship from her trucks to her lower studding-sail booms. Be stirring, sir, be stirring! Hard up with your helm! Hard up, and be damned to you!"

The unusual earnestness of their aged commander acted on the startled crew like a voice from the deep, and they waited not for the usual signals of the boatswain and drummer to be given, before they broke away from their guns, and rushed tumultuously to aid in spreading the desired canvas. There was one minute of ominous confusion, that to an inexperienced eye would have foreboded the destruction of all order in the vessel, during which every hand, and each tongue, seemed in motion; but it ended in opening the immense folds of light duck which were displayed along the whole line of the masts, far beyond the ordinary sails, overshadowing the waters for a great distance, on either side of the vessel. During the moment of inaction that succeeded this sudden exertion, the breeze, which had brought up the three-decker, fell fresher on the sails of the frigate, and she started away from her dangerous enemy with a very perceptible advantage in point of sailing.

"The fog rises!" cried Griffith; "give us but the wind for an hour, and we shall run her out of gunshot!"

"These nineties are very fast off the wind," returned the captain, in a low tone, that was intended only for the ears of his first lieutenant and the Pilot; "and we shall have a struggle for it."

The quick eye of the stranger was glancing over the movements of his enemy, while he answered—

"He finds we have the heels of him already! he is making ready, and we shall be fortunate to escape a broadside! Let her yaw a little, Mr. Griffith; touch her lightly with the helm; if we are raked, sir, we are lost!"

The captain sprang on the taffrail of his ship with the activity of a younger man, and in an instant he perceived the truth of the other's conjecture.

Both vessels now ran for a few minutes, keenly watching each other's motions like two skilful combatants; the English ship making slight deviations from the line of her course, and then, as her movements were anticipated by the other, turning as cautiously in the opposite direction, until a sudden and wide sweep of her huge bows told the Americans plainly on which tack to expect her. Captain Munson made a silent but impressive gesture with his arm, as if the crisis were too important for speech, which indicated to the watchful Griffith the way he wished the frigate sheered, to avoid the weight of the impending danger. Both vessels whirled swiftly up to the wind, with their heads towards

the land; and as the huge black side of the three-decker checkered with its triple batteries, frowned full upon her foe, it belched forth a flood of fire and smoke, accompanied by a bellowing roar that mocked the surly moanings of the sleeping ocean. The nerves of the bravest man in the frigate contracted their fibres, as the hurricane of iron hurtled by them, and each eye appeared to gaze in stupid wonder, as if tracing the flight of the swift engines of destruction. But the voice of Captain Munson was heard in the din, shouting while he waved his hat earnestly in the required direction—

"Meet her! meet her with the helm, boy! meet her, Mr. Griffith, meet her!"

Griffith had so far anticipated this movement, as to have already ordered the head of the frigate to be turned in its former course, when, struck by the unearthly cry of the last tones uttered by his commander, he bent his head, and beheld the venerable seaman driven through the air, his hat still waving, his gray hair floating in the wind, and his eye set in the wild look of death.

"Great God!" exclaimed the young man, rushing to the side of the ship, where he was just in time to see the lifeless body disappear in the waters that were dyed in its blood; "he has been struck by a shot! Lower-away the boat, lower-away the jolly-boat, the barge, the tiger, the"—

"'Tis useless," interrupted the calm, deep voice of the Pilot; "he has met a warrior's end, and he sleeps in a sailor's grave! The ship is getting before the wind again, and the enemy is keeping his vessel away."

The youthful lieutenant was recalled by these words to his duty, and reluctantly turned his eyes away from the bloody spot on the waters, which the busy frigate had already passed, to resume the command of the vessel with a forced composure.

"He has cut some of our running gear," said the master, whose eye had never ceased to dwell on the spars and rigging of the ship; "and there's a splinter out of the main-topmast, that is big enough for a fid! He has let daylight through some of our canvas, too; but, taking it by-and-large, the squall has gone over and little harm done. Didn't I hear something said of Captain Munson getting jammed by a shot?"

"He is killed!" said Griffith, speaking in a voice that was yet husky with horror; "he is dead, sir, and carried overboard; there is more need that we forget not ourselves, in this crisis."

"Dead!" said Boltrope, suspending the operation of his active jaws for a moment, in surprise; "and buried in a wet jacket! Well, it is lucky 'tis no worse; for damme if I did not think every stick in the ship would have been cut out of her!"

With this consolatory remark on his lips, the master walked slowly forward, continuing his orders to repair the damages with a singleness of purpose that rendered him, however uncouth as a friend, an invaluable man in his station.

Griffith had not yet brought his mind to the calmness that was so essential to discharge the duties which had thus suddenly and awfully devolved on him, when his elbow was lightly touched by the Pilot, who had drawn closer to his side.

"The enemy appears satisfied with the experiment," said the stranger; "and as we work the quicker of the two, he loses too much ground to repeat it, if he be a true seaman."

"And yet as he finds we leave him so fast," returned Griffith, "he must see that all his hopes rest in cutting us up aloft. I dread that he will come by the wind again, and lay us under his broadside; we should need a quarter of an hour to run without his range, if he were anchored!"

"He plays a surer game; see you not that the vessel we made in the eastern board shows the hull of a frigate? 'Tis past a doubt that they are of one squadron, and that the expresses have sent them in our wake. The English admiral has spread a broad clew, Mr. Griffith; and, as he gathers in his ships, he sees that his game has been successful."

The faculties of Griffith had been too much occupied with the hurry of the chase to look at the ocean; but, startled at the information of the Pilot, who spoke coolly, though like a man sensible of the existence of approaching danger, he took the glass from the other, and with his own eye examined the different vessels in sight. It is certain that the experienced officer, whose flag was flying above the light sails of the three-decker, saw the critical situation of his chase, and reasoned much in the same manner as the Pilot, or the fearful expedient apprehended by Griffith would have been adopted. Prudence, however, dictated that he should prevent his enemy from escaping by pressing so closely on his rear, as to render it impossible for the American to haul across his bows and run into the open sea between his own vessel and the nearest frigate of his squadron. The unpractised reader will be able to comprehend the case better by accompanying the understanding eye of Griffith, as it glanced from point to point, following the whole horizon. To the west lay the land, along which the *Alacrity* was urging her way industriously, with the double purpose of keeping her consort abeam, and of avoiding a dangerous proximity to their powerful enemy. To the east, bearing off the starboard bow of the American frigate, was the vessel first seen, and which now began to exhibit the hostile appearance of a ship of war, steering in a line converging towards themselves, and rapidly drawing nigher; while far in the north-east was a vessel as yet faintly discerned,

whose evolutions could not be mistaken by one who understood the movements of nautical warfare.

"We are hemmed in effectually," said Griffith, dropping the glass from his eye; "and I know not but our wisest course would be to haul in to the land, and, cutting everything light adrift, endeavor to pass the broadside of the flag-ship."

"Provided she left a rag of canvas to do it with!" returned the Pilot. "Sir, 'tis an idle hope! She would strip your ship in ten minutes, to her plank shears. Had it not been for a lucky wave on which so many of her shot struck and glanced upward, we should have nothing to boast of left from the fire she has already given; we must stand on, and drop the three-decker as far as possible."

"But the frigates?" said Griffith, "what are we to do with the frigates?"

"Fight them!" returned the Pilot, in a low, determined voice; "fight them! Young man, I have borne the stars and stripes aloft in greater straits than this, and even with honor! Think not that my fortune will desert me now."

"We shall have an hour of desperate battle!"

"On that we may calculate; but I have lived through whole days of bloodshed! You seem not one to quail at the sight of an enemy."

"Let me proclaim your name to the men!" said Griffith; 'twill quicken their blood, and at such a moment be a host in itself."

"They want it not," returned the Pilot, checking the hasty zeal of the other with his hand. "I would be unnoticed, unless I am known as becomes me. I will share your danger, but would not rob you of a tittle of your glory. Should we come to a grapple," he continued, while a smile of conscious pride gleamed across his face, "I will give forth the word as a war-cry, and, believe me, these English will quail before it!"

Griffith submitted to the stranger's will; and, after they had deliberated further on the nature of their evolutions, he gave his attention again to the management of the vessel. . . . .

Notwithstanding the ship of the line was slowly sinking beneath the distant waves, and in less than an hour from the time she had fired the broadside, no more than one of her three tiers of guns was visible from the deck of the frigate, she yet presented an irresistible obstacle against retreat to the south. On the other hand, the ship first seen drew so nigh as to render the glass no longer necessary in watching her movements. She proved to be a frigate, though one so materially lighter than the American, as to have rendered her conquest easy, had not her two consorts continued to press on for the scene of battle with such rapidity. During the chase, the scene had shifted from the point opposite to St. Ruth, to the verge of those shoals where our tale commenced. As they

approached the latter, the smallest of the English ships drew so nigh as to render the combat unavoidable. Griffith and his crew had not been idle in the intermediate time, but all the usual preparations against the casualties of a sea fight had been duly made, when the drum once more called the men to their quarters, and the ship was deliberately stripped of her unnecessary sails, like a prize-fighter about to enter the arena, casting aside the encumbrances of dress. At the instant she gave this intimation of her intention to abandon flight, and trust the issue to the combat, the nearest English frigate also took in her light canvas in token of her acceptance of the challenge.

"He is but a little fellow," said Griffith to the Pilot, who hovered at his elbow with a sort of fatherly interest in the other's conduct of the battle, "though he carries a stout heart."

"We must crush him at a blow," returned the stranger; "not a shot must be delivered until our yards are locking."

"I see him training his twelves upon us already; we may soon expect his fire."

"After standing the brunt of a ninety-gun ship," observed the collected Pilot, "we shall not shrink from the broadside of a two-and-thirty."

"Stand to your guns, men!" cried Griffith, through his trumpet; "not a shot is to be fired without the order."

This caution, so necessary to check the ardor of the seamen, was hardly uttered, before their enemy became wrapped in sheets of fire and volumes of smoke, as gun after gun hurled its iron missiles at their vessel in quick succession. Ten minutes might have passed, the two vessels sheering close to each other every foot they advanced, during which time the crew of the American were compelled, by their commander, to suffer the fire of their adversary, without returning a shot. This short period, which seemed an age to the seamen, was distinguished in their vessel by deep silence. Even the wounded and dying, who fell in every part of the ship, stifled their groans, under the influence of the severe discipline, which gave a character to every man, and each movement of the vessel; and those officers who were required to speak, were heard only in the lowest tones of resolute preparation. At length the ship slowly entered the skirts of the smoke that enveloped their enemy; and Griffith heard the man who stood at his side whisper the word "Now."

"Let them have it!" cried Griffith, in a voice that was heard in the remotest parts of the ship.

The shout that burst from the seamen appeared to lift the decks of the vessel, and the affrighted frigate trembled like an aspen with the recoil of her own massive artillery, that shot forth a single sheet of flame, the sailors having disregarded, in their impatience, the usual order of firing. The effect of the broadside on the enemy was still more dreadful; for a

death-like silence succeeded to the roar of guns, which was only broken by the shrieks and execrations that burst from her, like the moanings of the damned. During the few moments in which the Americans were again loading their cannon, and the English were recovering from their confusion, the vessel of the former moved slowly past her antagonist, and was already doubling across her bows, when the latter was suddenly, and, considering the inequality of their forces, it may be added desperately, headed into her enemy. The two frigates grappled. The sudden and furious charge made by the Englishman, as he threw his masses of daring seamen along his bowsprit, and out of his channels, had nearly taken Griffith by surprise; but Manual, who had delivered his first fire with the broadside, now did good service, by ordering his men to beat back the intruders, by a steady and continued discharge. Even the wary Pilot lost sight of their other foes, in the high daring of that moment, and smiles of stern pleasure were exchanged between him and Griffith as both comprehended, at a glance, their advantages.

"Lash his bowsprit to our mizzen-mast," shouted the lieutenant, "and we will sweep his decks as he lies!"

Twenty men sprang eagerly forward to execute the order, among the foremost of whom were Boltrope and the stranger.

"Aye, now he's our own!" cried the busy master, "and we will take an owner's liberties with him, and break him up—for by the eternal"—

"Peace, rude man," said the Pilot, in a voice of solemn remonstrance; "at the next instant you may face your God; mock not his awful name!"

The master found time, before he threw himself from the spar on the deck of the frigate again, to cast a look of amazement at his companion, who, with a steady mien, but with an eye that lighted with a warrior's ardor, viewed the battle that raged around him, like one who marked its progress to control the result.

The sight of the Englishmen rushing onward with shouts and bitter menaces, warmed the blood of Colonel Howard, who pressed to the side of the frigate, and encouraged his friends by his gestures and voice, to come on.

"Away with ye, old croaker!" cried the master, seizing him by the collar; "away with ye to the hold, or I'll order you fired from a gun."

"Down with your arms, rebellious dog!" shouted the colonel, carried beyond himself by the ardor of the fray; "down to the dust, and implore the mercy of your injured prince!"

Invigorated by a momentary glow, the veteran grappled with his brawny antagonist; but the issue of the short struggle was yet suspended, when the English, driven back by the fire of the marines, and the menacing front that Griffith with his boarders presented, retreated to the forecastle of their own ship, and attempted to return the deadly

blows they were receiving, in their hull, from the cannon that Barnstable directed. A solitary gun was all they could bring to bear on the Americans; but this, loaded with canister, was fired so near as to send its glaring flame into the very faces of their enemies. The struggling colonel, who was already sinking beneath the arm of his foe, felt the rough grasp loosen from his throat at the flash, and the two combatants sunk powerless on their knees, facing each other.

"How now, brother!" exclaimed Boltrope, with a smile of grim fierceness; "some of that grist has gone to your mill, ha!"

No answer could, however, be given before the yielding forms of both fell to the deck, where they lay helpless, amid the din of the battle and the wild confusion of the eager combatants.

Notwithstanding the furious struggle they had witnessed, the elements did not cease their functions; and, urged by the breeze, and lifted irresistibly on a wave, the American ship was forced through the water still further across the bows of her enemy. The idle fastenings of hemp and iron were snapped asunder like strings of tow, and Griffith saw his own ship borne away from the Englishman at the instant that the bowsprit of the latter was torn from its lashings, and tumbled into the sea, followed by spar after spar, until nothing of all her proud tackling was remaining, but the few parted and useless ropes that were left dangling along the stumps of her lower masts. As his own stately vessel moved from the confusion she had caused, and left the dense cloud of smoke in which her helpless antagonist lay, the eye of the young man glanced anxiously towards the horizon, where he now remembered he had more foes to contend against.

"We have shaken off the thirty-two most happily!" he said to the Pilot, who followed his motions with singular interest; "but here is another fellow sheering in for us, who shows as many ports as ourselves, and who appears inclined for a closer interview; besides, the hull of the ninety is rising again, and I fear she will be down but too soon!"

"We must keep the use of our braces and sails," returned the Pilot, "and on no account close with the other frigate; we must play a double game, sir, and fight this new adversary with our heels as well as with our guns."

"'Tis time then that we were busy, for he is shortening sail, and as he nears so fast, we may expect to hear from him every minute; what do you propose, sir?"

"Let him gather in his canvas," returned the Pilot, "and when he thinks himself snug, we can throw out a hundred men at once upon our yards, and spread everything alow and aloft; we may then draw ahead of him by surprise; if we can once get him in our wake, I have no fears of dropping them all."

"A stern chase is a long chase," cried Griffith, "and the thing may do! Clear up the decks, here, and carry down the wounded; and, as we have our hands full, the poor fellows who have done with us must go overboard at once." . . . .

The ship which the American frigate had now to oppose was a vessel of near her own size and equipage; and when Griffith looked at her again, he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and, by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant, the Pilot, well understood that she only wanted to lessen her distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

"Now spread everything," whispered the stranger.

Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted in a voice that was carried even to his enemy, "Let fall—out with your booms—sheet home—hoist away of everything!"

The inspiring cry was answered by a universal bustle; fifty men flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts, as if some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside with an absorbing interest, as the shot whistled above his head; but when he perceived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes only that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure. A few men were, however, seen clinging with wild frenzy to the cordage, dropping from rope to rope like wounded birds fluttering through a tree, until they fell heavily into the ocean, the sullen ship sweeping by them in cold indifference. At the next instant the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again placed the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted aloud—

"Give it to them; drive them from their yards, boys, scatter them with your grape—unreeve their rigging!"

The crew of the American wanted but little encouragement to enter on this experiment with hearty good-will, and the close of his cheering words were uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The Pilot had, however, mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe; for, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

The two ships were now running rapidly on parallel lines, hurling at each other their instruments of destruction with furious industry, and with severe and certain loss to both, though with no manifest advantage

in favor of either. Both Griffith and the Pilot witnessed with deep concern this unexpected defeat of their hopes; for they could not conceal from themselves, that each moment lessened their velocity through the water, as the shot of their enemy stripped the canvas from the yards, or dashed aside the lighter spars in their terrible progress.

"We find our equal here!" said Griffith to the stranger. "The ninety is heaving up again like a mountain; and if we continue to shorten sail at this rate, she will soon be down upon us!"

"You say true, sir," returned the Pilot, musing; "the man shows judgment as well as spirit: but"—

He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit, and the importance of his intelligence.

"The breakers!" he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din; "we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead."

The Pilot jumped on a gun, and bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those clear, piercing tones, that could be even heard among the roaring of the cannon, "Port, port your helm! we are on the Devil's Grip! pass up the trumpet, sir; port your helm, fellow; give it them, boys—give it to the proud English dogs!" Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the Pilot, and gathering assurance from the high confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. The seamen were too busy with their cannon and their rigging to regard the new danger; and the frigate entered one of the dangerous passes of the shoals, in the heat of a severely contested battle. The wondering looks of a few of the older sailors glanced at the sheets of foam that flew by them, in doubt whether the wild gambols of the waves were occasioned by the shot of the enemy, when suddenly the noise of cannon was succeeded by the sullen wash of the disturbed element, and presently the vessel glided out of her smoky shroud, and was boldly steering in the centre of the narrow passages. For ten breathless minutes longer the Pilot continued to hold an uninterrupted sway, during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep water, when he threw down his trumpet, and exclaimed—

"What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation! Keep yonder hill crowned with wood, one point open from the church tower at its base, and steer east by north; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their tail."

The moment he stepped from the gun, the Pilot lost the air of authority that had so singularly distinguished his animated form, and even the

close interest he had manifested in the incidents of the day became lost in the cold, settled reserve he had affected during his intercourse with his present associates. Every officer in the ship, after the breathless suspense of uncertainty had passed, rushed to those places where a view might be taken of their enemies. The ninety was still steering boldly onward, and had already approached the two-and-thirty, which lay a helpless wreck, rolling on the unruly seas that were rudely tossing her on their wanton billows. The frigate last engaged was running along the edge of the ripple, with her torn sails flying loosely in the air, her ragged spars tottering in the breeze, and everything above her hull exhibiting the confusion of a sudden and unlooked-for check to her progress. The exulting taunts and mirthful congratulations of the seamen, as they gazed at the English ships, were, however, soon forgotten in the attention that was required to their own vessel. The drums beat the retreat, the guns were lashed, the wounded again removed, and every individual able to keep the deck was required to lend his assistance in repairing the damages of the frigate and securing her masts.

The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight; and by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land, Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase and battle, and ready to meet another foe.

THE ROYALIST'S ESCAPE.

[*The Spy*. 1821.]

"CAPTAIN WHARTON," said Birch, looking guardedly around, and speaking with impressive seriousness of manner, "if I fail you, all fail you. No Harper nor Dunwoodie can save your life; unless you get out with me, and that within the hour, you die to-morrow on the gallows of a murderer. Yes, such are their laws; the man who fights, and kills, and plunders, is honored; but he who serves his country as a spy, no matter how faithfully, no matter how honestly, lives to be reviled, or dies like the vilest criminal!"

"You forget, Mr. Birch," said the youth, a little indignantly, "that I am not a treacherous, lurking spy, who deceives to betray; but innocent of the charge imputed to me."

The blood rushed over the pale, meagre features of the peddler, until his face was one glow of fire; but it passed quickly away, and he replied,—

"I have told you truth. Cæsar met me, as he was going on his errand this morning, and with him I have laid the plan which, if executed as I wish, will save you—otherwise you are lost; and I again tell you, that no other power on earth, not even Washington, can save you."

"I submit," said the prisoner, yielding to his earnest manner, and goaded by the fears that were thus awakened anew.

The peddler beckoned him to be silent, and walking to the door, opened it, with the stiff, formal air with which he had entered the apartment.

"Friend, let no one enter," he said to the sentinel; "we are about to go to prayer, and would wish to be alone."

"I don't know that any will wish to interrupt you," returned the soldier, with a waggish leer of his eye; "but, should they be so disposed, I have no power to stop them, if they be of the prisoner's friends; I have my orders, and must mind them, whether the Englishman goes to heaven, or not."

"Audacious sinner!" said the pretended priest, "have you not the fear of God before your eyes! I tell you, as you will dread punishment at the last day to let none of the idolatrous communion enter, to mingle in the prayers of the righteous."

"Whew-ew-ew—what a noble commander you'd make for Sergeant Hollister! you'd preach him dumb in a roll-call. Harkee, I'll thank you not to make such a noise when you hold forth, as to drown our bugles, or you may get a poor fellow a short horn at his grog, for not turning out to the evening parade: if you want to be alone, have you no knife to stick over the door-latch, that you must have a troop of horse to guard your meeting-house?"

The peddler took the hint, and closed the door immediately, using the precaution suggested by the dragoon.

"You overact your part," said young Wharton, in constant apprehension of discovery; "your zeal is too intemperate."

"For a foot-soldier and them Eastern militia, it might be," said Harvey, turning a bag upside down, that Cæsar now handed him; "but these dragoons are fellows that you must brag down. A faint heart, Captain Wharton, would do but little here; but come, here is a black shroud for your good-looking countenance," taking, at the same time, a parchment mask, and fitting it to the face of Henry. "The master and the man must change places for a season."

"I don't t'ink he look a bit like me," said Cæsar, with disgust, as he surveyed his young master with his new complexion.

"Stop a minute, Cæsar," said the peddler, with the lurking drollery that at times formed part of his manner, "till we get on the wool."

"He worse than ebber now," cried the discontented African. "A t'ink

colored man like a sheep! I nebber see sich a lip, Harvey; he most as big as a sausage!"

Great pains had been taken in forming the different articles used in the disguise of Captain Wharton, and when arranged, under the skilful superintendence of the peddler, they formed together a transformation that would easily escape detection, from any but an extraordinary observer.

The mask was stuffed and shaped in such a manner as to preserve the peculiarities, as well as the color, of the African visage; and the wig was so artfully formed of black and white wool, as to imitate the pepper-and-salt color of Cæsar's own head, and to exact plaudits from the black himself, who thought it an excellent counterfeit in everything but quality.

"There is but one man in the American army who could detect you, Captain Wharton," said the peddler, surveying his work with satisfaction, "and he is just now out of our way."

"And who is he?"

"The man who made you prisoner. He would see your white skin through a plank. But strip, both of you; your clothes must be exchanged from head to foot."

Cæsar, who had received minute instructions from the peddler in their morning interview, immediately commenced throwing aside his coarse garments, which the youth took up and prepared to invest himself with; unable, however, to suppress a few signs of loathing.

In the manner of the peddler there was an odd mixture of care and humor; the former was the result of a perfect knowledge of their danger, and the means necessary to be used in avoiding it; and the latter proceeded from the unavoidably ludicrous circumstances before him, acting on an indifference which sprung from habit, and long familiarity with such scenes as the present.

"Here, captain," he said, taking up some loose wool, and beginning to stuff the stockings of Cæsar, which were already on the leg of the prisoner; "some judgment is necessary in shaping this limb. You will have to display it on horseback; and the southern dragoons are so used to the brittle-shins, that should they notice your well-turned calf, they'd know at once it never belonged to a black."

"Golly!" said Cæsar, with a chuckle, that exhibited a mouth open from ear to ear, "Massa Harry breeches fit."

"Anything but your leg," said the peddler, coolly pursuing the toilet of Henry. "Slip on the coat, captain, over all. Upon my word, you'd pass well at a pinkster frolic; and here, Cæsar, place this powdered wig over your curls, and be careful and look out of the window, whenever the door is open, and on no account speak, or you will betray all."

"I s'pose Harvey t'ink a colored man ain't got a tongue like oder folk," grumbled the black, as he took the station assigned to him.

Everything now was arranged for action, and the peddler very deliberately went over the whole of his injunctions to the two actors in the scene. The captain he conjured to dispense with his erect military carriage, and for a season to adopt the humble paces of his father's negro; and Cæsar he enjoined to silence and disguise, so long as he could possibly maintain them. Thus prepared, he opened the door, and called aloud to the sentinel, who had retired to the farthest end of the passage, in order to avoid receiving any of that spiritual comfort, which he felt was the sole property of another.

"Let the woman of the house be called," said Harvey, in the solemn key of his assumed character; "and let her come alone. The prisoner is in a happy train of meditation, and must not be led from his devotions."

Cæsar sunk his face between his hands; and when the soldier looked into the apartment, he thought he saw his charge in deep abstraction. Casting a glance of huge contempt at the divine, he called aloud for the good woman of the house. She hastened at the summons, with earnest zeal, entertaining a secret hope that she was to be admitted to the gossip of a death-bed repentance.

"Sister," said the minister, in the authoritative tones of a master, "have you in the house 'The Christian Criminal's last Moments, or Thoughts on Eternity, for them who die a violent Death?'"

"I never heard of the book!" said the matron in astonishment.

"'Tis not unlikely; there are many books you have never heard of: it is impossible for this poor penitent to pass in peace, without the consolations of that volume. One hour's reading in it is worth an age of man's preaching."

"Bless me, what a treasure to possess!—when was it put out?"

"It was first put out at Geneva in the Greek language, and then translated at Boston. It is a book, woman, that should be in the hands of every Christian, especially such as die upon the gallows. Have a horse prepared instantly for this black, who shall accompany me to my brother ——, and I will send down the volume yet in season. Brother, compose thy mind; you are now in the narrow path to glory."

Cæsar wriggled a little in his chair, but he had sufficient recollection to conceal his face with hands that were, in their turn, concealed by gloves. The landlady departed, to comply with this very reasonable request, and the group of conspirators were again left to themselves.

"This is well," said the peddler; "but the difficult task is to deceive the officer who commands the guard—he is lieutenant to Lawton, and has learned some of the captain's own cunning in these things. Remember, Captain Wharton," continued he with an air of pride, "that now is the moment when everything depends on our coolness."

"My fate can be made but little worse than it is at present, my worthy fellow," said Henry; "but for your sake I will do all that in me lies."

"And wherein can I be more forlorn and persecuted than I now am?" asked the peddler, with that wild incoherence which often crossed his manner. "But I have promised *one* to save you, and to him I have never yet broken my word."

"And who is he?" said Henry, with awakened interest.

"No one."

The man soon returned, and announced that the horses were at the door. Harvey gave the captain a glance, and led the way down the stairs, first desiring the woman to leave the prisoner to himself, in order that he might digest the wholesome mental food that he had so lately received.

A rumor of the odd character of the priest had spread from the sentinel at the door to his comrades; so that when Harvey and Wharton reached the open space before the building, they found a dozen idle dragoons loitering about, with the waggish intention of quizzing the fanatic, and employed in affected admiration of the steeds.

"A fine horse!" said the leader in this plan of mischief; "but a little low in flesh; I suppose from hard labor in your calling."

"My calling may be laborsome to both myself and this faithful beast, but then a day of settling is at hand, that will reward me for all my outgoings and incomings," said Birch, putting his foot in the stirrup, and preparing to mount.

"You work for pay, then, as we fight for't?" cried another of the party.

"Even so—'is not the laborer worthy of his hire?'"

"Come, suppose you give us a little preaching; we have a leisure moment just now, and there's no telling how much good you might do a set of reprobates like us, in a few words; here, mount this horse-block, and take your text where you please."

The men now gathered in eager delight around the peddler, who, glancing his eye expressively towards the captain, who had been suffered to mount, replied,—

"Doubtless, for such is my duty. But, Cæsar, you can ride up the road and deliver the note—the unhappy prisoner will be wanting the book, for his hours are numbered."

"Aye, aye, go along, Cæsar, and get the book," shouted half a dozen voices, all crowding eagerly round the ideal priest, in anticipation of a frolic.

The peddler inwardly dreaded, that, in their unceremonious handling of himself and garments, his hat and wig might be displaced, when detection would be certain; he was therefore fain to comply with their

request. Ascending the horse-block, after hemming once or twice, and casting several glances at the captain, who continued immovable, he commenced as follows :—

"I shall call your attention, my brethren, to that portion of Scripture which you will find in the second book of Samuel, and which is written in the following words: 'And the king lamented over Abner, and said, Died Abner as a fool dieth? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters: as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept again over him.' Cæsar, ride forward, I say, and obtain the book as directed; thy master is groaning in spirit even now for the want of it."

"An excellent text!" cried the dragoons. "Go on—go on—let the snow-ball stay; he wants to be edified as well as another."

"What are you at there, scoundrels?" cried Lieutenant Mason, as he came in sight from a walk he had taken to sneer at the evening parade of the regiment of militia; "away with every man of you to your quarters, and let me find that each horse is cleaned and littered, when I come round." The sound of the officer's voice operated like a charm, and no priest could desire a more silent congregation, although he might possibly have wished for one that was more numerous. Mason had not done speaking, when it was reduced to the image of Cæsar only. The peddler took that opportunity to mount, but he had to preserve the gravity of his movements, for the remarks of the troopers upon the condition of their beasts were but too just, and a dozen dragoon horses stood saddled and bridled at hand, ready to receive their riders at a moment's warning.

"Well, have you bitted the poor fellow within," said Mason, "that he can take his last ride under the curb of divinity, old gentleman?"

"There is evil in thy conversation, profane man," cried the priest, raising his hands and casting his eyes upwards in holy horror; "so I will depart from thee unhurt, as Daniel was liberated from the lion's den."

"Off with you, for a hypocritical, psalm-singing, canting rogue in disguise," said Mason, scornfully; "by the life of Washington! it worries an honest fellow to see such voracious beasts of prey ravaging a country for which he sheds his blood. If I had you on a Virginia plantation for a quarter of an hour, I'd teach you to worm the tobacco with the turkeys."

"I leave you, and shake the dust off my shoes, that no remnant of this wicked hole may tarnish the vestments of the godly."

"Start, or I will shake the dust from your jacket, designing knave! A fellow to be preaching to my men! There's Hollister put the devil in them by his exhorting; the rascals were getting too conscientious to strike a blow that would rase the skin. But hold! whither do you travel, Master Blackey, in such godly company?"

"He goes," said the minister, hastily speaking for his companion, "to

return with a book of much condolence and virtue to the sinful youth above, whose soul will speedily become white, even as his outwards are black and unseemly. Would you deprive a dying man of the consolation of religion?"

"No, no, poor fellow, his fate is bad enough; a famous good breakfast his prim body of an aunt gave us. But harkee, Mr. Revelation, if the youth must die *secundum artem*, let it be under a gentleman's directions; and my advice is, that you never trust that skeleton of yours among us again, or I will take the skin off and leave you naked."

"Out upon thee for a reviler and scoffer of goodness!" said Birch, moving slowly, and with a due observance of clerical dignity, down the road, followed by the imaginary Cæsar; "but I leave thee, and that behind me that will prove thy condemnation, and take from thee a hearty and joyful deliverance."

"Damn him," muttered the trooper; "the fellow rides like a stake, and his legs stick out like the cocks of his hat. I wish I had him below these hills, where the law is not over-particular, I'd"—

"Corporal of the guard!—corporal of the guard!" shouted the sentinel in the passage to the chambers, "corporal of the guard!—corporal of the guard!"

The subaltern flew up the narrow stairway that led to the room of the prisoner, and demanded the meaning of the outcry.

The soldier was standing at the open door of the apartment, looking in with a suspicious eye on the supposed British officer. On observing his lieutenant, he fell back with habitual respect, and replied, with an air of puzzled thought,—

"I don't know, sir; but just now the prisoner looked queer. Ever since the preacher has left him, he don't look as he used to do—but," gazing intently over the shoulder of his officer, "it must be him, too! There is the same powdered head, and the darn in the coat, where he was hit the day we had the last brush with the enemy."

"And then all this noise is occasioned by your doubting whether that poor gentleman is your prisoner, or not, is it, sirrah? Who the devil do you think it can be, else?"

"I don't know who else it can be," returned the fellow, sullenly; "but he has grown thicker and shorter, if it is he; and see for yourself, sir, he shakes all over, like a man in an ague."

This was but too true. Cæsar was an alarmed auditor of this short conversation, and, from congratulating himself upon the dexterous escape of his young master, his thoughts were very naturally beginning to dwell upon the probable consequences to his own person. The pause that succeeded the last remark of the sentinel, in no degree contributed to the restoration of his faculties. Lieutenant Mason was busied in ex-

amining with his own eyes the suspected person of the black, and Cæsar was aware of the fact by stealing a look through a passage under one of his arms, that he had left expressly for the purpose of reconnoitring. Captain Lawton would have discovered the fraud immediately, but Mason was by no means so quick-sighted as his commander. He therefore turned rather contemptuously to the soldier, and, speaking in an undertone, observed,—

"That anabaptist, methodistical, quaker, psalm-singing rascal has frightened the boy, with his farrago about flames and brimstone. I'll step in and cheer him with a little rational conversation."

"I have heard of fear making a man white," said the soldier, drawing back, and staring as if his eyes would start from their sockets, "but it has changed the royal captain to a black!"

The truth was, that Cæsar, unable to hear what Mason uttered in a low voice, and having every fear aroused in him by what had already passed, incautiously removed the wig a little from one of his ears, in order to hear the better, without in the least remembering that its color might prove fatal to his disguise. The sentinel had kept his eyes fastened on his prisoner, and noticed the action. The attention of Mason was instantly drawn to the same object; and, forgetting all delicacy for a brother officer in distress, or, in short, forgetting everything but the censure that might alight on his corps, the lieutenant sprang forward and seized the terrified African by the throat; for no sooner had Cæsar heard his color named, than he knew his discovery was certain; and at the first sound of Mason's heavy boot on the floor, he arose from his seat, and retreated precipitately to a corner of the room.

"Who are you?" cried Mason, dashing the head of the old man against the angle of the wall at each interrogatory, "who the devil are you, and where is the Englishman? Speak, thou thunder-cloud! Answer me, you jackdaw, or I'll hang you on the gallows of the spy!"

Cæsar continued firm. Neither the threats nor the blows could extract any reply, until the lieutenant, by a very natural transition in the attack, sent his heavy boot forward in a direction that brought it in direct contact with the most sensitive part of the negro—his shin. The most obdurate heart could not have exacted further patience, and Cæsar instantly gave in. The first words he spoke were—

"Golly! massa, you t'ink I got no feelin'?"

"By heavens!" shouted the lieutenant, "it is the negro himself! Scoundrel! where is your master, and who was the priest?" While speaking, he made a movement, as if about to renew the attack; but Cæsar cried aloud for mercy, promising to tell all that he knew.

"Who was the priest?" repeated the dragoon, drawing back his formidable leg, and holding it in threatening suspense.

"Harvey, Harvey!" cried Cæsar, dancing from one leg to the other, as he thought each member in turn might be assailed.

"Harvey who, you black villain?" cried the impatient lieutenant, as he executed a full measure of vengeance by letting his leg fly.

"Birch!" shrieked Cæsar, falling on his knees, the tears rolling in large drops over his shining face.

"Harvey Birch!" echoed the trooper, hurling the black from him, and rushing from the room. "To arms! to arms! Fifty guineas for the life of the peddler spy—give no quarter to either. Mount, mount! to arms! to horse!"

During the uproar occasioned by the assembling of the dragoons, who all rushed tumultuously to their horses, Cæsar rose from the floor, where he had been thrown by Mason, and began to examine into his injuries. Happily for himself, he had alighted on his head, and consequently sustained no material damage.

A STRUGGLE IN THE WATER.

[*The Pathfinder.* 1840.]

"JASPER," continued the guide, into whose character there entered no ingredient that belonged to vain display or theatrical effect, "will you undertake to bring in the canoe?"

"I will undertake anything that will serve and protect Mabel, Pathfinder."

"That is an upright feeling, and I suppose it is natur'. The Sarpent, who is nearly naked already, can help you, and this will be cutting off one of the means of them devils to work their harm."

This material point being settled, the different members of the party prepared themselves to put the project into execution. The shades of evening fell fast upon the forest, and by the time all was ready for the attempt, it was found impossible to discern objects on the opposite shore. Time now pressed, for Indian cunning could devise so many expedients for passing so narrow a stream, that the Pathfinder was getting impatient to quit the spot. While Jasper and his companion entered the river, armed with nothing but their knives and the Delaware's tomahawk, observing the greatest caution not to betray their movements, the guide brought Mabel from her place of concealment, and bidding her and Cap proceed along the shore to the foot of the rapids, he got into the canoe that remained in his possession, in order to carry it to the same place.

This was easily effected. The canoe was laid against the bank, and Mabel and her uncle entered it, taking their seats as usual; while the

Pathfinder, erect in the stern, held by a bush, in order to prevent the swift stream from sweeping them down its current. Several minutes of intense and breathless expectation followed, while they awaited the result of the bold attempt of their comrades.

It will be understood that the two adventurers were compelled to swim across a deep and rapid channel, ere they could reach a part of the rift that admitted of wading. This portion of the enterprise was soon effected; and Jasper and the Serpent struck the bottom, side by side, at the same instant. Having secured firm footing, they took hold of each other's hands, and waded slowly and with extreme caution, in the supposed direction of the canoe. But the darkness was already so deep, that they soon ascertained they were to be but little aided by the sense of sight, and that their search must be conducted on that species of instinct which enables the woodsman to find his way, when the sun is hid, no stars appear, and all would seem chaos to one less accustomed to the mazes of the forest. Under these circumstances, Jasper submitted to be guided by the Delaware, whose habits best fitted him to take the lead. Still it was no easy matter to wade amid the roaring element at that hour, and retain a clear recollection of the localities. By the time they believed themselves to be in the centre of the stream, the two shores were discernible merely by masses of obscurity denser than common, the outlines against the clouds being barely distinguishable by the ragged tops of the trees. Once or twice the wanderers altered their course, in consequence of unexpectedly stepping into deep water, for they knew that the boat had lodged on the shallowest part of the rift. In short, with this fact for their compass, Jasper and his companion wandered about in the water for near a quarter of an hour, and at the end of that period, which began to appear interminable to the young man, they found themselves apparently no nearer the object of their search than they had been at its commencement. Just as the Delaware was about to stop, in order to inform his associate that they would do well to return to the land, in order to take a fresh departure, he saw the form of a man, moving about in the water, almost within reach of his arm. Jasper was at his side, and he at once understood that the Iroquois were engaged on the same errand as he was himself.

"Mingo!" he uttered in Jasper's ear; "the Serpent will show his brother how to be cunning."

The young sailor caught a glimpse of the figure at that instant, and the startling truth also flashed on his mind. Understanding the necessity of trusting all to the Delaware chief, he kept back, while his friend moved cautiously in the direction in which the strange form had vanished. In another moment, it was seen again, evidently moving towards themselves. The waters made such an uproar, that little was to be ap-

prehended from ordinary sounds, and the Indian, turning his head, hastily said,—

"Leave it to the cunning of the Great Serpent."

"Hugh!" exclaimed the strange savage, adding, in the language of his people, "the canoe is found, but there were none to help me. Come, let us raise it from the rock."

"Willingly," answered Chingachgook, who understood the dialect, "lead; we will follow."

The stranger, unable to distinguish between voices and accents, amid the raging of the rapid, led the way in the necessary direction, and, the two others keeping close at his heels, all three speedily reached the canoe. The Iroquois laid hold of one end, Chingachgook placed himself in the centre, and Jasper went to the opposite extremity, as it was important that the stranger should not detect the presence of a pale-face, a discovery that might be made, by the parts of the dress the young man still wore, as well as by the general appearance of his head.

"Lift," said the Iroquois, in the sententious manner of his race; and by a trifling effort the canoe was raised from the rock, held a moment in the air to empty it, and then placed carefully on the water, in its proper position. All three held it firmly, lest it should escape from their hands, under the pressure of the violent current; while the Iroquois, who led of course, being at the upper end of the boat, took the direction of the eastern shore, or towards the spot where his friends waited his return.

As the Delaware and Jasper well knew there must be several more of the Iroquois on the rift, from the circumstance that their own appearance had occasioned no surprise in the individual they had met, both felt the necessity of extreme caution. Men less bold and determined would have thought that they were incurring too great a risk, by thus venturing into the midst of their enemies; but these hardy borderers were unacquainted with fear, were accustomed to hazard, and so well understood the necessity of at least preventing their foes from getting the boat, that they would have cheerfully encountered even greater risks to secure their object. So all-important to the safety of Mabel, indeed, did Jasper deem the possession or the destruction of this canoe, that he had drawn his knife, and stood ready to rip up the bark, in order to render the boat temporarily unserviceable, should anything occur to compel the Delaware and himself to abandon their prize.

In the mean time, the Iroquois, who led the way, proceeded slowly through the water in the direction of his own party, still grasping the canoe, and dragging his reluctant followers in his train. Once Chingachgook raised his tomahawk and was about to bury it in the brain of his confiding and unsuspicious neighbor, but the probability that the death-cry or the floating body might give the alarm, induced that wary

chief to change his purpose. At the next moment he regretted this indecision, for the three who clung to the canoe suddenly found themselves in the centre of a party of no less than four others who were in quest of it.

After the usual brief, characteristic exclamations of satisfaction, the savages eagerly laid hold of the canoe, for all seemed impressed with the necessity of securing this important boat, the one side in order to assail their foes, and the other to secure their retreat. The addition to the party, however, was so unlooked for, and so completely gave the enemy the superiority, that, for a few moments, the ingenuity and address of even the Delaware were at fault. The five Iroquois, who seemed perfectly to understand their errand, pressed forward towards their own shore, without pausing to converse; their object being in truth to obtain the paddles, which they had previously secured, and to embark three or four warriors, with all their rifles and powder-horns, the want of which had alone prevented their crossing the river by swimming as soon as it was dark.

In this manner the body of friends and foes united reached the margin of the eastern channel, where, as in the case of the western, the river was too deep to be waded. Here a short pause succeeded, it being necessary to determine the manner in which the canoe was to be carried across. One of the four who had just reached the boat, was a chief, and the habitual deference which the American Indian pays to merit, experience, and station, kept the others silent until this individual had spoken.

The halt greatly added to the danger of discovering the presence of Jasper, in particular, who, however, had the precaution to throw the cap he wore into the bottom of the canoe. Being without his jacket and shirt, the outline of his figure, in the obscurity, would now be less likely to attract observation. His position, too, at the stern of the canoe, a little favored his concealment, the Iroquois naturally keeping their looks directed the other way. Not so with Chingachgook. This warrior was literally in the midst of his most deadly foes, and he could scarcely stir without touching one of them. Yet he was apparently unmoved, though he kept all his senses on the alert, in readiness to escape, or to strike a blow at the proper moment. By carefully abstaining from looking towards those behind him, he lessened the chances of discovery, and waited with the indomitable patience of an Indian for the instant when he should be required to act.

"Let all my young men, but two, one at each end of the canoe, cross and get their arms," said the Iroquois chief. "Let the two push over the boat."

The Indians quietly obeyed, leaving Jasper at the stern, and the Iroquois who had found the canoe at the bow of the light craft, Chingachgook burying himself so deep in the river, as to be passed by the others

without detection. The splashing in the water, the tossing arms and the calls of one to another, soon announced that the four who had last joined the party were already swimming. As soon as this fact was certain, the Delaware rose, resumed his former station, and began to think the moment for action was come.

One less habitually under self-restraint than this warrior would probably have now aimed his meditated blow; but Chingachgook knew there were more Iroquois behind him on the rift, and he was a warrior much too trained and experienced to risk anything unnecessarily. He suffered the Indian at the bow of the canoe to push off into the deep water, and then all three were swimming in the direction of the eastern shore. Instead, however, of helping the canoe across the swift current, no sooner did the Delaware and Jasper find themselves within the influence of its greatest force, than both began to swim in a way to check their further progress across the stream. Nor was this done suddenly, or in the incautious manner in which a civilized man would have been apt to attempt the artifice, but warily, and so gradually that the Iroquois at the bow fancied at first he was merely struggling against the strength of the current. Of course, while acted on by these opposing efforts, the canoe drifted down the stream, and in about a minute it was floating in still deeper water at the foot of the rift. Here, however, the Iroquois was not slow in finding that something unusual retarded their advance, and looking back, he first learned that he was resisted by the efforts of his companions.

That second nature, which grows up through habit, instantly told the young Iroquois that he was alone with enemies. Dashing the water aside, he sprang at the throat of Chingachgook, and the two Indians, relinquishing their hold of the canoe, seized each other like tigers. In the midst of the darkness of that gloomy night, and floating in an element so dangerous to man, when engaged in deadly strife, they appeared to forget everything but their fell animosity, and their mutual desire to conquer.

Jasper had now complete command of the canoe, which flew off like a feather impelled by the breath, under the violent reaction of the struggles of the two combatants. The first impulse of the youth was to swim to the aid of the Delaware, but the importance of securing the boat presented itself with tenfold force, while he listened to the heavy breathings of the warriors as they throttled each other, and he proceeded as fast as possible towards the western shore. This he soon reached, and after a short search, he succeeded in discovering the remainder of the party, and in procuring his clothes. A few words sufficed to explain the situation in which he had left the Delaware, and the manner in which the canoe had been obtained.

When those who had been left behind had heard the explanations of Jasper, a profound stillness reigned among them, each listening intently in the vain hope of catching some clew to the result of the fearful struggle that had just taken place, if it were not still going on in the water. Nothing was audible beyond the steady roar of the rushing river; it being a part of the policy of their enemies on the opposite shore to observe the most death-like stillness.

"Take this paddle, Jasper," said Pathfinder, calmly, though the listeners thought his voice sounded more melancholy than usual, "and follow with your own canoe. It is unsafe for us to remain here longer."

"But the Serpent?"

"The Great Sarpent is in the hands of his own Deity, and will live or die according to the intentions of Providence. We can do him no good, and may risk too much by remaining here in idleness, like women talking over their distresses. This darkness is very precious"—

A loud, long, piercing yell came from the shore, and cut short the words of the guide.

"What is the meaning of that uproar, Master Pathfinder?" demanded Cap. "It sounds more like the outcries of devils than anything that can come from the throats of Christians and men."

"Christians they are not, and do not pretend to be, and do not wish to be; and in calling them devils you have scarcely misnamed them. That yell is one of rejoicing, and it is as conquerors they have given it. The body of the Sarpent, no doubt, dead or alive, is in their power!"

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

[*The Pioneers.* 1822.]

THE day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sound: it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried,—

"Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire, by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth: "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upwards, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa,

tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far

beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination, it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal, your bonnet hides the creatur's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-Stocking rushed by her. and he called aloud,—

"Come in, Hector, come in, old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded

panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

THE FAREWELL OF LEATHER-STOCKING.

[*From the Same.*]

THE place at which they arrived was the little spot of level ground, where the cabin of the Leather-Stocking had so long stood. Elizabeth found it entirely cleared of rubbish, and beautifully laid down in turf, by the removal of sods, which, in common with the surrounding country, had grown gay, under the influence of profuse showers, as if a second spring had passed over the land. This little place was surrounded by a circle of mason-work, and they entered by a small gate, near which, to the surprise of both, the rifle of Natty was leaning against the wall. Hector and the slut reposed on the grass by its side, as if conscious that, however altered, they were lying on the ground, and were surrounded by objects, with which they were familiar. The hunter himself was stretched on the earth, before a head-stone of white marble, pushing aside with his fingers the long grass that had already sprung up from the luxuriant soil around its base, apparently to lay bare the inscription. By the side of this stone, which was a simple slab at the head of a grave, stood a rich monument, decorated with an urn, and ornamented with the chisel.

Oliver and Elizabeth approached the graves with a light tread, unheard by the old hunter, whose sunburnt face was working, and whose eyes twinkled as if something impeded their vision. After some little time. Natty raised himself slowly from the ground, and said aloud,—

"Well, well—I'm bold to say it's all right! There's something that I suppose is reading; but I can't make anything of it; though the pipe and the tomahawk, and the moccasons, be pretty well—pretty well, for a man that, I dares to say, never seed 'ither of the things. Ah's me! there they lie, side by side, happy enough! Who will there be to put me in the 'arth when my time comes?"

"When that unfortunate hour arrives, Natty, friends shall not be wanting to perform the last offices for you," said Oliver, a little touched at the hunter's soliloquy.

The old man turned, without manifesting surprise, for he had got the Indian habits in this particular, and running his hand under the bottom of his nose, seemed to wipe away his sorrow with the action.

"You've come out to see the graves, children, have ye?" he said; "well, well, they're wholesome sights to young as well as old."

"I hope they are fitted to your liking," said Effingham; "no one has a better right than yourself to be consulted in the matter."

"Why, seeing that I ain't used to fine graves," returned the old man, "it is but little matter consarning my taste. Ye laid the Major's head to the west, and Mohegan's to the east, did ye, lad?"

"At your request it was done."

"It's so best," said the hunter; "they thought they had to journey different ways, children; though there is One greater than all, who'll bring the just together, at his own time, and who'll whiten the skin of a black-moor, and place him on a footing with princes."

"There is but little reason to doubt that," said Elizabeth, whose decided tones were changed to a soft, melancholy voice; "I trust we shall all meet again, and be happy together."

"Shall we, child, shall we?" exclaimed the hunter, with unusual fervor; "there's comfort in that thought too. But before I go, I should like to know what 'tis you tell these people, that be flocking into the country like pigeons in the spring, of the old Delaware, and of the bravest white man that ever trod the hills."

Effingham and Elizabeth were surprised at the manner of the Leather-Stocking, which was unusually impressive and solemn; but, attributing it to the scene, the young man turned to the monument, and read aloud,—

"'Sacred to the memory of Oliver Effingham, Esquire, formerly a Major in his B. Majesty's 60th Foot; a soldier of tried valor; a subject of chivalrous loyalty; and a man of honesty. To these virtues, he added the graces of a Christian. The morning of his life was spent in honor, wealth, and power; but its evening was obscured by poverty, neglect, and disease, which were alleviated only by the tender care of his old, faithful, and upright friend and attendant, Nathaniel Bumppo. His descendants rear this stone to the virtues of the master, and to the enduring gratitude of the servant.'"

The Leather-Stocking stared at the sound of his own name, and a smile of joy illumined his wrinkled features, as he said,—

"And did ye say it, lad? have you then got the old man's name cut in the stone by the side of his master's? God bless ye, children! 'twas a kind thought, and kindness goes to the heart as life shortens."

Elizabeth turned her back to the speakers. Effingham made a fruitless effort before he succeeded in saying,—

"It is there cut in plain marble; but it should have been written in letters of gold!"

"Show me the name, boy," said Natty, with simple eagerness; "let me see my own name placed in such honor. 'Tis a gin'rous gift to a

man who leaves none of his name and family behind him, in a country where he has tarried so long."

Effingham guided his finger to the spot, and Natty followed the windings of the letters to the end with deep interest, when he raised himself from the tomb, and said,—

"I suppose it's all right; and it's kindly thought, and kindly done! But what have ye put over the red-skin?"

"You shall hear:—

"'This stone is raised to the memory of an Indian chief, of the Delaware tribe, who was known by the several names of John Mohegan; Mohican'"—

"Mo-hee-can, lad, they call theirselves! 'he-can."

"Mohican; 'and Chingagook'"—

"'Gach, boy; 'gach-gook; Chingachgook, which, intarpreted, means Big Sarpent. The name should be set down right, for an Indian's name has always some meaning in it."

"I will see it altered. 'He was the last of his people who continued to inhabit this country; and it may be said of him, that his faults were those of an Indian, and his virtues those of a man.'"

"You never said truer word, Mr. Oliver; ah's me! if you had knowed him as I did, in his prime, in that very battle where the old gentleman, who sleeps by his side, saved his life, when them thieves, the Iroquois, had him at the stake, you'd have said all that, and more too. I cut the thongs with this very hand, and gave him my own tomahawk and knife, seeing that the rifle was always my fav'rite weapon. He did lay about him like a man! I met him as I was coming home from the trail, with eleven Mingo scalps on his pole. You needn't shudder, Madam Effingham, for they was all from shaved heads and warriors. When I look about me, at these hills, where I could count sometimes twenty smokes, curling over the tree-tops, from the Delaware camps, it raises mournful thoughts, to think that not a red-skin is left of them all; unless it be a drunken vagabond from the Oneidas, or them Yankee Indians, who, they say, be moving up from the sea-shore; and who belong to none of God's creaturs, to my seeming, being, as it were, neither fish nor flesh—neither white man nor savage. Well, well! the time has come at last, and I must go"—

"Go!" echoed Edwards, "whither do you go?"

The Leather-Stocking, who had imbibed, unconsciously, many of the Indian qualities, though he always thought of himself as of a civilized being, compared with even the Delawares, averted his face to conceal the workings of his muscles, as he stooped to lift a large pack from behind the tomb, which he placed deliberately on his shoulders.

"Go!" exclaimed Elizabeth, approaching him with a hurried step; "you should not venture so far in the woods alone, at your time of life,

Natty; indeed, it is imprudent. He is bent, Effingham, on some distant hunting."

"What Mrs. Effingham tells you is true, Leather-Stocking," said Edwards; "there can be no necessity for your submitting to such hardships now! So throw aside your pack, and confine your hunt to the mountains near us, if you will go."

"Hardship! 'tis a pleasure, children, and the greatest that is left me on this side the grave."

"No, no; you shall not go to such a distance," cried Elizabeth, laying her white hand on his deerskin pack; "I am right! I feel his camp-kettle, and a canister of powder! he must not be suffered to wander so far from us, Oliver; remember how suddenly Mohegan dropped away."

"I knowed the parting would come hard, children; I knowed it would!" said Natty, "and so I got aside to look at the graves by myself, and thought if I left ye the keepsake which the Major gave me, when we first parted in the woods, ye wouldn't take it unkind, but would know, that, let the old man's body go where it might, his feelings stayed behind him."

"This means something more than common!" exclaimed the youth; "where is it, Natty, that you purpose going?"

The hunter drew nigh him with a confident, reasoning air, as if what he had to say would silence all objections, and replied,—

"Why, lad, they tell me that on the Big Lakes there's the best of hunting, and a great range, without a white man on it, unless it may be one like myself. I'm weary of living in clearings, and where the hammer is sounding in my ears from sunrise to sundown. And though I'm much bound to ye both, children—I wouldn't say it if it was not true—I crave to go into the woods ag'in, I do."

"Woods!" echoed Elizabeth, trembling with her feelings; "do you not call these endless forests woods?"

"Ah! child, these be nothing to a man that's used to the wilderness. I have took but little comfort sin' your father come on with his settlers; but I wouldn't go far, while the life was in the body that lies under the sod there. But now he's gone, and Chingachgook is gone; and you be both young and happy. Yes! the big house has rung with merriment this month past! And now, I thought, was the time to try to get a little comfort in the close of my days. Woods! indeed! I doesn't call these woods, Madam Effingham, where I lose myself every day of my life in the clearings."

"If there be anything wanting to your comfort, name it, Leather-Stocking; if it be attainable it is yours."

"You mean all for the best, lad; I know it; and so does Madam, too: but your ways isn't my ways. 'Tis like the dead there, who thought,

when the breath was in them, that one went east, and one went west, to find their heavens; but they'll meet at last; and so shall we, children. Yes, ind as you've begun, and we shall meet in the land of the just at last."

"This is so new! so unexpected!" said Elizabeth, in almost breathless excitement; "I had thought you meant to live with us and die with us, Natty."

"Words are of no avail," exclaimed her husband; "the habits of forty years are not to be dispossessed by the ties of a day. I know you too well to urge you further, Natty; unless you will let me build you a hut on one of the distant hills, where we can sometimes see you, and know that you are comfortable."

"Don't fear for the Leather-Stocking, children; God will see that his days be provided for, and his ind happy. I know you mean all for the best, but our ways doesn't agree. I love the woods, and ye relish the face of man; I eat when hungry, and drink when a-dry; and ye keep stated hours and rules: nay, nay, you even overfeed the dogs, lad, from pure kindness; and hounds should be gaunty to run well. The meanest of God's creaturs be made for some use, and I'm formed for the wilderness; if ye love me, let me go where my soul craves to be ag'in!"

The appeal was decisive; and not another word of entreaty for him to remain was then uttered; but Elizabeth bent her head to her bosom and wept, while her husband dashed away the tears from his eyes; and, with hands that almost refused to perform their office, he produced his pocket-book, and extended a parcel of bank-notes to the hunter.

"Take these," he said, "at least take these; secure them about your person, and in the hour of need they will do you good service."

The old man took the notes, and examined them with a curious eye.

"This, then, is some of the new-fashioned money that they've been making at Albany, out of paper! It can't be worth much to they that hasn't l'arning! No, no, lad—take back the stuff; it will do me no sarvice. I took kear to get all the Frenchman's powder afore he broke up, and they say lead grows where I'm going. It isn't even fit for wads, seeing that I use none but leather! Madam Effingham, let an old man kiss your hand, and wish God's choicest blessings on you and your'n."

"Once more let me beseech you, stay!" cried Elizabeth. "Do not, Leather-Stocking, leave me to grieve for the man who has twice rescued me from death, and who has served those I love so faithfully. For my sake, if not for your own, stay. I shall see you in those frightful dreams that still haunt my nights, dying in poverty and age, by the side of those terrific beasts you slew. There will be no evil, that sickness, want, and solitude can inflict, that my fancy will not conjure as your fate. Stay with us, old man, if not for your own sake, at least for ours."

"Such thoughts and bitter dreams, Madam Effingham," returned the hunter, solemnly, "will never haunt an innocent parson long. They'll pass away with God's pleasure. And if the catamounts be yet brought to your eyes in sleep, 'tis not for my sake, but to show you the power of Him that led me there to save you. Trust in God, Madam, and your honorable husband, and the thoughts for an old man like me can never be long nor bitter. I pray that the Lord will keep you in mind—the Lord that lives in clearings as well as in the wilderness—and bless you, and all that belong to you, from this time till the great day when the whites shall meet the red-skins in judgment, and justice shall be the law, and not power."

Elizabeth raised her head, and offered her colorless cheek to his salute, when he lifted his cap and touched it respectfully. His hand was grasped with convulsive fervor by the youth, who continued silent. The hunter prepared himself for his journey, drawing his belt tighter, and wasting his moments in the little reluctant movements of a sorrowful departure. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but a rising in his throat prevented it. At length he shouldered his rifle, and cried with a clear huntsman's call that echoed through the woods,—

"He-e-e-re, he-e-e-re, pups—away, dogs, away; ye'll be footsore afore ye see the ind of the journey!"

The hounds leaped from the earth at this cry, and scenting around the graves and the silent pair, as if conscious of their own destination, they followed humbly at the heels of their master. A short pause succeeded, during which even the youth concealed his face on his grandfather's tomb. When the pride of manhood, however, had suppressed the feelings of nature, he turned to renew his entreaties, but saw that the cemetery was occupied only by himself and his wife.

"He is gone!" cried Effingham.

Elizabeth raised her face, and saw the old hunter standing, looking back for a moment, on the verge of the wood. As he caught their glances, he drew his hard hand hastily across his eyes again, waved it on high for an adieu, and uttering a forced cry to his dogs, who were crouching at his feet, he entered the forest.

This was the last that they ever saw of the Leather-Stocking, whose rapid movements preceded the pursuit which Judge Temple both ordered and conducted. He had gone far towards the setting sun,—the foremost in that band of pioneers who are opening the way for the march of the nation across the continent.

Richard Henry Wilde.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, 1789. Died in New Orleans, La., 1847.

STANZAS.

[*Inscribed to Ellen Adair—Mrs. White-Beatty—Daughter of Gen. John Adair, of Kentucky.*]

MY life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

WINGED mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,

As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

James Abraham Hillhouse.

Born in New Haven, Conn., 1789. Died there, 1841.

THE DEMON-LOVER.

[*Scene from "Hadad."—Dramas, etc., by J. A. Hillhouse.* 1839.]

The terraced roof of Absalom's *house, by night; adorned with vases of flowers, and fragrant shrubs; an awning spread over part of it.* Tamar *and* Hadad.

Tam. No, no, I well remember—proofs, you said,
Unknown to Moses.
Had. Well, my love, thou knowest
I've been a traveller in various climes;
Trod Ethiopia's scorching sands, and scaled
The snow-clad mountains; trusted to the deep;
Traversed the fragrant islands of the sea,
And with the Wise conversed of many nations.
Tam. I know thou hast.
Had. Of all mine eyes have seen,
The greatest, wisest, and most wonderful,
Is that dread sage, the Ancient of the Mountain.
Tam. Who?
Had. None knows his lineage, age, or name: his locks
Are like the snows of Caucasus; his eyes
Beam with the wisdom of collected ages.
In green, unbroken years, he sees, 'tis said,
The generations pass, like autumn fruits,
Garnered, consumed, and springing fresh to life,
Again to perish, while he views the sun,
The seasons roll, in rapt serenity,
And high communion with celestial powers.
Some say 'tis Shem, our father, some say Enoch,
And some Melchizedek.
Tam. I've heard a tale
Like this, but never believed it.
Had. I have proved it.—
Through perils dire, dangers most imminent,
Seven days and nights 'midst rocks and wildernesses,
And boreal snows, and never-thawing ice,

Where not a bird, a beast, a living thing,
Save the far-soaring vulture comes, I dared
My desperate way, resolved to know, or perish.
TAM. Rash, rash adventurer!
HAD. On the highest peak
Of stormy Caucasus, there blooms a spot
On which perpetual sunbeams play, where flowers
And verdure never die; and there he dwells.
TAM. But did'st thou see him?
HAD. Never did I view
Such awful majesty: his reverend locks
Hung like a silver mantle to his feet,
His raiment glistered saintly white, his brow
Rose like the gate of Paradise, his mouth
Was musical as its bright guardians' songs.
TAM. What did he tell thee? Oh! what wisdom fell
From lips so hallowed?
HAD. Whether he possess
The Tetragrammaton,—the powerful Name
Inscribed on Moses' rod, by which he wrought
Unheard of wonders, which constrains the Heavens
To part with blessings, shakes the earth, and rules
The strongest Spirits; or if God hath given
A delegated power, I cannot tell.
But 'twas from him I learned their fate, their fall,
Who, erewhile, wore resplendent crowns in Heaven;
Now, scattered through the earth, the air, the sea.
Them he compels to answer, and from them
Has drawn what Moses, nor no mortal ear,
Has ever heard.
TAM. But did he tell it thee?
HAD. He told me much,—more than I dare reveal;
For with a dreadful oath he sealed my lips.
TAM. But canst thou tell me nothing?—Why unfold
So much, if I must hear no more?
HAD. You bade
Explain my words, almost reproached me, sweet,
For what by accident escaped me.
TAM. Ah!
A little—something tell me,—sure, not all
Were words inhibited.
HAD. Then, promise never,
Never to utter of this conference
A breath to mortal.
TAM. Solemnly I vow.
HAD. Even then, 'tis little I can say, compared
With all the marvels he related.
TAM. Come,
I'm breathless.—Tell me how they sinned, how fell.
HAD. Their Prince involved them in his ruin.

TAM. What black offence on his devoted head
Drew such dire punishment?
HAD. The wish to be
As the All-Perfect.
TAM. Arrogating that
Peculiar to his Maker!——awful crime!
But what their doom? their place of punishment?
HAD. Above, about, beneath; earth, sea, and air;
Their habitations various as their minds,
Employments, and desires.
TAM. But are they round us, Hadad?—not confined
In penal chains and darkness?
HAD. So he said;
And so your holy books infer. What saith
Your Prophet? what the Prince of Uz?
TAM. I shudder,
Lest some dark Minister be near us now.
HAD. You wrong them. They are bright Intelligences,
Robbed of some native splendor, and cast down,
'Tis true, from Heaven; but not deformed, and foul,
Revengeful, malice-working Fiends, as fools
Suppose. They dwell, like Princes, in the clouds;
Sun their bright pinions in the middle sky;
Or arch their palaces beneath the hills,
With stones inestimable studded so,
That sun or stars were useless there.
TAM. Good heavens!
HAM. He bade me look on rugged Caucasus,
Crag piled on crag beyond the utmost ken,
Naked, and wild, as if creation's ruins
Were heaped in one immeasurable chain
Of barren mountains, beaten by the storms
Of everlasting winter. But within
Are glorious palaces, and domes of light,
Irradiate halls, and crystal colonnades,
Blazing with lustre past the noontide beam,
Or, with a milder beauty, mimicking
The mystic signs of changeful Mazzaroth.
TAM. Unheard of wonders!
HAD. There they dwell, and muse,
And wander; Beings beautiful, immortal,
Minds vast as heaven, capacious as the sky;
Whose thoughts connect past, present, and to come,
And glow with light intense, imperishable.
So in the sparry chambers of the Sea
And Air-Pavilions, upper Tabernacles,
They study Nature's secrets, and enjoy
No poor dominion.
TAM. Are they beautiful,
And powerful far beyond the human race?

HAD. Man's feeble heart cannot conceive it. When
The Sage described them, fiery eloquence
Broke from his lips, his bosom heaved, his eyes
Grew bright and mystical; moved by the theme,
Like one who feels a deity within.
TAM. Wondrous!—What intercourse have they with men?
HAD. Sometimes they deign to intermix with man,
But oft with woman.
TAM. Ha! with woman?
HAD. She
Attracts them with her gentler virtues, soft,
And beautiful, and heavenly, like themselves.
They have been known to love her with a passion
Stronger than human.
TAM. That surpasses all
You yet have told me.
HAD. This the Sage affirms;
And Moses, darkly.
TAM. How do they appear?—How love?—
HAD. Sometimes 'tis spiritual, signified
By beatific dreams, or more distinct
And glorious apparition.—They *have* stooped
To animate a human form, and love
Like mortals.
TAM. Frightful to be so beloved!—
Frightful! who could endure the horrid thought?
HAD. [*After a pause.*] But why contemn a Spirit's love? so high,
So glorious, if he haply deigned?—
TAM. Forswear
My Maker! love a Demon!
HAD. No—Oh, no,—
My thoughts but wandered—Oft, alas! they wander.
TAM. Why dost thou speak so sadly now?—And lo!
Thine eyes are fixed again upon Arcturus.
Thus ever, when thy drooping spirits ebb,
Thou gazest on that star. Hath it the power
To cause or cure thy melancholy mood?——
[*He appears lost in thought.*]
Tell me,—ascrib'st thou influence to the stars?
HAD. [*Starting.*] The stars!——What know'st thou of the stars?
TAM. I know that they were made to rule the night.
HAD. Like palace lamps! Thou echoest well thy grandsire!——
Woman! The stars are living, glorious,
Amazing, infinite!——
TAM. Speak not so wildly.—
I know them numberless, resplendent, set
As symbols of the countless, countless years
That make eternity.
HAD. Thou speak'st the word——
O, had ye proved—like those Great Sufferers,—

Shot, once for all, the gulf,—felt myriad ages
Only the prelude,—could ye scan the void
With eyes as searching as its torments,——
Then—then—mightst thou pronounce it feelingly!

TAM. What ails thee, Hadad?—Draw me not so close.

HAD. Tamar! I need thy love—more than thy love—

TAM. Thy cheek is wet with tears—Nay, let us part—
'Tis late. I cannot, must not linger.—

[*Breaks from him, and exit.*]

HAD. Loved and abhorred!—Still, still accursed!—

[*He paces, twice or thrice, up and down with passionate gestures; then turns his face to the sky, and stands a moment in silence.*]

O! where,
In the illimitable space, in what
Profound of untried misery, when all
His worlds, his rolling orbs of light, that fill
With life and beauty yonder infinite,
Their radiant journey run, forever set,
Where, where, in what abyss shall I be groaning?

[*Exit.*]

John Wakefield Francis.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1789. DIED there, 1861.

AN EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

[*Inaugural Address before the New York Academy of Medicine.* 1848.]

I WELL remember the evening, now some thirty years ago, when my valued preceptor, Dr. Hosack, returned home to meet his friends at a special entertainment at his own house; he apologized for his absence so long from his guests, and then turning to the distinguished statesman, Gouverneur Morris, he exclaimed, "Mr. Morris, I have been detained with some friends, who together this evening have founded a Philosophical Society." "Indeed!" responded the great politician. "Yes, sir," repeated the Doctor, "we have indeed this evening founded a Philosophical Society." "Well, well, that's no difficult matter," rejoined Morris, "but pray, Doctor, where are the philosophers?" The Doctor was quite embarrassed.

PROFESSOR MITCHILL'S REFORMATION OF "MOTHER GOOSE."

[*Reminiscences of Samuel Latham Mitchill.* 1859.]

I WAS repeatedly curious enough to interrogate him as to the question what agency he had had in the modification of the New England Primer, and whether, at his suggestion, the old poetry, "Whales in the sea God's voice obey," had been transformed into the equally sonorous lines, "By Washington great deeds were done." In one of my morning vists to him, at his residence in White Street, about the time that Jeffrey, the celebrated Edinburgh critic, had called upon him, to take the dimensions of a universal philosopher, the learned Doctor was engaged in writing a series of minor poems for the nursery; for his nursery literature, like his knowledge of botanical writers, had scarcely any limitation. "You are acquainted," says he, "with the nursery rhymes commencing 'Four-and-twenty blackbirds?' They abound with errors," added he, "and the infantile mind is led astray by the acquisition of such verses. I have thus altered them this morning: 'When the pie was open, the birds they were songless; was not that a pretty dish to set before the Congress?' I thus correct," added the doctor, "the error that might be imbibed in infancy of the musical functions of cooked birds; and while I discard the King of Great Britain, with whom we have nothing to do, I give them some knowledge of our general government, by specifying our Congress." These trifles show how intense was his Americanism. When he declared, in his ingenious effusion on "Freedom and Fredonia,"

> "Not Plato in his Phædon
> Excels the chief of Fredon,"

his democracy and his admiration of the philosopher Jefferson, then President, was complete.

Hannah Flagg Gould.

BORN in Lancaster, Mass., 1789. DIED at Newburyport, Mass., 1865.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.

As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been, to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Jared Sparks.

BORN in Willington, Conn., 1789. DIED at Cambridge, Mass., 1866.

INDIAN POLICY IN 1763.

[*The Works of Benjamin Franklin. With a Life of the Author.* 1836–40.]

IN the month of December, a tragical occurrence took place in Lancaster County, as revolting to humanity, as it was disgraceful to the country. At the Conestogo manor, resided the remnant of a tribe of Indians, which had dwindled down to twenty persons, men, women, and children. Their chief, a venerable old man, who had assisted at the second treaty held with the Indian tribes by William Penn, more than sixty years before, had from that day lived on terms of friendship with his white neighbors, and he and his people had ever been distinguished for their peaceable and inoffensive behavior. The little village of huts, which they occupied, was surrounded in the night by fifty-seven armed men, who came on horseback from two of the frontier townships, and every individual then present was massacred in cold blood. The old chief was murdered in his bed. It happened, that six persons only were at home, the other fourteen being absent among the surrounding

whites. These Indians were collected by the magistrates of Lancaster, brought to the town, and put into the workhouse as the place of greatest safety.

When the news of this atrocious act came to Philadelphia, the Governor issued a proclamation, calling on all justices, sheriffs, and other public officers civil and military, to make diligent search for the perpetrators of the crime, and cause them to be apprehended and confined in the jails, till they could be tried by the laws. In defiance of this proclamation, fifty of these barbarians, armed as before, marched into the town of Lancaster, broke open the door of the workhouse, and deliberately murdered every Indian it contained; and, strange as it may seem, the magistrates and other inhabitants were mute spectators of this scene of horror, without attempting to rescue the unhappy victims from their fate. Not one of the murderers was apprehended, the laws and the Governor's authority being alike disregarded.

Such an outrage upon humanity, and so daring a violation of all laws human and divine, could not but kindle the indignation of every benevolent mind, and fill with alarm every friend of social order. To exhibit the transaction in its proper colors before the public, Franklin wrote a *Narrative of the late Massacres in Lancaster County;* usually called the *Paxton Murders*, because many of the rioters belonged to a frontier town of that name. After a brief and impressive relation of the facts, he cites examples from history to show, that even heathens, in the rudest stages of civilization, had never tolerated such crimes as had here been perpetrated in the heart of a Christian community.

Appealing to the inhabitants, he says: "Let us rouse ourselves, for shame, and redeem the honor of our province from the contempt of its neighbors; let all good men join heartily and unanimously in support of the laws, and in strengthening the hands of government; that justice may be done, the wicked punished, and the innocent protected; otherwise we can, as a people, expect no blessing from Heaven; there will be no security for our persons or properties; anarchy and confusion will prevail over all; and violence without judgment dispose of everything." The style of this pamphlet is more vehement and rhetorical, than is common in the author's writings, but it is characterized by the peculiar clearness and vigor which mark all his compositions.

But neither the able exposure of the wickedness of the act, nor the eloquent and passionate appeal to the sensibilities of the people, contained in this performance, could stifle the spirit that was abroad, or check the fury with which it raged. The friendly Indians throughout the province, some of whom had been converted to Christianity by the Moravians, were alarmed at this war of extermination waged against their race. One hundred and forty of them fled for protection to Phila-

delphia. For a time they were kept in safety on Province Island, near the city. When the insurgents threatened to march down and put them all to death, the Assembly resolved to repel them by force. The fugitives were taken into the city, and secured in the barracks.

There being no regular militia, Franklin, at the request of the Governor, formed a military Association, as he had done on another occasion in a time of public danger. Nine companies were organized, and nearly a thousand citizens embodied themselves under arms. The insurgents advanced as far as Germantown, within six miles of Philadelphia, where, hearing of the preparation that had been made to protect the Indians, they thought it prudent to pause. Taking advantage of this crisis, the Governor and Council appointed Franklin and three other gentlemen to go out and meet them, and endeavor to turn them from their purpose. This mission was successful. Finding it impossible to carry their design into execution, they were at last prevailed upon to return peaceably to their homes.

Two persons were deputed by the rioters, before they separated, to be the bearers of their complaints to the Governor and the Assembly. This was done by a memorial to the Governor in behalf of the inhabitants of the frontier settlements. Divers grievances were enumerated, particularly the distresses they suffered from the savages, who had murdered defenceless families, and been guilty in numerous instances of the most barbarous cruelties. Much sophistry was used to extenuate, or rather to defend, the conduct of those, who, driven to desperation, had determined to make an indiscriminate slaughter of the Indians. It was alleged, that the friendship of these Indians was only a pretence; that they harbored traitors among them, who sent intelligence to the war parties and abetted their atrocities; that retaliation was justifiable, the war being against the Indians as a nation, of which every tribe and individual constituted a part.

With such reasoning as this the multitude was satisfied. Religious frenzy suggested another argument. Joshua had been commanded to destroy the heathen. The Indians were heathens; hence there was a divine command to exterminate them. Another memorial, with fifteen hundred signatures, was sent to the Assembly. They were both referred to a committee, but, the Governor declining to support the measures recommended, no further steps were taken.

The character and result of these extraordinary proceedings show, in the first place, that the criminal outrages were approved by a large party in the province; and next, that the government, either from want of intelligence and firmness in the head, or of union in the parts, was too feeble to execute justice and preserve public order. Great credit is due to the agency of Franklin, in stopping the tide of insurrection and

quieting the commotions. By his personal exertions and influence, as well as by his pen, he labored to strengthen the arm of government, diffuse correct sentiments among the people, and maintain the supremacy of the laws.

MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

[*Remarks on American History.* 1837.]

THE acts of the Revolution derive dignity and interest from the character of the actors, and the nature and magnitude of the events. It has been remarked, that in all great political revolutions, men have arisen, possessed of extraordinary endowments, adequate to the exigency of the time. It is true enough, that such revolutions, or any remarkable and continued exertions of human power, must be brought to pass by corresponding qualities in the agents; but whether the occasion makes the men, or men the occasion, may not always be ascertained with exactness. In either case, however, no period has been adorned with examples more illustrious, or more perfectly adapted to the high destiny awaiting them, than that of the American Revolution.

Statesmen were at hand, who, if not skilled in the art of governing empires, were thoroughly imbued with the principles of just government, intimately acquainted with the history of former ages, and, above all, with the condition, sentiments, and feelings of their countrymen. If there were no Richelieus nor Mazarines, no Cecils nor Chathams, in America, there were men, who, like Themistocles, knew how to raise a small state to glory and greatness.

The eloquence and the internal counsels of the Old Congress were never recorded; we know them only in their results; but that assembly, with no other power than that conferred by the suffrage of the people, with no other influence than that of their public virtue and talents, and without precedent to guide their deliberations, unsupported even by the arm of law or of ancient usages—that assembly levied troops, imposed taxes, and for years not only retained the confidence and upheld the civil existence of a distracted country, but carried through a perilous war under its most aggravating burdens of sacrifice and suffering. Can we imagine a situation, in which were required higher moral courage, more intelligence and talent, a deeper insight into human nature and the principles of social and political organizations, or, indeed, any of those qualities which constitute greatness of character in a statesman? See, likewise, that work of wonder, the Confederation, a union of independent states, constructed in the very heart of a desolating war, but with a beauty and

strength, imperfect as it was, of which the ancient leagues of the Amphictyons, the Achæans, the Lycians, and the modern confederacies of Germany, Holland, Switzerland, afford neither exemplar nor parallel.

In their foreign affairs these same statesmen showed no less sagacity and skill, taking their stand boldly in the rank of nations, maintaining it there, competing with the tactics of practised diplomacy, and extorting from the powers of the old world not only the homage of respect, but the proffers of friendship.

The military events of the Revolution, which necessarily occupy so much of its history, are not less honorable to the actors, nor less fruitful in the evidences they afford of large design and ability of character. But these we need not recount. They live in the memory of all; we have heard them from the lips of those who saw and suffered; they are inscribed on imperishable monuments; the very hills and plains around us tell of achievements which can never die; and the day will come, when the traveller, who has gazed and pondered at Marathon and Waterloo, will linger on the mount where Prescott fought and Warren fell, and say—here is the field where man has struggled in his most daring conflict; here is the field where liberty poured out her noblest blood, and won her brightest and most enduring laurels.

Happy was it for America, happy for the world, that a great name, a guardian genius, presided over her destinies in war, combining more than the virtues of the Roman Fabius and the Theban Epaminondas, and compared with whom, the conquerors of the world, the Alexanders and Cæsars, are but pageants crimsoned with blood and decked with the trophies of slaughter, objects equally of the wonder and the execration of mankind. The hero of America was the conqueror only of his country's foes, and the hearts of his countrymen. To the one he was a terror, and in the other he gained an ascendancy, supreme, unrivalled, the tribute of admiring gratitude, the reward of a nation's love.

The American armies, compared with the embattled legions of the old world, were small in numbers, but the soul of a whole people centred in the bosom of these more than Spartan bands, and vibrated quickly and keenly with every incident that befell them, whether in their feats of valor, or the acuteness of their sufferings. The country itself was one wide battle-field, in which not merely the life-blood, but the dearest interests, the sustaining hopes, of every individual, were at stake. It was not a war of pride and ambition between monarchs, in which an island or a province might be the award of success; it was a contest for personal liberty and civil rights, coming down in its principles to the very sanctuary of home and the fireside, and determining for every man the measure of responsibility he should hold over his own condition, possessions, and happiness. The spectacle was grand and new, and may

well be cited as the most glowing page in the annals of progressive man.

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied, that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute, that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us, that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this are our safety and our hope; the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance, which they so nobly achieved.

Levi Woodbury.

BORN in Francestown, N. H., 1789. DIED at Portsmouth, N. H., 1851.

FREE TRADE.

[*Writings of Levi Woodbury.* 1852.]

THE system, fully carried out, is a harbinger and guaranty of all these. It is not, like other systems, tainted with exclusiveness. It does not, like them, claim a sort of Divine right for some pursuits, and impute a want of it to others; is not, like them, partial, and so far, unjust; and not, like them, officious, and intermeddling with private busi-

ness and tastes, so as to govern too much, and confide too much in the wisdom of rulers, rather than in the people at large. By pushing the principles of free trade everywhere and into everything, each country will gradually participate more in the advantages of all, and the imperfections of most of them will stand a better chance to be remedied. Facilities will thus be afforded rather than creating interruptions; improvements be attempted rather than obstacles; and securities provided for all interests, rather than neglect or oppression indulged in as to a part. There will then be a growing disposition to propagate widely all benefits, instead of trying to monopolize them; and nations possessing advantages, whether in arts, arms or science, will permit them to be diffused wider, and thus the whole become more civilized, rather than a portion be kept in darkness and subjugation. In this way most modern advances in machinery, as well as valuable inventions of all kinds, not only enrich and strengthen first those who make them, but are spreading quicker and wider; and will, ere long, cheapen consumption as well as production everywhere, and in time fully pervade every people fitted by situation, education, and habits, to improve by them.

It is always a narrow view of commercial as well as moral policy, to seek profit to ourselves by beggaring others. Nothing is gained durably by overtaxing or overreaching others. On the contrary, the wealth of all nations is promoted by the prosperity of all; and the great social principle, as well as sound political wisdom, requires us to be humane and just to all, liberal to all, and to confer benefits on all rather than seek undue advantages. If less wealth were attendant on such a course of free trade, which is not the case generally, there would be more liberty, and hence more satisfaction. Only a crust and liberty are often preferred to splendid bondage. Mankind are willing, when intelligent, to possess less property, if they can, at the same time, enjoy greater freedom,—freedom in action as well as opinion,—extending of course to both government and conscience; and even these are no more gratifying than freedom in employment and business, in pleasure and locomotion of all kinds. We sigh often to have, as did our great progenitor, the whole earth before us where to choose, and Providence our guide. Any climate or soil, any profession or employment, will, as it should, thus become open to the enterprising. They can select where to dwell, where to trade, or to visit, or labor, as inclination or judgment may prompt; and besides being, in this kind of free intercourse, enabled to buy where cheapest and sell where dearest, the fancy and health can be pursued, and happiness in all ways be promoted. Were it otherwise, our nature revolts at restraint. We object to have even wealth forced upon us. We would fain do nothing by compulsion; like Falstaff not even give reasons in that way. People are willing to be taxed higher, if they are

allowed a free voice in imposing and expending the revenue so as to insure more equality. But the consequence of such a free voice is to stimulate industry, enterprise, and trade, and gradually to lessen those burdens which would otherwise increase, and which, unchecked, tend to break down society by impoverishing all who produce and pay, and driving them in the end to repudiation, insurrection, or revolution.

THE IRON WILL OF ANDREW JACKSON.

[*Eulogy on Jackson. Delivered at Portsmouth, N. H., 2 July,* 1845.—*From the Same.*]

BOTH friends and foes have bestowed on him another characteristic,—of being a man of iron will. When this is meant to imply hardness of heart, nothing could be further from the truth, since no child at the sight of suffering overflowed quicker with the milk of human kindness than the stern-visaged warrior. But when it means that his sense of duty was strong, and stronger even than his feelings, the term may not have been misapplied.

His iron will was mere firmness or inflexibility in the cause he deemed right. It was an indomitable resolution to carry out what conscience dictated. Judgment and the fruits of it, opinion and corresponding conduct, it seemed to him ought to be inseparable. He knew of no compromise, or tampering, or half-way measures with what was wrong. This high moral tone, the very highest in the annals of reformers and martyrs the world over, though often imputed to him as a fault, was, in fact, the crowning glory of his character, whether as a man, or a warrior, or a politician. So far from its having proved inconsistent with seeking full advice, and weighing contradictory reasons, and adopting measures of conciliation, where justifiable and wise, it was generally preceded by the amplest inquiries and the most careful deliberation. But a conclusion having been once formed in this manner, the whole powers of his mind and heart were flung into its execution with almost resistless energy; and then, in fortitude to resist opposition, and in courage to brave all difficulties, and inflexible perseverance to carry out measures deemed right, he may well have been called a man of iron,—a man of destiny,—or the hero of the iron will. Nor did this habit, as some have imagined, make him implacable or unforgiving. For, though like others of a warm temperament, making good haters, as well as good lovers and friends, he often forgave his bitterest enemies, and reconciled differences many deemed insuperable. His custom of assuming responsibility in doubtful cases has been another topic of criticism, but was only a branch

of this energetic trait of his character. Blessed with clear perceptions and careful habits of research, he came to more decisive conclusions, and in less time, than most other men; and hence it became his duty under these stronger convictions, to follow them out, and with a manly daring in behalf of what seemed to him right, to act for that right, and act with energy and without fear, whoever else might falter. This, instead of being culpable, seemed at times, amidst fainting and doubting hearts around him, heroic; and if evil was ever connected with it, such a result usually sprung from a defect in forming some opinion, and not in exhibiting the courage and want of hypocrisy to stand by it chivalrously to the last, when not conscious of error.

Catherine Maria Sedgwick.

Born in Stockbridge, Mass., 1789. Died near Roxbury, Mass., 1867.

DANIEL PRIME.

[*Tales and Sketches.* 1858.]

I REMEMBER, when a child, having my curiosity strongly excited by the fag-end of a story which an old family servant was telling to my elders when I entered the room. "But are you sure," asked a gentle lady, who could not give credit to such a demonstration of emotion, "are you sure his hair actually stood up?"

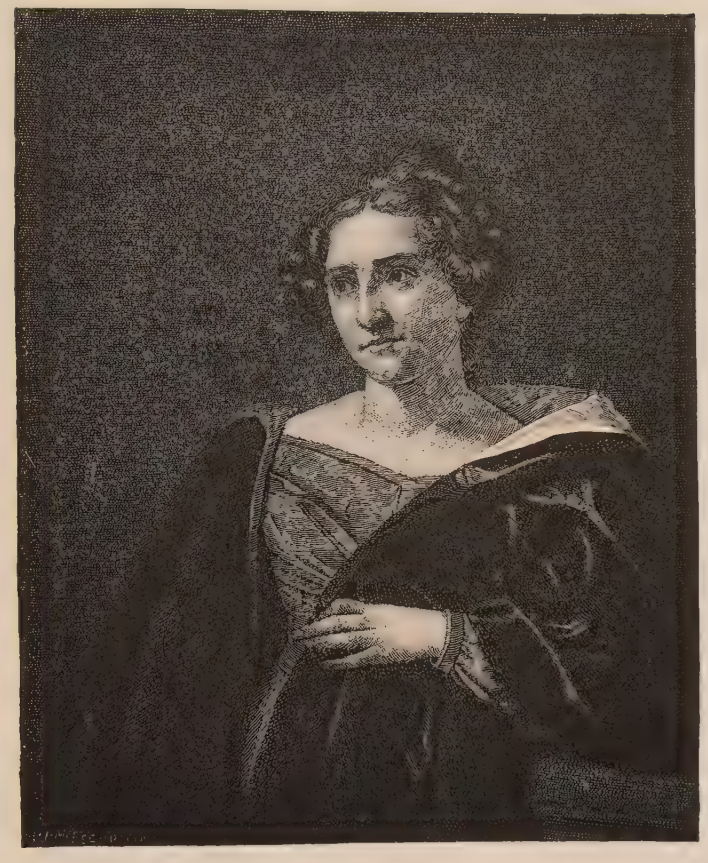
"As sure as that I see you now, ma'am, and an awful sight it was. He was a thick-set, strong-built fellow, with a *tripy* skin—lips, cheeks, forehead, all one color; his eyes were gray and large, and his eyebrows black as jet, and solid; but his hair was considerable gray, and cut shortish—stiff, ugly hair it was—and, altogether, he looked as cruel as a meat-axe. He stood all as one as where ma'am stands now. There were two cotton-wicked candles on the table, burning bright, for I had just snuffed them. The colonel sat in his arm-chair, looking terrible—he could look so on them that *desarved* it—and the clark had his pen in his hand. The colonel gave me a sign; I opened the door, and *he* came in, as it were into that door, right in Prime's face. I kept my eye on Prime. His hair rose and stood on end, straight and stiff as bristles. Every one took notice of it, and often have I heard the colonel speak of it."

"But what made his hair rise?" I naturally asked. "Do not tell her," interposed the aforesaid gentle lady; "it is too horrid a tale for a child's ears." Then followed the trite hint about "little pitchers," and

the promise, usually broken to the hope, that the story should be told me "one of these days." That day did not, however, in this case, prove an illusion. The story was, in due time, told to me by that dear old servant and friend, who was one of the most acute observers I ever knew. On her veracious testimony I now repeat it.

Many more complicated and startling criminal cases may be found among "*les causes célèbres.*" This is chiefly interesting as illustrating the tendency of the indulgence of any one passion of the human mind to destroy its balance, and produce the diseases termed fixidity and monomania. These are, doubtless, actual diseases. The great truth to be learned from them is, that they might, in most instances, be avoided by moral education. The mind cannot safely dwell long and intently on one subject. The effect is precisely analogous to that produced on the physical system by bearing on one muscle—the muscle is inevitably weakened, if not destroyed.

John Dorset was a wealthy yeoman in the south-western part of Massachusetts. His was the best farm under the shadow of the Tahconnic, there where its swelling and lofty summits bound the western horizon of the pretty village of Sheffield. Dorset was a hard-working, sagacious farmer, acute, or, in rustic phrase, close at a bargain, but liberal in his ordinary transactions. "He gave freely of his bread to the poor, and his bountiful eye was blessed." He was violent in his temper and self-willed, liable to sudden bursts of feeling, and governed by impulses. His heart was somewhat like iron, hard and resisting; but, if sufficient heat was applied, it glowed intensely, and might be worked at will. He had a fit helpmate; such as abounded in the good olden time of undisputed authority on the part of the husband and unquestioning submission on that of the wife. Dame Dorset worked diligently with wool and flax, and looked well to the ways of her household; in short, she was a wife after the old Puritan pattern. One only child had this thriving pair, to whom her father gave the name he deemed indicative of the condition and virtues of her sex—Submit—and truly did it express the very essence of her character. She was a gentle, comely, well-nurtured lass. Her father was wont to boast of her accomplishments in such phrases as these: "Submit need not turn her back upon any gal in the New England States. She can spin on the great wheel and the little wheel—" alas! for the cheerful, domestic sounds that have passed away from the farmer's home—" she can make butter and cheese equal to her mother's, roast a pig without cracking the skin, and make an Indian pudding that you can slice like wax; read, write, and cipher, as well as any woman need to, and, what is more than larning, she never disobeyed me in her life!" With such store of accomplishments, and sole apparent heir of John Dorset's wealth, no wonder that the fair Submit heard every day the preliminary



C. M. Selig Wroh

question in the rustic treaty of marriage of that good olden time, "Will you undervaly yourself so much as to overvaly me so much as to keep company with me?" But to none of the aspirants was she known to vouchsafe the propitious response, "No undervalyment at all, sir!"

Submit lost her mother; and her father, seeing his domestic affairs prosper in her hands, and loving her with all the strength of his undivided affection, was well pleased with her maidenly reserve.

"You are right, Submit," he would say, when he had seen her close the door after some suitor in holiday array; "when the right one comes will be time enough. I despise those gals that are ready to say snip to every man's snap." Poor Dorset! who shall prophesy of human wisdom? The heaviest storms are sometimes brewing when not a cloud is to be seen.

The proprietor of the farm adjoining Dorset's was a certain Rube Prime, a careless, rack-rent fellow, negligent of his own rights, and regardless of the rights of others; an unprofitable acquaintance, and a most inconvenient neighbor, annoying in every way to a man of Dorset's irritable temper and thrifty habits. Dorset's dislike of the father was extended to his brood of marauding boys, with the exception of one among them, Daniel. "He," Dorset said, "was different from the rest—" he did not mark the blush on Submit's cheek when he said so; and once when he was anathematizing the whole Prime race, he made a notable and long-remembered exception in favor of Daniel. "There is not a mother's son of them worth a curse," said Dorset, in his fury; "yes, yes," he added, "I will except Daniel." Daniel was indebted for the honor of this exception to being the pet of a maiden aunt, Marah Prime, who had carefully trained him in the way in which she thought he should go—and he did go therein. "A penny saved is a penny gained," was the first lore his infant lips learned. He was taught to exchange his share of pudding and cakes with his short-sighted brothers for something that could be kept or again bartered. His thriftless father was held up before him as a beacon; and modes of practising on the old man were suggested, similar to Jacob's upon the unwary Laban; and this, he learned, "was a way to thrive." Women of all ages, conditions, and tempers, will weave a thread of love into the web of a favorite's destiny. It was when Submit was receiving her name over the baptismal font that Aunt Marah predestined her the wife of Daniel; and from that moment of sordid election, she shaped all device and action to this end.

"For once," boasted one of the young Primes, "I've made a bargain out of Dan; he's given me three fourpence ha'pennies for my string of birds' eggs!"

The birds' eggs might be seen the next day festooned round Submit's looking-glass.

"What has become of Bob?" asked all the little Primes, in a breath, and asked again without being answered. Bob was a pet squirrel, tamed by Aunt Marah, and, in due time, conveyed, by Daniel's hand, to Submit. Daniel was the only Prime permitted to enter Dorset's premises, and he was only suffered, not encouraged. He, however, in the reputed spirit of his countrymen, made the most of his opportunity by gaining the heart of the gentle heiress. We are compelled to pass in this etching style over the years that brought Daniel to man's estate. In the mean time his father died, his brothers scattered over the world, and he remained—"a rolling stone gathers no moss," said Aunt Marah—he remained rooted to the farm, toiling hard to redeem it from encumbering mortgages. Now he fancied himself securely floating into the harbor so long desired, and day after day did his eye feast on Dorset's fertile fields, and night after night did he reckon up the value of the lands, tenements, stock, goods and chattels, that were to be conveyed to him by that sure and precious instrument, Submit. Aunt Marah felt his grasp so certain that she began to grumble at the liberality of Dorset's housekeeping. "But times," she trusted, "would change with masters!" Submit, and Submit alone, had secret forebodings that her father, though he tolerated Daniel, would not fancy him for a son-in-law; and, with all a woman's timid forebodings, she saw the evening approach on which, by her acquiescence, consent was to be asked. Her father had been out all day. He came home with a ruffled countenance, and she saw they had fixed on an inauspicious moment. As he threw off his coat, he grumbled, "A pretty business! A chip of the old block! I knew the devil would out, in some shape or other!" And when Submit suppressed her ominous fears, and asked, in a low voice, "What had taken place, sir?" he narrated a transaction of Daniel Prime's with a friend of his—whose simplicity Dorset had always sheltered under the wing of his superior sagacity—in which his friend had been overreached; a mode of cheating particularly odious to a man of Dorset's frank temper. "I always told you, Submit," he added, after finishing his narration, "you can't 'wash a checked apron white;' 'what's bred in the bone'—but I'll fix him, that I will." At this moment Daniel entered. Dorset did not return his deferential greeting; but Dorset often had his surly moments, and when all seemed murky, the sun shot forth from the clouds. Submit in vain tried to give her lover a warning signal. Prime's mind was intent on his purpose; and when she, hoping he might have understood her, and trusting, at any rate, that he was too discreet to unfold his purpose in her father's present humor, left the room, Daniel spoke, or tried to speak; for no sooner did Dorset comprehend his meaning, than he broke out upon him, poured forth epithets as stinging as blows, and finished by opening the doors, and actually kicking him out of the

house. Daniel slunk home, and calculated the cost of a lawsuit, and the probable amount of a verdict in a suit for assault and battery; but, after repeated consultations with Aunt Marah, he made a better estimate of the chances of profit and loss, and the next week, while Dorset was gone to Boston, he took a ride with Submit to the adjacent territory of New York, where his marriage was effected without the previous publication of "intentions of marriage," which the prudent Puritans prefixed to that rite.

We pass over the rage of the wronged father. We have no space to record his reiterated vows—too faithfully kept—that he would never again speak to his child, and that never a penny of his should pass into Daniel Prime's hands. He made a will at once, and published it, formally disinheriting his daughter, and devising his property to various public institutions. Dorset tried to appear as cheerful as was his wont, for he was a proud man, and loath, even tacitly, to confess his dependence on any human being or circumstance; but nature was too strong for him; and when he was alone, walking over those fine fruitful fields, whose transmission to his posterity he had so often contemplated as a sort of self-perpetuation, his disappointment would break forth in exclamations and audible groans; and when he returned to his home, and missed his gentle, patient child, who had anticipated his wants, and endured his impatience without a murmur, his parental tenderness would find its way in tears; but, after the first ebullition of passion, never a word of complaint or regret escaped him. He went on as if nothing had happened, enriching his farm, and dispensing liberally from storehouses always full.

In the mean time, Submit, born to be an unresisting thrall to whatever power might master her, faithfully kept her vow of allegiance to her new lord, though her heart pined in secret for the abundance and cheerfulness of her old home. Her father's temper was gusty, but the storms were short, and succeeded by sunshine and a healthy atmosphere. Her husband's disposition was of the brooding, anxious, forecasting sort, that hangs like a leaden sky and pestilential fog over the domestic scene. He was not severe or unkind to her. As the means of attaining the great end of his life, she was inestimable to him; but he was apprehensive and restless till that was secured. He never, for a moment, believed that her fitful, impulsive father would persevere in his disinheritance of his only child; but there was no passion keener than avarice, and he was continually forcing her on active measures to recover her father's favor. This embittered her life. She could endure and suffer to the end of the chapter; there was no limit to her passive virtue; but to execute what her husband planned—to confront her storming father—was an enterprise for Submit similar to a passage under the sheet of water at Niagara.

In obedience to her husband she repeatedly wrote to her father. The

letters were returned unopened. She even, like a trembling victim, went to his house again and again. The good-natured servants—they were slaves, for our story dates before the Revolution—gathered about her with their honest, hearty welcomes, but her father passed by her without one glance of recognition; and if she ventured, in a half-stifled voice, to address him, he gave no sign of hearing her. Thus matters went on for three years. Aunt Marah, whose whole life was devoted to that most teasing domestic alchemy by which one man's shilling can be made to go as far as another man's dollar, was a continual thorn in Submit's side.

At the end of three years the light broke in upon her weary existence. She had a child!—that best of heaven's blessings, that ray of celestial light which penetrates the intensest darkness that can encompass a mother's soul. A child! Who could be miserable with such a treasure?—a gift that enriches every other possession; that is riches to poverty; meat and drink to the hungry and thirsty; rest to the wearied; health to the sick; an immeasurable present joy, and an infinite promise!

Our poor mother's soul was kindled with new life; her home was no longer a waste and desolate place. She turned her eye from the dark spirit brooding in her husband's face, and felt the smiles of her child warming her heart. She listened to the first sweet sounds from its lips, and was deaf to Aunt Marah's eternal chidings. "You say your father likes babies," said her husband. "Sibyl begins to take notice"—the child had been warily named Sibyl Dorset, after its maternal grandparents—"dress her up in her best, and take her to your father's; don't be scared away by the first frown—stay awhile—he'll come to at last; an old dog don't turn for the first whistle."

Submit obeyed with alacrity, because with hope. She believed her child irresistible, and longed to see it in her father's arms. The little girl had arrived at the prettiest stage of infancy; she was fat, and fair, and bright, and dressed in her prettiest—all-conquering in her mother's eye. No wonder she walked with a light step up the narrow lane that led to the only place her heart called home. She was humbly making her way towards the kitchen door, when the old house-dog sprang upon her, and licked the baby's hands. Dorset stood, unseen, at a window, stealthily watching the approach. The baby, instead of crying, clapped her little hands in reply to the dog's caress. An exclamation of pleasure escaped from Dorset. Submit, unconscious of the auspicious omen, proceeded. The door was opened by Juno, an old negro matron. She summoned her daughters, Minerva and Venus; and the three goddesses exhausted on the child every epithet of endearment and admiration in their vocabulary. The doors communicating with the "dwelling-room" were open, and there was the grandfather, all ear.

"My!" cried Juno, "what pretty black eyes; for all the world like master's!"

"That's well!" thought Dorset; "no black eyes among the Primes—gray, squint, or wall-eyed, every d—l of them."

"Dear! what a cunning little cherry mouth!" said Venus.

"Dan Prime's mouth is like a wolf's!" murmured Dorset.

"This beats the Dutch—master's peaked ear!" exclaimed Minerva; "and on the left side, too."

"I saw, when I first looked at her, she favored father," said Submit, tremulously; "I suppose it was thinking of him so much."

Dorset longed to take mother and child to his heart, but the remembrance of his rash vow checked the impulse. A project by which he might, in part, evade its consequences, dawned upon him. He went into the kitchen. Juno—experience made her the boldest—Juno held the baby up to him: "Isn't she a beauty, master? as pretty as a London doll."

"Put out your hands, Sibyl Dorset," said the trembling mother. The little girl, instinctively eloquent in her own cause, stretched out her hands, smiled, and jumped towards her grandfather. He caught her in his arms, looked steadily in her face for a moment, exclaimed, "All Dorset, by Jupiter!" and then returning her to the servant, his eyes blinded with tears, he made his way to his apartment, slamming the doors after him as a sort of expression or echo to his feelings. Poor Submit, after lingering in faint hope or fear till the day closed, was obliged to return to her disappointed, sullen husband.

Two years after this first meeting, as Dorset was returning home, he saw a little girl tottling along the roadside, picking dandelions. His old dog Cæsar sprang upon her and threw her down. She patted him, calling him "Naughty Cæsar." They were familiar friends. "It is she!" thought Dorset; and he quickened his steps, and gave her his hand to help her up. She grasped his, and retained it. The pressure of a child's soft, chubby hand is an electric touch to the heart.

"Ain't you my danfather?" said Sibyl.

"Yes."

"Then do you come and live with us. Mother tells me every day I must love you, and how can I love you if I don't see you?"

"I can't go to live with you, child, but would you like to come and live with me?"

"With you and Cæsar! yes, if mother will come too."

"And your father?"

The child started at his changed tone of voice. "No, no, not father; let father and Aunt Marah stay at home."

Dorset conducted the little runaway to her own premises, went home,

passed a sleepless night, and the next morning sent the following note to Prime's:

"To Daniel Prime and Wife.

"If you will send me your child, Sibyl Dorset, and sign a quit-claim to her, and you, Daniel Prime, promise, under oath, never intentionally to see, and never to speak with her during my life, I, in return, will take her as my own child, and will endeavor so to bring her up, that, when come to woman's estate, she'll not quit me for any rascal on earth.

"Signed,

"John Dorset."

This proposition was rather more than Prime could at once submit to; but, after a little reflection on the precariousness of Dorset's life—how very uncertain other men's lives seem!—his cupidity prevailed over his pride and every manly sentiment, as well as over his affections. "We must make hay while the sun shines," said Aunt Marah; and many a case did she recount of breaches healed by the intervention of grandchildren. So little Sibyl was to be sent to serve the purpose of patent cement, and make the broken parts adhere more firmly than ever.

The weakest, most timid animal will turn to defend her young, and Submit, for the first time in her life, when she heard her husband's decision, resisted. To give up Sibyl was to resign all that made existence tolerable to her.

"I cannot consent to this," she said, with unprecedented firmness; "all the land on the round earth would not tempt me; no, not all my father's money, ten thousand times told."

"You talk like a fool, wife."

"Oh, Daniel Prime, I think there is no folly like that of craving for more and more. You are always toiling, and selling, and gaining, and it all does no good to any one, and least of all to you! Are you happy? Are you even content?"

"No, I am not; but I have been disappointed—balked. I shall be happy," he stretched his hand towards Dorset's, "when I get that farm."

"No, Prime, there is neither good nor happiness to those that forget the laws of God, and you are breaking his tenth commandment. But," she added, raising her voice, "you will never get it. I cannot part with Sibyl. I was taught never to give away the least trifle given to me, and can I give away God's gift? No, never!"

Prime would at once have enforced obedience, but he feared that his wife, driven to extremity, might fly to her father, and remonstrate; he therefore let her exhaust her courage, and then urged compliance as a duty to her father. At this point she was vulnerable. From her child's birth, and the simultaneous burst of parental feeling in her own breast.

she had—a very common case—experienced a new sense of filial duty; had lamented her infidelity to her father, and ventured to express her remorse in Prime's presence. She had now, as her husband urged, an opportunity to atone for her fault, and this foregone, would be lost forever. Her father was old; more children she might have, never another father. And when she ceased to answer, but still wept, he suggested that her father's terms might be softened; he might consent to her seeing the child; and, finally, and more than all, Sibyl must prove a successful mediator between them.

Submit at last yielded so far as to write to her father. The letter was modified by her husband, blotted with her tears, and sent. The following reply was immediately returned: "The mother and child may meet as often as is reasonable; but Daniel Prime must be to Sibyl as though he were not. Let no more be written or said about it. Send her—on these conditions, mind ye!—to-morrow."

Sibyl was sent, and her mother left to solitude and pining. She saw her child often. She found her always affectionate and kind, but there was little sympathy between them. Sibyl was a healthy, bright, stout-hearted girl, living and laughing in sunshine, and unable to sympathize with her weak, drooping mother, who had no pleasure in life but her meetings with her child, and those embittered by Dorset's unrelaxing adherence to his vow.

Eight dreary years passed away. There was no change in Daniel Prime but a gradual deepening of the lines of his character; or, rather, the one line, the channel to which everything tended, wore deeper and deeper. Not one of all the passions of the human race is so insatiable as avarice. The poet has well selected the wolf as its symbol, always hungry, never satiated—"*E dopo 'l pasto ha piu fama che pria*" (and, after eating, he is more hungry than before). And if to avarice is added hoarding—a passion without motive, without present contentment or future reward—the folly is complete, the spirit is extinct, the image of God effaced. Prime grew more and more acute at his bargains, and with every acquisition more greedy of gain. Like his prototype, so well described by the satirist, he was always pouring into his grand reservoir from other men's scanty cisterns, going hither and yon to add to his stores, and withering away for the want of one refreshing draught. So cautiously and securely did he keep within the bounds of legal honesty, that no one could have suspected the fatal trespass for which the inordinate growth of his ruling passion was preparing him. Every circumstance tended to sharpen this passion. The riches which had seemed to him within his grasp were before his eyes, whetting his appetite, like a plentiful table spread in the presence of the hungry man, who is always approaching, but never attains it. He knew the will alienating Dorset's

property from his posterity had been burned—was there another made? Prime believed not; for Dorset was proverbially open in all his affairs.

Eight years, as we have said, passed away, and Submit was again a mother. Prime, who till this time had been like a rock over which the billows are continually rolling, so that nothing that thrives by the kind processes of nature could take root in his sordid soul, now felt something like affection at his heart, and with it came a jealousy and dislike of his eldest child. He hoped the pride of transmitting a name might induce Dorset to transfer his favor, and the boy too was sent to the grandfather to seek his fortune, but in vain. Sibyl had her citadel in the old man's heart, and no one could dispossess her. She loved her brother, and would gladly have divided all her possessions, even her dearest, her grandfather's affections with him. But these were not a transferable treasure. He loved Sibyl better than he had ever loved his own daughter. Sibyl had a mind of her own, independent thought, and free action, and he liked her the better for it. He felt too late that there was no reliance on a machine worked by another's will.

He had some natural dreads when his favorite approached the marriageable age, and strong likings and dislikings were manifested towards the aspirants for her favor. Fortunately, hers—as if their affections were governed by the same spring—coincided with his; and, finally, when, with untold hopes and purposes, he brought home a distant relative whom he had known and liked as a boy, the full measure of his contentment was filled up by a sudden and mutual liking between the young people.

All went on smoothly. Dorset was perfectly happy; his own child was like a dropped and forgotten link. Bountiful preparations were made for celebrating the marriage, and Sibyl was maturing a plot for effecting a reconciliation with her mother at this auspicious moment, when all these fair prospects were forever overcast by the sudden death of the old man from a fall from his horse.

While poor Sibyl, in a paroxysm of grief, was lamenting over his lifeless body, and her mother in more subdued, but far more bitter sorrow, was weeping in silence, Daniel Prime was prowling over the house, searching desks and drawers for a will. None was forth-coming; and with an exulting heart and decent countenance, he performed the offices of the occasion. The funeral over, the servants were disposed of, the house shut up, Sibyl removed to her father's, and he was proceeding to take out letters of administration, when a friend of Dorset returned from a journey, and produced a will deposited with him. The entire of Dorset's property was bequeathed to his granddaughter. The will was simple and direct. There was no flaw, no pretext for a cavil.

Daniel Prime afterward confessed to a spiritual director and friend,

that the thought which first occurred to him after the shock of the discovery of the will was over, was—but we will give it in his own words: "The devil put it into my head that, if Sibyl died a minor, and without issue of her body, I was her heir."

"Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him."

Long before this Aunt Marah had fretted herself into that resting-place which awaits even such harassed and harassing souls as hers, and Daniel Prime was left without even her counsel and sympathy in the final failure of the hopes and plans of years. He was always a man of few words; now he was more moody and brooding than ever. Sibyl had painful recollections of his influence on her childhood; she had since been taught to shun him; she perceived her mother's fear and dread of him; and now, whenever she met his evil eye, she felt a shiver pass over her, as if a blight were upon her. Sad is it when nature's sweet fountains are turned to bitterness.

When the letters she wrote at this juncture to her absent lover, intimating secret unhappiness, were afterward exhibited, it was believed by the superstitious that she had received some warning of the impending future; but in our rational days we find the natural explanation in the shock she had received from her grandfather's violent death, and the sadness resulting from the transition from a cheerful home to a murky atmosphere. She loved her mother, but their natural relation was reversed; she was the sustainer, her mother the dependent; and now Sibyl was too weak and dejected to bear the burden. Her little brother seems to have been her sole comfort. She often alludes to him in her letters, recounts anecdotes of his manliness, his devotion to her, and always interweaves his destiny with the web of her future life.

The time appointed for her marriage drew near. She would not listen to her father's suggestion to delay it. The day for her lover's return arrived. She went out alone, at twilight, to await him at a secluded spot a mile distant from her father's dwelling, where the road, after winding along the declivity of a steep, wooded hill that descended to the Housatonic, crossed a rickety old bridge. The river, noisy and shallow above the bridge, was there made deep and still by a dam erected a short distance below.

For the first time since her grandfather's death, Sibyl went out with her natural light step, and her face bright and smiling, and looking, as she cast aside her mourning veil, like the sun beaming forth from a drapery of clouds.

In less than an hour she returned, her face muffled in her veil, her dress disordered, and the agitation of her whole frame betraying emotions that she vainly struggled to conceal. Her mother—whose whole life was an illustration of that axiom made for woman,

"'Tis meet and fit,
In all we feel, to make the heart submit"—

her mother wondered at her excessive grief, rebuked her impatience, said "it was not late; William, her lover, might yet arrive to-night, or, if he did not, another day was coming;" and concluded with that common comfort of the experienced, which passes by the young like idle wind, "we must all learn to bear disappointments!" Sibyl's mother knew little of the manifestations of feeling, or she would have guessed a different cause than the mere delay of a lover's return for the horror painted on her child's countenance. She seemed to have shrunk to half her usual size. In reply to her mother, she only said, "I *cannot* help it; I *am* disappointed;" and when she heard her father's footstep, returning at his usual hour, she said, in a half-suffocated voice, "For mercy's sake, mother, take no more notice of it!"

It was not observed at the time, but Sibyl's mother afterward remembered, in recalling all the circumstances, that her husband was less reserved than usual; that he mentioned some particulars of business he had been transacting in the village; said he had brought a letter from the post-office for Sibyl; asked where she was—she had left the room before he entered—and sent her brother with the letter to her, telling him to wait and ask "What news there was in it." The boy lingered till called by his father, and then he said, "Sibyl was crying because William was not coming for a week."

"So much the better! so much the better!" said Prime. He ate heartily, sat for a long time looking intently at the embers, and then went to bed, muttering to himself, "Not coming for a week!"

His wife, after waiting till she had sure tokens her husband was sleeping, stole to Sibyl's room. She was not there! Submit was returning, alarmed, by a back passage, through her boy's little room, when she found Sibyl sitting by his bedside, her head on the pillow close to his, and her cheek as white as the linen it pressed. She signed to her mother to leave the room, and she obeyed, as she always obeyed the motions of others; but she subsequently confessed that she had vague apprehensions excited. Sibyl did not appear the next morning till her father had gone to his daily occupations. It was evident she had passed a sleepless night. She was all day nervous and restless. In the afternoon, having ascertained that her father was gone to the village, and would not return till late in the evening, she announced to her mother a sudden determination to go to a friend's, five miles from them, and remain there till her lover's return. Her mother remonstrated. There was no way of going but on foot, and the rustic girls of those days were not better pedestrians than those of ours. But the walk seemed no obstacle to Sibyl; she only asked that her brother might accompany her through "that dismal bit of

woods"—so she called it—and as far as the bridge. To this her mother consented; but when, at parting, Sibyl threw her arms round her, and sobbed hysterically on her bosom, she felt some sad presentiment, and wished she had resisted, and kept her children at home.

The time came for the boy's return. He did not appear. The mother grew anxious. Again and again she went to the window, but there was no sign of him; again and again she fancied she heard his footsteps, but it proved to be the dog tramping up the steps, or some other sound as unlike that of his light tread. At last, beginning to feel that, where happiness is at stake, we never "learn to bear disappointments," she went forth in quest of him. She traversed the "dismal bit of woods," crossed and recrossed the bridge—which never could she cross again—and then, calming her mind with the conclusion that Sibyl must have taken her brother to her place of destination, she returned home.

Her husband came from the village where he had been, as was afterward proved, detained, settling some complicated accounts. On first entering the house, he inquired for Sibyl. His wife told him, in an apologetic tone, as if deprecating his displeasure, that "poor Sibyl seemed as if she could not content herself," and had gone to spend a week with her friend. He grumbled something about "it being a poor bringing up that made a girl uneasy in her own father's house," and, as his wife said, seemed to think no more of it, for he was eating his supper as usual, when suddenly he broke off, and asked "if Dorset were abed." His wife communicated the boy's absence, and the supposition by which she explained it. Prime was not satisfied, but started up, exclaiming, "He did not go with her!" and after standing for a moment in evident agitation, he added, "I'll go and look after him," and left the house, but soon returned, saying, "To-morrow will be time enough." He went to bed at his customary hour, but not to sleep, as his wife thought, excepting once, for a few moments, when he started up, exclaiming, "No, it is not a dream; it is all mine." Ah, that word "mine!"

He was up with the first ray of light, professedly anxious about his boy. There could be no doubt he was intensely so; but, notwithstanding this, one of his neighbors afterward deposed that he saw him, soon after daylight, walking over John Dorset's cornfield, and pulling up some weeds that, since the proprietor's death, had, for the first time, been permitted to grow unmolested in the rich soil. After breakfast, he announced his intention of going in quest of his boy. His wife wondered when she saw him set forth on the circuitous road that did not pass over the bridge. He had not long been gone, when some men arrived from the village. One dismounted, entered the house, and inquired for Prime; his wife said he was absent, and told the occasion of his absence. There was something that alarmed her in the inquirer's face. She watched his

return to his companions, saw them confer together, and afterward a part of them rode off, while the rest remained lurking about the house.

We must leave her wondering at this procedure, and tormented with apprehensions for her boy, to follow Prime, who, having gone to Sibyl's friends on the pretence of ascertaining if his son were there, and being told that neither he nor Sibyl had been seen there, turned his course, and went up the river to Barrington, where an uncle of his wife resided, who had been observed the preceding evening driving on the road Sibyl had taken, and with whom, as he professed to believe, his children might have gone. Returning from Barrington, he was met by the party in search of him, and, in virtue of a warrant issued by Colonel Ashley, he was taken into custody, and conveyed to that magistrate's house. He submitted at once, declaring, however, that he was not conscious of having offended against the laws of God or man.

And here we have arrived at that point in the story where the narrator, with whom I began it, became an eye-witness. She was then a slave, belonging to Colonel Ashley—I believe the sole, but certainly the most eminent magistrate in the western part of Massachusetts in those days, when either the magistracy made great men, or great men were appointed to the magistracy. I remember seeing him in his extreme old age, when his "youthful hose" was

"A world too wide for his shrunk shank;"

but even then I was impressed with traditionary respect for his magisterial attributes, and for the gentler qualities that tempered the pride of office. He might have sat for the picture of Allworthy, for his temper was ever of the cream of the milk of human kindness.

It was twilight when Prime arrived at his house. He was immediately conducted to the office, where preparations had been made to receive him. When he entered, Colonel Ashley, instead of manifesting the compassion that seemed his instinct, turned away his face, as if an evil spirit in mortal shape had come before him. "Prime was the first guilty person," said my informer, "that I ever saw the colonel look upon without pity!"

Prime was himself undaunted, and was the first to speak. He demanded why he was brought there. Colonel Ashley signed to him to advance, and stand beside the table, and bade his clerk be ready to take notes. Then, after a solemn admonition to Prime to deport himself as became the solemnity of the occasion, he said, "The body of your child, Sibyl Prime, has been found in the river, below Pine Hill bridge, with evident tokens of having been placed there by violent hands."

"Who dares say it was I that put her there?" demanded Prime fiercely.

"It would better befit you to be both still and humble," replied the magistrate.

"I will be neither till I know who dares accuse me."

"Miserable man, forbear! you shall both know and see your accuser;" and turning to the servant, "Call in the witness," he said.

Prime fixed his eyes on the door through which the witness was to enter, and, for the first time, some fading of color was evident through his dark, leathery skin. He did not speak. It did not seem to have occurred to him that nature demanded some expression of horror and surprise at hearing of the murder of his child. His heart had ossified under one indurating passion, and he had forgotten the ebb and flow of nature's current. Yet now the possibility of what might ensue to himself and his possessions thrilled through his frame; and while his eye was fixed with intense eagerness on the door, he vainly tried to subdue the throbbings of his heart with repeating mentally, "There was no witness!" The door was reopened. A witness did appear—his own son! It was at this moment that Daniel Prime's hair rose and stood like quills upon his head—so said my informant, and I believed her; for, though a woman, her observation and judgment were stronger than her imagination. The boy seemed inspired with supernatural strength and intrepidity. He bore, without flinching, the scowling brow and burning glance of his father. "One would have reckoned," said my eye-witness, "that he had grown ten years older in twenty-four hours." The usual preliminary forms over, Colonel Ashley asked,

"Did your sister request you to accompany her on the Canaan road yesterday."

"Yes, sir."

"Did she give any reason for wishing your company?"

"No, sir. She always loved to have me go with her, and I always loved to go."

"How far did you go?"

"To Pine Hill bridge, sir."

The examination was for a moment interrupted by a convulsive cough from Prime.

"Did your sister say anything by the way?" proceeded the magistrate.

"Yes, sir. She asked me if I would not be afraid to go back through the woods alone. I told her, not a bit, and asked her if she was afraid; she said, not when I was with her. And then I told her I would go all the way; but she said she should not be afraid after she got over the bridge, and down to the mill, for the road beyond there was not so lonesome."

"Did she say anything more?"

"Yes, sir. She said she never should come home again, and she cried, and I told her I did not want to live at home when she was gone; and then she said she hoped, one of these days, mother and I would come and live with her and William; she said she was not coming to live in grandfather's house, but as soon as she was married she should move off somewhere."

"Was anything more said?"

"No, sir; only when we came near the bridge, she squeezed my hand so tight that I told her she hurt me. When we got over the bridge, she told me I must make haste home, and she bid me good-bye, and said I must be always very kind to mother—and these were the last words she spoke."

"Go on, my child. What happened then?"

"I knew there was a sassafras tree that grew on the bank just above, and I wanted some sassafras, so I got over the fence; and when I got up the hill, I thought I'd just go on to Deacon Sam's Rock, as they call it, and watch Sibyl till she got past the mill, and the minute I stepped on to it I saw *him*—"

"Saw whom?"

"*Father.*"

At this point of the testimony Prime's knees shook together, and he was obliged to support himself by leaning on the colonel's desk, against which he stood.

"Go on, my poor child," said the good magistrate.

"He had a club," continued the boy; "Sibyl had just come to the corner—she heard him, and looked back—he struck the club across her face!" The boy paused, and became intensely pale. Colonel Ashley passed his arm around him, and supported him.

"And what then?" he asked.

"Then," replied the boy, with a burst of tears and sobs, "then Sibyl fell back and—died—sir."

"He lies! he lies!" cried Prime vehemently.

Colonel Ashley commanded silence, soothed the boy, and bade him proceed.

"Then, sir, he dragged her down the bank, and through that miry place where the trees are so thick, and he put her in the river, and put a stone on her head, and another on her feet."

"Did he then come away?"

"Yes, sir, a few steps; but he went back again, and got her purse out of her pocket, and put it inside his leather pocket-book."

"Lord have mercy on us!" murmured Colonel Ashley. After a moment's pause of horror at this proof of the man's cupidity, he asked the boy "if he knew whether his sister had any money in her purse?"

"Yes, sir, she had five gold pieces that grandfather gave her. She was showing them to mother only two days ago; and *he* took them, and chinked them in his hand."

"Did your father then leave the spot?"

"Yes, sir; he got over the fence, and went across the lots very fast."

"Why did you not scream when first you saw him?'

"It was not half a minute, sir, before he struck, and I never thought of any harm till it was all done."

"Why did you not then scream?"

"I don't know, sir; I suppose I could not."

"If you were so frightened, why did you not run away?"

"I don't know, sir. After Sibyl fell dead, I can't remember about feeling afraid, or feeling anything. I only stood there and looked. After *he* was gone I began to think. I felt as if I could not go home and tell mother, then I thought I would stay in the woods till I died, and nobody would ever know *he* did it; and the night came—oh! such a long night! I did not sleep—I think I shall never sleep again. When daylight came I felt as if I should burst if I did not tell somebody. I thought of you, sir. I remembered mother telling me you never punished anybody more than you could help, and so I came here, sir."

Here ended the poor boy's story, which hardly seemed to require the corroborating proof afterward derived, from finding Sibyl's purse within her father's pocket-book, and from ascertaining that he had informed himself of her intention of leaving home on that fatal afternoon.

It is hardly necessary to add that Prime was committed for trial. After his trial and condemnation to death, he confessed he had made an attempt on his child's life on the day preceding the murder, and near the same place. He had been baffled by the sudden appearance of a horseman on the road.

It appears that the boy's grief at the fatal result of his accusation of his father so moved Colonel Ashley's kind heart, that he accompanied the child to Boston, and seconded his affecting appeal to the governor in behalf of his parent. It was alleged that the man's mind was so clouded and diseased by the predominance of his ruling passion, that he might be regarded as insane. This consideration, combining with compassion for his unfortunate and respectable family, induced the governor to commute the sentence of death to banishment.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Born in Guilford, Conn., 1790. Died there, 1867.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

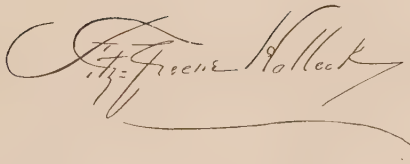
[*The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck. Edited by James Grant Wilson.* 1868.]

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,



They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume

Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

BURNS.

WILD Rose of Alloway! my thanks;
Thou 'mindst me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief,
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay—
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long,
His—who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song,

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A Poet's pride and power:

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,

In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage-hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures—the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral-day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,

And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

1822.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

1820.

RED JACKET.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her files, her PIONEER of mind—
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven
His love for the young land he left behind;

And throned her in the senate-hall of nations,
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought;
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
And beautiful as its green world of thought:

And, faithful to the Act of Congress, quoted
As law authority, it passed *nem. con.*,
He writes that we are, as ourselves have voted,
The most enlightened people ever known;

That all our week is happy as a Sunday
In Paris, full of song, and dance, and laugh;
And that, from Orleans to the Bay of Fundy,
There's not a bailiff or an epitaph;

And furthermore—in fifty years, or sooner,
We shall export our poetry and wine;
And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a schooner,
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the Line.

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora!
Gazing, as I, upon thy portrait now,
In all its medalled, fringed, and beaded glory,
Its eye's dark beauty, and its thoughtful brow—

Its brow, half martial and half diplomatic,
Its eye upsoaring like an eagle's wings—
Well might he boast that we, the Democratic,
Outrival Europe, even in our kings!

For thou wast monarch born. Tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely—if no poet's magic
Could make RED JACKET grace an English rhyme,
Though some one with a genius for the tragic
Hath introduced it in a pantomime—

Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land, and on her herald-roll;
As bravely fought for, and as proud a token
As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten
That medal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,
And George the Fourth wore, at his court at Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than thine;

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather
And fitted for thy couch, on field and flood,
As Rob Roy's tartan for the Highland heather,
Or forest green for England's Robin Hood.

Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's?
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
Heroes in history and gods in song.

Is beauty?—Thine has with thy youth departed;
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,
Are—but I rhyme for smiles and not for tears.

Is eloquence?—Her spell is thine that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short.

The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
The hearts of millions till they move as one:

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival;
And minstrels, at their sepulchres, have shrouded
With banner-folds of glory the dark pall.

Who will believe? Not I—for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem;

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the Patriarch's, soothe a dying hour,
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower;

With look like patient Job's eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair!

That in thy breast there springs a poison fountain
Deadlier than that where bathes the Upas-tree;

And in thy wrath a nursing cat-o'-mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee!

And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

Hope—that thy wrongs may be, by the Great Spirit,
Remembered and revenged when thou art gone;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne!

Edward Tyrrel Channing.

Born in Newport, R. I., 1790. Died at Cambridge, Mass., 1856.

LITERARY FAME.

[*Lectures read to the Seniors in Harvard College.* 1856.]

CONTEMPORARY REPUTATION.

LET us now observe the impression which an author makes, to learn whether it indicates a firm hold on public favor. We do not promise him, or require for him, in the distant, tranquil future, the bustling admiration of his contemporaries; but he must have qualities that will secure men's sober love and gratitude in their homes, in their solitary walks, in their studies, in the highest and the most familiar intercourse of social life, through all time, and, to a degree, in every reading country. To be immortal as a writer is more than to have a place among the customary tenants of large libraries, to be hidden perhaps for ages; and, when brought to light, like an embalmed corpse of the East, for the examination of the curious,—to be wondered at chiefly for having lasted so long. It is more than to have a deserved name for wisdom and genius, if these come not with a gracious as well as an awakening power. The writer, whom we presume to call immortal, must have life in the hearts, the experience and the wants of men. He must be essential to them. He must be a part of them, of their pride, their prefer-

ences, their opinions, their actions. He must hear on every side, forever, the voice of favor and thanks, and make it their honor more than his that he is still remembered and desired.

To be at the full tide of popularity in one's own time is not in the least a sign, as many fear, that there will be an ebb in the next age; though, probably, the surface will be less disturbed. A single generation may give clear evidence of what will be thought of a man forever. An individual may have a movement in his heart towards a man of genius which will be answered by other hearts in all time. The man of genius himself may be inspired to proclaim, without vanity, that he shall not wholly die. We naturally enough distrust present celebrity, because it may be owing to accident and perishable influences. For the same reason, we may not feel the slightest uneasiness at present neglect. It was no pledge, to be sure, and neither was it a hindrance of Milton's awful name in the world to-day, that he was passed by in his own time. This simply denoted what the time was.

The mere amount of an author's contemporary popularity, of the excitement he produces, and of the importance attached to everything that relates to him, will give no sure indication of his future standing. It is the kind of estimation that he obtains, the kind of interest that he awakens, which is to settle the matter. Does he give us new impulses, new views, new mental exercises, which we receive as perfectly natural and as all our own; and is this done in language and a style which our hearts tell us were suggested to him by his immediate experience,—by the things he was saying? Are we sure that the agitation he produces is not a feverish or delirious transport, into which we are thrown by something that is startling merely because it is monstrous, or paradoxical, or associated with some urgent and transitory passions or prejudices of the day? Whatever be the subject,—new or old, familiar or strange, —do we value the book first of all as a picture of an original mind,— and for what that mind has done for the subject, rather than owes to it? Is the power we acknowledge and extol a generous and strengthening and kindly one to ourselves, encouraging and elevating our faculties, and drawing us into near communion with itself, instead of reminding us of our inferiority?

After settling these and similar points concerning the impression he makes,—if we need any external evidence of his probable future position, we may compare him with those writers who have long pleased and are considered as established in the world's memory, and see if he has their marks of health and long life. If we are satisfied in this, as well as in the other respects, that he has made out a good claim for himself, we may trust his name to the "dim and perilous" future, with as little fear as we should to a living friend.

There may be times in which he is no longer popular. The larger part of his writings, though still kept in print by virtue of the precious residue, and by the literary importance of his name, may fall into neglect and to most readers be unknown. Things for which he was once most valued may give place to new-discovered or more highly prized qualities in himself. Accident may depress for a season the department of literature in which he excels, or other eminent men may walk in his steps and seem ready to shake his supremacy. But we know that he will not be ultimately superseded, or for any cause perish, as surely as we know that the frame of man's mind and the true fountains of his happiness will never be changed. . . . . .

CHANGES WROUGHT BY TIME.

And now, with our knowledge of the facts, we may proceed one step farther and imagine a writer looking into the future, to see what awaits him there. The revelation will often be very strange to him. He was prepared for times when his name should be clouded and his influence obstructed; and equally for the day of his restored and perhaps heightened favor; but the course and complexion of his fortunes are not altogether what he had looked for. At times he is ready to exclaim:—

> "Visions of glory, spare my aching sight;
> Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul;"

but the day may be near when he will have much to vex, and something to amuse, him in the homage he receives and in the questions which are raised about him and his works. He must console himself with the thought that nearly all which he sees and hears is a proof of his continued, perhaps of his increasing, importance, and of the almost personal attachment that is felt towards him by all orders of men. Let us recall some of his experiences.

He has passed among his countrymen, and in all nations for many ages, as an *individual*, with a name in every man's mouth, with cities ready to fight for the honor of giving him birth, and with the credit of being the author of distinctly marked and most popular works, which have been the origin of a principal department of poetry, and its model ever since. Yet he is now told that there has all along been a great mistake in this belief. He is no longer to be a person, a unit, with a lawful name, but a set of ballad-singers, each with his own story upon the same great national subject.

He has written plays which have given him the first name in poetry. Hence an ample biography must be invented for him, since there is scarcely anything to say from records or trustworthy tradition. He is

not denied his rightful name; but there are undecided contests how it should be spelt; for he and the family seem to have cared little for the matter, and the people of his time as little for orthography generally. All this serves both him and us for amusement. But graver considerations are to come before him. He died without publishing his writings. They are in the hands of others and the property of others, and have been subject to maiming and corruption during many years of theatrical service. At length a posthumous edition appears, and, as we presume, a very careless one, for we are often perplexed for a meaning. Hence spring up a class of critics, especially devoted to him,—some of them eminent for general ability and scholarship, as well as for acquaintance with the early times of the country, and the now somewhat antiquated speech. Their office is to settle the text and explain obscurities. But, by some ill-fortune, the larger part of them have been the most captious, assuming and quarrelsome set of men that ever claimed to be literary judges, or judges in any question. His mere name,—a fountain of love to common men,—is to them a war-cry. A new reading, or the discovery of an old copy with alleged contemporary corrections, is received as a personal wrong, an invasion of some private right, and very soon the world is in arms. A pretty spectacle for a benign spirit, long withdrawn from our strifes, and who all the time hears himself hailed, with one voice, as the benefactor and glory of his race. Last of all, he sees that his plays, so far as representation is concerned, are undergoing hideous changes to adapt them to modern ideas; though some still think that in nothing is he more perfect than in managing the course of the action for the highest stage effect. This adaptation most commonly consists in omissions of scenes and persons. But this is the least of his wrongs; for sometimes parts of different dramas are united by the aid of interpolation; sometimes a play is pieced with wholly foreign additions; and sometimes the plot is so transformed that the catastrophe is quite another thing.

He has been widely known as the explorer and interpreter of his native tongue, as an observer of human life and expositor of duty, as a biographer, as the bold and successful former of a style safe only for himself, and, finally, as a dictator in literary criticism. The light has not wholly passed from any of the monuments of his genius and wisdom. But it comes to his ears that he is to be better and longer known for an accident in his history than for the deliberate fruits of his studies. He is to be remembered chiefly for the record of his conversation, made up by his extraordinary and equally immortal biographer. He cannot reasonably complain that he has unexpectedly surpassed himself; though, upon this very subject of a man's books and conversation, he has left the *dictum*, —"Madam, the best part of an author will always be found in his

writings." The wonder to him and all of us must be, not that his conversation was so memorable, for we know that it was, in no small degree, his ambition and care,—but that such a record of it should have been made, and with such a bearing upon his reputation.

If we should bring into one view the fortunes of still other writers, who are considered as the most prosperous among the immortals, the lowly might be brought to think it better for a man to sleep quietly when he has no more to do with the earth in the body. But they will not persuade the soaring spirit that it is not worth ambition to be a great power in the world, ages after one's burial.

Augustus Baldwin Longstreet.

BORN in Augusta, Ga., 1790. DIED at Oxford, Miss., 1870.

THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FIGHT.

[*Georgia Scenes, etc., in the First Half Century of the Republic.* 1840.]

AT this moment something was seen to rush out of the store as if ten thousand hornets were stinging it; crying, "Take care—let me go—don't hold me—where's Bob Durham?" It was Ransy Sniffle, who had been listening in breathless delight to all that had passed.

"Yonder's Bob, setting on the Court-house steps," cried one. "What's the matter?"

"Don't talk to me!" said Ransy. "Bob Durham, you'd better go long yonder, and take care of your wife. . . . Dod etarnally darn my soul, if any man was to talk to my wife as Bill Stallions is talking to yours, if I wouldn't drive blue blazes through him in less than no time."

Bob sprang to the store in a minute, followed by a hundred friends; for the bully of a county never wants friends.

"Bill Stallions," said Bob, as he entered, "what have you been saying to my wife?"

"Is that your wife?" inquired Billy, obviously much surprised and a little disconcerted.

"Yes, she is, and no man shall abuse her, I don't care who he is."

"Well," rejoined Billy, "it ain't worth while to go over it; I've said enough for a fight: and, if you'll step out, we'll settle it!"

"Billy," said Bob, "are you for a fair fight?"

"I am," said Billy. "I've heard much of your manhood, and I be-

lieve I'm a better man than you are. If you will go into a ring with me, we can soon settle the dispute."

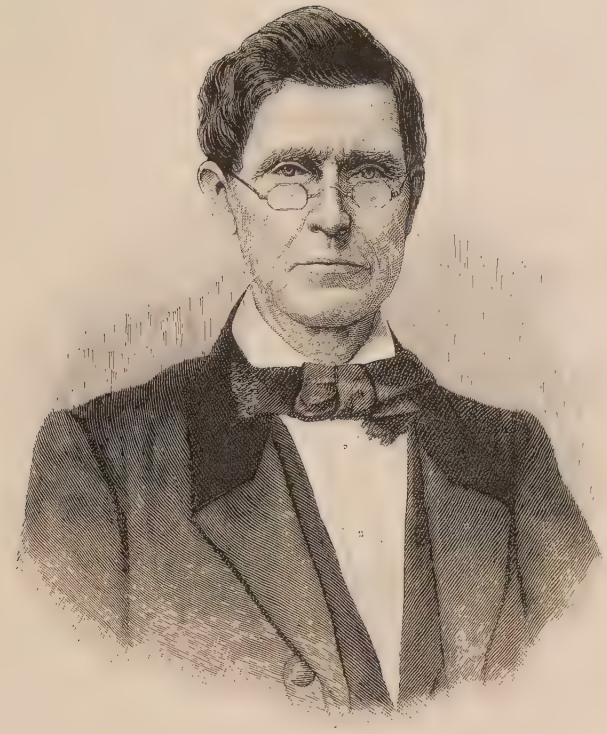
"Choose your friends," said Bob; "make your ring, and I'll be in with mine as soon as you will."

They both stepped out, and began to strip very deliberately, each battalion gathering round its champion, except Ransy, who kept himself busy in a most honest endeavor to hear and see all that transpired in both groups at the same time. He ran from one to the other in quick succession; peeped here and listened there; talked to this one, then to that one, and then to himself; squatted under one's legs and another's arms; and, in the short interval between stripping and stepping into the ring, managed to get himself trod on by half of both battalions. But Ransy was not the only one interested upon this occasion; the most intense interest prevailed everywhere. Many were the conjectures, doubts, oaths, and imprecations uttered while the parties were preparing for the combat. All the knowing ones were consulted as to the issue, and they all agreed, to a man, in one of two opinions: either that Bob would flog Billy, or Billy would flog Bob. We must be permitted, however, to dwell for a moment upon the opinion of Squire Thomas Loggins; a man who, it was said, had never failed to predict the issue of a fight in all his life. Indeed, so unerring had he always proved in this regard, that it would have been counted the most obstinate infidelity to doubt for a moment after he had delivered himself. Squire Loggins was a man who said but little, but that little was always delivered with the most imposing solemnity of look and cadence. He always wore the aspect of profound thought, and you could not look at him without coming to the conclusion that he was elaborating truth from its most intricate combinations.

"Uncle Tommy," said Sam Reynolds, "you can tell us all about it if you will; how will the fight go?"

The question immediately drew an anxious group around the squire. He raised his teeth slowly from the head of his walking-cane, on which they had been resting; pressed his lips closely and thoughtfully together; threw down his eyebrows, dropped his chin, raised his eyes to an angle of twenty-three degrees, paused about half a minute, and replied, "Sammy, watch Robert Durham close in the beginning of the fight; take care of William Stallions in the middle of it; and see who has the wind at the end." As he uttered the last member of the sentence, he looked slyly at Bob's friends, and winked very significantly; whereupon they rushed, with one accord, to tell Bob what Uncle Tommy had said. As they retired, the squire turned to Billy's friends, and said, with a smile, "Them boys think I mean that Bob will whip."

Here the other party kindled into joy, and hastened to inform Billy how Bob's friends had deceived themselves as to Uncle Tommy's opinion.



Augustus B. Longstreet

In the mean time the principals and seconds were busily employed in preparing themselves for the combat. The plan of attack and defence, the manner of improving the various turns of the conflict, "the best mode of saving wind," etc., etc., were all discussed and settled. At length Billy announced himself ready, and his crowd were seen moving to the centre of the Court-house Square; he and his five seconds in the rear. At the same time, Bob's party moved to the same point, and in the same order. The ring was now formed, and for a moment the silence of death reigned through both battalions. It was soon interrupted, however, by the cry of "Clear the way!" from Billy's seconds; when the ring opened in the centre of the upper battalion (for the order of march had arranged the centre of the two battalions on opposite sides of the circle), and Billy stepped into the ring from the east, followed by his friends. He was stripped to the trousers, and exhibited an arm, breast, and shoulders of the most tremendous portent. His step was firm, daring, and martial; and as he bore his fine form a little in advance of his friends, an involuntary burst of triumph broke from his side of the ring; and, at the same moment, an uncontrollable thrill of awe ran along the whole curve of the lower battalion.

"Look at him!" was heard from his friends; "just look at him."

"Ben, how much you ask to stand before that man two seconds?"

"Pshaw, don't talk about it! Just thinkin' about it's broke three o' my ribs a'ready!"

"What's Bob Durham going to do when Billy let's that arm loose upon him?"

"God bless your soul, he'll think thunder and lightning a mint-julep to it."

"Oh, look here, men, go take Bill Stallions out o' that ring, and bring in Phil Johnson's stud-horse, so that Durham may have some chance! I don't want to see the man killed right away."

These and many other like expressions, interspersed thickly with oaths of the most modern coinage, were coming from all points of the upper battalion, while Bob was adjusting the girth of his pantaloons, which walking had discovered not to be exactly right. It was just fixed to his mind, his foes becoming a little noisy, and his friends a little uneasy at his delay, when Billy called out, with a smile of some meaning, "Where's the bully of the lower battalion? I'm getting tired of waiting."

"Here he is," said Bob, lighting, as it seemed, from the clouds into the ring, for he had actually bounded clear of the head of Ransy Sniffle into the circle. His descent was quite as imposing as Billy's entry, and excited the same feelings, but in opposite bosoms.

Voices of exultation now rose on his side.

"Where did he come from?"

"Why," said one of his seconds (all having just entered), "we were girting him up, about a hundred yards out yonder, when he heard Billy ask for the bully; and he fetched a leap over the Court-house, and went out of sight; but I told them to come on, they'd find him here."

Here the lower battalion burst into a peal of laughter, mingled with a look of admiration, which seemed to denote their entire belief of what they had heard.

"Boys, widen the ring, so as to give him room to jump."

"Oh, my little flying wild-cat, hold him if you can! and, when you get him fast, hold lightning next."

"Ned, what do you think he's made of?"

"Steel springs and chicken-hawk, God bless you!"

"Gentlemen," said one of Bob's seconds, "I understand it is to be a fair fight; catch as catch can, rough and tumble: no man touch till one or the other halloos."

"That's the rule," was the reply from the other side.

"Are you ready?"

"We are ready."

"Then blaze away, my game cocks!"

At the word, Bob dashed at his antagonist at full speed; and Bill squared himself to receive him with one of his most fatal blows. Making his calculation from Bob's velocity, of the time when he would come within striking distance, he let drive with tremendous force. But Bob's onset was obviously planned to avoid this blow; for, contrary to all expectations, he stopped short just out of arm's reach, and, before Billy could recover his balance, Bob had him "all under-hold." The next second, sure enough, "found Billy's head where his feet ought to be." How it was done no one could tell; but, as if by supernatural power, both Billy's feet were thrown full half his own height in the air, and he came down with a force that seemed to shake the earth. As he struck the ground, commingled shouts, screams, and yells burst from the lower battalion, loud enough to be heard for miles. "Hurrah, my little hornet!" "Save him!" "Feed him!" "Give him the Durham physic till his stomach turns!" Billy was no sooner down than Bob was on him, and lending him awful blows about the face and breast. Billy made two efforts to rise by main strength, but failed. "Lord bless you, man, don't try to get up! *Lay* still and take it! you *bleege* to have it!"

Billy now turned his face suddenly to the ground, and rose upon his hands and knees. Bob jerked up both his hands and threw him on his face. He again recovered his late position, of which Bob endeavored to deprive him as before; but, missing one arm, he failed, and Billy rose. But he had scarcely resumed his feet before they flew up as before, and

he came again to the ground. "No fight, gentlemen!" cried Bob's friends; "the man can't stand up! Bouncing feet are bad things to fight in." His fall, however, was this time comparatively light; for, having thrown his right arm round Bob's neck, he carried his head down with him. This grasp, which was obstinately maintained, prevented Bob from getting on him, and they lay head to head, seeming, for a time, to do nothing. Presently they rose, as if by mutual consent; and, as they rose, a shout burst from both battalions. "Oh, my lark!" cried the east, "has he foxed you? Do you begin to feel him! He's only beginning to fight; he ain't got warm yet."

"Look yonder!" cried the west; "didn't I tell you so! He hit the ground so hard it jarred his nose off. Now ain't he a pretty man as he stands? He shall have my sister Sal just for his pretty looks. I want to get in the breed of them sort o' men, to drive ugly out of my kinfolks."

I looked, and saw that Bob had entirely lost his left ear, and a large piece from his left cheek. His right eye was a little discolored, and the blood flowed profusely from his wounds.

Bill presented a hideous spectacle. About a third of his nose, at the lower extremity, was bitten off, and his face so swelled and bruised that it was difficult to discover in it anything of the human visage, much more the fine features which he carried into the ring.

They were up only long enough for me to make the foregoing discoveries, when down they went again, precisely as before. They no sooner touched the ground than Bill relinquished his hold upon Bob's neck. In this he seemed to all to have forfeited the only advantage which put him upon an equality with his adversary. But the movement was soon explained. Bill wanted this arm for other purposes than defence; and he had made arrangements whereby he knew that he could make it answer these purposes; for, when they rose again, he had the middle finger of Bob's left hand in his mouth. He was now secure from Bob's annoying trips; and he began to lend his adversary tremendous blows, every one of which was hailed by a shout from his friends. "Bullets!" "*Hoss*-kicking!" "Thunder!" "That'll do for his face; now feel his short ribs, Billy!"

I now considered the contest settled. I deemed it impossible for any human being to withstand for five seconds the loss of blood which issued from Bob's ear, cheek, nose, and finger, accompanied with such blows as he was receiving. Still he maintained the conflict, and gave blow for blow with considerable effect. But the blows of each became slower and weaker after the first three or four; and it became obvious that Bill wanted the room which Bob's finger occupied for breathing. He would therefore, probably, in a short time, have let it go, had not Bob antici-

pated his politeness by jerking away his hand, and making him a present of the finger. He now seized Bill again, and brought him to his knees, but he recovered. He again brought him to his knees, and he again recovered. A third effort, however, brought him down, and Bob on top of him. These efforts seemed to exhaust the little remaining strength of both; and they lay, Bill undermost and Bob across his breast, motionless, and panting for breath. After a short pause, Bob gathered his hand full of dirt and sand, and was in the act of grinding it in his adversary's eyes, when Bill cried "ENOUGH!" Language cannot describe the scene that followed; the shouts, oaths, frantic gestures, taunts, replies, and little fights, and therefore I shall not attempt it. The champions were borne off by their seconds and washed; when many a bleeding wound and ugly bruise was discovered on each which no eye had seen before.

Many had gathered round Bob, and were in various ways congratulating and applauding him, when a voice from the centre of the circle cried out, "Boys, hush and listen to me!" It proceeded from Squire Loggins, who had made his way to Bob's side, and had gathered his face up into one of its most flattering and intelligible expressions. All were obedient to the squire's command. "Gentlemen," continued he, with a most knowing smile, "is—Sammy—Reynold—in—this—company—of—gentlemen?"

"Yes," said Sam, "here I am."

"Sammy," said the squire, winking to the company, and drawing the head of his cane to his mouth with an arch smile as he closed, "I—wish—you—to tell—Cousin—Bobby—and—these—gentlemen here present—what—your—Uncle—Tommy—said—before—the—fight—began?"

"Oh! get away, Uncle Tom," said Sam, smiling (the squire winked), "you don't know nothing about fighting." (The squire winked again.) "All you know about it is how it'll begin, how it'll go on, how it'll end; that's all. Cousin Bob, when you going to fight again, just go to the old man, and let him tell you all about it. If he can't, don't ask nobody else nothing about it, I tell you."

The squire's foresight was complimented in many ways by the bystanders; and he retired, advising "the boys to be at peace, as fighting was a bad business."

Durham and Stallions kept their beds for several weeks, and did not meet again for two months. When they met, Billy stepped up to Bob and offered his hand, saying, "Bobby, you've licked me a fair fight; but you wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been in the wrong. I oughtn't to have treated your wife as I did; and I felt so through the whole fight; and it sort o' cowed me."

"Well, Billy," said Bob, "let's be friends. Once in the fight, when you had my finger in your mouth, and was peeling me in the face and

breast, I was going to halloo; but I thought of Betsy, and knew the house would be too hot for me if I got whipped when fighting for her, after always whipping when I fought for myself."

"Now that's what I always love to see," said a by-stander. "It's true I brought about the fight, but I wouldn't have done it if it hadn't o' been on account of Miss (Mrs.) Durham. But dod etarnally darn my soul, if I ever could stand by and see any woman put upon, much less Miss Durham. If Bobby hadn't been there, I'd o' took it up myself, be darned if I wouldn't, even if I'd o' got whipped for it. But we're all friends now." The reader need hardly be told that this was Ransy Sniffle.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse.

BORN in Charlestown, Mass., 1791. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1872.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT.

[*The Life of Samuel F. B. Morse. By S. I. Prime.* 1875.]

I IMMEDIATELY commenced, with very limited means, to experiment upon my invention. My first instrument was made up of an old picture or canvas frame fastened to a table; the wheels of an old wooden clock, moved by a weight to carry the paper forward; three wooden drums, upon one of which the paper was wound and passed over the other two; a wooden pendulum suspended to the top piece of the picture or stretching frame, and vibrating across the paper as it passes over the centre wooden drum; a pencil at the lower end of the pendulum, in contact with the paper; an electro-magnet fastened to a shelf across the picture or stretching frame, opposite to an armature made fast to the pendulum; a type rule and type for breaking the circuit, resting on an endless band, composed of carpet-binding, which passed over two wooden rollers, moved by a wooden crank, and carried forward by points projecting from the bottom of the rule downward into the carpet-binding; a lever, with a small weight on the upper side, and a tooth projecting downward at one end, operated on by the type, and a metallic fork also projecting downward over two mercury-cups, and a short circuit of wire, embracing the helices of the electro-magnet connected with the positive and negative poles of the battery and terminating in the mercury-cups. When the instrument was at rest the circuit was broken at the mercury-cups; as soon as the first type in the type-rule (put in motion by turning the wooden crank) came in contact with the tooth *on the lever*, it raised

that end of the lever and depressed the other, bringing the prongs of the fork down into the mercury, thus closing the circuit; the current passing through the helices of the electro-magnet caused the pendulum to move and the pencil to make an oblique mark upon the paper, which, in the mean time, had been put in motion over the wooden drum. The tooth in the lever falling into the first two cogs of the types, the circuit was broken when the pendulum returned to its former position, the pencil making another mark as it returned across the paper. Thus, as the lever was alternately raised and depressed by the points of the type, the pencil passed to and fro across the slip of paper passing under it, making a mark resembling a succession of V's. The spaces between the types caused the pencil to mark horizontal lines, long or short, in proportion to the length of the spaces. With this apparatus, rude as it was, and completed before the first of the year 1836, I was enabled to and did mark down telegraphic intelligible signs, and to make and did make distinguishable sounds for telegraphing; and, having arrived at that point, I exhibited it to some of my friends early in that year, and among others to Professor Leonard D. Gale, who was a college professor in the university. I also experimented with the *chemical* power of the electric current in 1836, and succeeded in marking my telegraphic signs upon paper dipped in turmeric and a solution of the sulphate of soda (as well as other salts), by passing the current through it. I was soon satisfied, however, that the electro-*magnetic* power was more available for telegraphic purposes and possessed many advantages over any other, and I turned my thoughts in that direction. Early in 1836 I procured forty feet of wire, and putting it in the circuit I found that my battery of one cup was not sufficient to work my instrument. This result suggested to me the probability that the magnetism to be obtained from the electric current would diminish in proportion as the circuit was lengthened, so as to be insufficient for any practical purposes at great distances; and to remove that probable obstacle to my success I conceived the idea of combining two or more circuits together in the manner described in my first patent, each with an independent battery, making use of the magnetism of the current on the first to close and break the second; the second, the third, and so on. This contrivance was fully set forth in my patents. My chief concern, therefore, on my subsequent patents was to ascertain to what distance from the battery sufficient magnetism could be obtained to vibrate a piece of metal, knowing that, if I could obtain the least motion at the distance of eight or ten miles, the ultimate object was within my grasp. A practical mode of communicating the impulse of one circuit to another, such as that described in my patent of 1840, was matured as early as the spring of 1837, and exhibited then to Professor Gale, my confidential friend.

Up to the autumn of 1837 my telegraphic apparatus existed in so rude a form that I felt a reluctance to have it seen. My means were very limited—so limited as to preclude the possibility of constructing an apparatus of such mechanical finish as to warrant my success in venturing upon its public exhibition. I had no wish to expose to ridicule the representative of so many hours of laborious thought. Prior to the summer of 1837, at which time Mr. Alfred Vail's attention became attracted to my Telegraph, I depended upon my pencil for subsistence. Indeed, so straitened were my circumstances that, in order to save time to carry out my invention and to economize my scanty means, I had for many months lodged and eaten in my studio, procuring my food in small quantities from some grocery, and preparing it myself. To conceal from my friends the stinted manner in which I lived, I was in the habit of bringing my food to my room in the evenings, and this was my mode of life for many years.

Charles Sprague.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1791. DIED there, 1875.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

[*The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague.* 1876.]

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep.*

To you 't is given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays,
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,

And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were Heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

FICTION.

LOOK now, directed by yon candle's blaze,
Where the false shutter half its trust betrays—
Mark that fair girl, reclining in her bed,
Its curtain round her polished shoulders spread :
Dark midnight reigns, the storm is up in power;
What keeps her waking in that dreary hour ?
See where the volume on her pillow lies—
Claims Radcliffe or Chapone those frequent sighs ?
'T is some wild legend—now her kind eye fills,
And now cold terror every fibre chills ;
Still she reads on—in fiction's labyrinth lost,
Of tyrant fathers, and of true love crossed ;
Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans,
Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffined bones,
Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon door;—
Still she reads on—even though to read she fears,
And in each key-hole moan strange voices hears,
While every shadow that withdraws her look
Glares in her face, the goblin of her book ;
Still o'er the leaves her craving eye is cast,
On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last ;
Counts what remains, now sighs there are no more,
And now even those half tempted to skip o'er ;
At length, the bad all killed, the good all pleased,
Her thirsting Curiosity appeased,
She shuts the dear, dear book, that made her weep,
Puts out her light, and turns away to sleep.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home;*
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
And cruel ocean has his share—
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears?
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're round us as they were of old—
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
O, then, that wisdom may we know,

Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all *here!*

George Ticknor.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1791. Died there, 1871.

LITERATURE AND THE CHURCH IN SPAIN.

[*History of Spanish Literature.* 1849.—*Revised Edition.* 1871.]

SPANIARDS had contended against misbelief with so implacable a hatred, for centuries, that the spirit of that old contest had become one of the elements of their national existence; and now, having expelled the Jews, and reduced the Moors to submission, they turned themselves, with the same fervent zeal, to purify their soil from what they trusted would prove the last trace of heretical pollution. To achieve this great object, Pope Paul the Fourth, in 1558,—the same year in which Philip the Second had decreed the most odious and awful penalties of the civil government in aid of the Inquisition,—granted a brief, by which all the preceding dispositions of the Church against heretics were confirmed, and the tribunals of the Inquisition were authorized and required to proceed against all persons supposed to be infected with the new belief, even though such persons might be bishops, archbishops, or cardinals, dukes, princes, kings, or emperors;—a power which, taken in all its relations, was more formidable to the progress of intellectual improvement than had ever before been granted to any body of men, civil or ecclesiastical.

The portentous authority thus given was at once freely exercised. The first public *auto da fé* of Protestants was held at Valladolid in 1559, and others followed, both there and elsewhere. The royal family was occasionally present; several persons of rank suffered; and a general popular favor evidently followed the horrors that were perpetrated. The number of victims was not large when compared with earlier periods, seldom exceeding twenty burned at one time, and fifty or sixty subjected to cruel and degrading punishments; but many of those who suffered were, as the nature of the crimes alleged against them implied, among the leading and active minds of their age. Men of learning were particularly obnoxious to suspicion, since the cause of Protestantism

Geo: Ticknor

appealed directly to learning for its support. Sanchez, the best classical scholar of his time in Spain, Luis de Leon, the best Hebrew critic and the most eloquent preacher, and Mariana, the chief Spanish historian, with other men of letters of inferior name and consideration, were summoned before the tribunals of the Inquisition, in order that they might at least avow their submission to its authority, even if they were not subjected to its censures.

Nor were persons of the holiest lives and the most ascetic tempers beyond the reach of its mistrust, if they but showed a tendency to inquiry. Thus, Juan de Avila, known under the title of the Apostle of Andalusia, and Luis de Granada, the devout mystic, with Teresa de Jesus and Juan de la Cruz, both of whom were afterwards canonized by the Church of Rome, all passed through its cells, or in some shape underwent its discipline. So did some of the ecclesiastics most distinguished by their rank and authority. Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, after being tormented eighteen years by its persecutions, died, at last, in craven submission to its power; and Cazalla, who had been a favorite chaplain of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, was strangled at the stake as an indulgence for an unmanly recantation, and then burnt. Even the faith of the principal personages of the kingdom was inquired into, and, at different times, proceedings sufficient, at least, to assert its authority, were instituted in relation to Don John of Austria, and the formidable Duke of Alva; proceedings, however, which must be regarded rather as matters of show than of substance, since the whole institution was connected with the government from the first, and became more and more subservient to the policy of the successive masters of the state, as its tendencies were developed in successive reigns.

The great purpose, therefore, of the government and the Inquisition may be considered as having been fulfilled in the latter part of the reign of Philip the Second,—further, at least, than such a purpose was ever fulfilled in any other Christian country, and further than it is ever likely to be again fulfilled elsewhere. The Spanish nation was then become, in the sense they themselves gave to the term, the most thoroughly religious nation in Europe; a fact signally illustrated in their own eyes a few years afterwards, when it was deemed desirable to expel the remains of the Moorish race from the Peninsula, and six hundred thousand peaceable and industrious subjects were, from religious bigotry, cruelly driven out of their native country, amidst the devout exultation of the whole kingdom,—Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and others of the principal men of genius then alive, joining in the general jubilee. From this time, the voice of religious dissent can hardly be said to have been heard in the land; and the Inquisition, therefore, down to its overthrow in 1808, became more and more a political engine, much occupied about

cases connected with the policy of the state, though under the pretence that they were cases of heresy or unbelief. The great body of the Spanish people rejoiced alike in their loyalty and their orthodoxy; and the few who differed in faith from the mass of their fellow-subjects were either held in silence by their fears, or else sunk away from the surface of society the moment their disaffection was suspected.

The results of such extraordinary traits in the national character could not fail to be impressed upon the literature of any country, and particularly upon a literature which, like that of Spain, had always been strongly marked by the popular temperament and peculiarities. But the period was not one in which such traits could be produced with poetical effect. The ancient loyalty, which had once been so generous an element in the Spanish character and cultivation, was now infected with the ambition of universal empire, and was lavished upon princes and nobles, who, like the three Philips and their ministers, were unworthy of its homage; so that, in the Spanish historians and epic poets of this period, and even in more popular writers, like Quevedo and Calderon, we find a vainglorious admiration of their country, and a poor flattery of royalty and rank, that remind us of the old Castilian pride and deference only by showing how both had lost their dignity. And so it is with the ancient religious feeling that was so nearly akin to this loyalty. The Christian spirit, which gave an air of duty to the wildest forms of adventure throughout the country, during its long contest with the power of misbelief, was now fallen away into a low and anxious bigotry, fierce and intolerant towards everything that differed from its own sharply defined faith, and yet so pervading and so popular, that the romances and tales of the time are full of it, and the national theatre, in more than one form, becomes its strange and grotesque monument.

Of course, the body of Spanish poetry and eloquent prose produced during this interval—the earlier part of which was the period of the greatest glory Spain ever enjoyed—was injuriously affected by so diseased a condition of the national character. That generous and manly spirit which is the breath of intellectual life to any people was restrained and stifled. Some departments of literature, such as forensic eloquence and eloquence of the pulpit, satirical poetry and elegant didactic prose, hardly appeared at all; others, like epic poetry, were strangely perverted and misdirected; while yet others, like the drama, the ballads, and the lighter forms of lyrical verse, seemed to grow exuberant and lawless from the very restraints imposed on the rest; restraints which, in fact, forced poetical genius into channels where it would otherwise have flowed much more scantily, and with no such luxuriant results.

The books that were published during the whole period on which we are now entering, and indeed for a century later, bore everywhere marks

of the subjection to which the press and those who wrote for it were alike reduced. From the abject title-pages and dedications of the authors themselves, through the crowd of certificates collected from their friends to establish the orthodoxy of works that were often as little connected with religion as fairy tales, down to the colophon, supplicating pardon for any unconscious neglect of the authority of the Church or any too free use of classical mythology, we are continually oppressed with painful proofs, not only how completely the human mind was enslaved in Spain, but how grievously it had become cramped and crippled by the chains it had so long worn.

But we shall be greatly in error, if, as we notice these deep marks and strange peculiarities in Spanish literature, we suppose they were produced by the direct action either of the Inquisition or of the civil government of the country, compressing, as it were, with a physical power, the whole circle of society. This would have been impossible. No nation would have submitted to it; much less so high-spirited and chivalrous a nation as the Spanish in the reign of Charles the Fifth and in the greater part of that of Philip the Second. This dark work was done earlier. Its foundations were laid deep and sure in the old Castilian character. It was the result of the excess and misdirection of that very Christian zeal which fought so fervently and gloriously against the intrusion of Mohammedanism into Europe, and of that military loyalty which sustained the Spanish princes so faithfully through the whole of that terrible contest; both of them high and ennobling principles, which in Spain were more wrought into the popular character than they were in any other country.

Spanish submission to an unworthy despotism, and Spanish bigotry, were, therefore, not the results of the Inquisition, and the modern appliances of a corrupting monarchy; but the Inquisition and the despotism were rather the results of a misdirection of the old religious faith and loyalty. The civilization that recognized such elements presented, no doubt, much that was brilliant, poetical, and ennobling; but it was not without its darker side; for it failed to excite and cherish many of the most elevating qualities of our common nature,—those qualities which are produced in domestic life, and result in the cultivation of the arts of peace.

CALDERON'S DRAMAS.

[*From the Same.*]

CALDERON has added to the stage no new form of dramatic composition. Nor has he much modified those forms which had been already arranged and settled by Lope de Vega. But he has shown more technical exactness in combining his incidents, and adjusted everything more skilfully for stage effect. He has given to the whole a new coloring, and, in some respects, a new physiognomy. His drama is more poetical in its tone and tendencies, and has less the air of truth and reality, than that of his great predecessor. In its more successful portions,—which are rarely objectionable from their moral tone,—it seems almost as if we were transported to another and more gorgeous world, where the scenery is lighted up with unknown and preternatural splendor, and where the motives and passions of the personages that pass before us are so highly wrought, that we must have our own feelings not a little stirred and excited before we can take an earnest interest in what we witness, or sympathize in its results. But even in this he is successful. The buoyancy of life and spirit that he has infused into the gayer divisions of his drama, and the moving tenderness that pervades its graver and more tragical portions, lift us unconsciously to the height where alone his brilliant exhibitions can prevail with our imaginations, —where alone we can be interested and deluded, when we find ourselves in the midst, not only of such a confusion of the different forms of the drama, but of such a confusion of the proper limits of dramatic and lyrical poetry.

To this elevated tone, and to the constant effort necessary in order to sustain it, we owe much of what distinguishes Calderon from his predecessors, and nearly all that is most individual and characteristic in his separate merits and effects. It makes him less easy, graceful, and natural than Lope. It imparts to his style a mannerism, which, notwithstanding the marvellous richness and fluency of his versification, sometimes wearies and sometimes offends us. It leads him to repeat from himself till many of his personages become standing characters, and his heroes and their servants, his ladies and their confidants, his old men and his buffoons, seem to be produced, like the masked figures of the ancient theatre, to represent, with the same attributes and in the same costume, the different intrigues of his various plots. It leads him, in short, to regard the whole of the Spanish drama as a mere form, within whose limits his imagination may be indulged without restraint; and in which Greeks and Romans, heathen divinities, and the supernatural fictions of Christian tradition, may be all brought out in Spanish fash-

ions and Spanish feelings, and led, through a succession of ingenious and interesting adventures, to the catastrophes their stories happen to require.

In carrying out this theory of the Spanish drama, Calderon, as we have seen, often succeeds, and often fails. But when he succeeds, his success is of no common character. He then sets before us only models of ideal beauty, perfection, and splendor;—a world, he would have it, into which nothing should enter but the highest elements of the national genius. There, the fervid, yet grave, enthusiasm of the old Castilian heroism; the chivalrous adventures of modern, courtly honor; the generous self-devotion of individual loyalty; and that reserved, but passionate love, which, in a state of society where it was so rigorously withdrawn from notice, became a kind of unacknowledged religion of the heart;—all seem to find their appropriate home. And when he has once brought us into this land of enchantment, whose glowing impossibilities his own genius has created, and has called around him forms of such grace and loveliness as those of Clara and Doña Angela, or heroic forms like those of Tuzani, Mariamne, and Don Ferdinand, then he has reached the highest point he ever attained, or ever proposed to himself;—he has set before us the grand show of an idealized drama, resting on the purest and noblest elements of the Spanish national character, and one which, with all its unquestionable defects, is to be placed among the extraordinary phenomena of modern poetry.

SOME TRAITS OF A HISTORIAN.

[*Life of William Hickling Prescott.* 1863.]

THERE is another side of his character, which should not be left out of view, and yet one which I cannot approach except with misgiving; I mean that which involves the moral and religious elements of his nature. Of these, so far as a belief in Christianity is concerned, and a conscientious and repeated examination of its authority as a revelation, I have already spoken. His life, too, devoted to hard labor,—often physically painful,—with the prevalent idea not only of cultivating his own faculties, and promoting his own improvement, but of fulfilling his duties towards his fellow-men, was necessarily one of constant careful discipline, but behind all this, and deeper than all this, lay, as its foundation, his watchfulness over his moral and religious character, its weaknesses and its temptations.

With these he dealt, to a remarkable degree, in the same way, and on

the same system, which he applied to his physical health and his intellectual culture. He made a record of everything that was amiss, and examined and considered and studied that record constantly and conscientiously. It was written on separate slips of paper,—done always with his own hand,—seen only by his own eye. These slips he preserved in a large envelope, and kept them in the most reserved and private manner. From time to time, when his sight permitted,—and generally on Sunday, after returning from the morning service,—he took them out and looked them over, one by one. If any habitual fault were, as he thought, eradicated, he destroyed the record of it; if a new one had appeared, he entered it on its separate slip, and placed it with the rest for future warning and reproof. This habit, known only to the innermost circle of those who lived around his heart, was persevered in to the last. After his death the envelope was found, marked, as it was known that it would be, "To be burnt." And it *was* burnt. No record, therefore, remains on earth of this remarkable self-discipline. But it remains in the memory of his beautiful and pure life, and in the books that shall be opened at the great day, when the thoughts of all hearts shall be made manifest.

Probably to those who knew my friend only as men commonly know one another in society, and even to the many who knew him familiarly, these accounts of his private habits and careful self-discipline may be unexpected, and may seem strange. But they are true. The foundations of his character were laid as deep as I have described them,—the vigilance over his own conduct was as strict. But he always desired to have as little of this seen as possible. He detested all pretence and cant. He made no presumptuous claims to the virtues which everybody, who knew him at all, knew he possessed. He did not, for instance, like to say that he acted in any individual case from "a sense of duty." He avoided that particular phrase, as he more than once told me he did, and as I know his father had done before him, because it is so often used to hide mean or unworthy motives. I am pretty sure that I never heard him use it; and on one occasion, when a person for whom he had much regard was urging him to do something which, after all, could only end in social pleasures for both of them, and added as an ultimate argument, "But can't you make *a duty* of it?"—he repeated the words to me afterwards with the heartiest disgust. But, during his riper years, nobody, I think, ever saw anything in him which contradicted the idea that he was governed by high motives. It was only that he was instinctively unwilling to parade them,—that he was remarkably free from anything like pretension.

He carried this very far. To take a strong example, few persons suspected him of literary industry till all the world knew what he had done.

Not half a dozen, I think, out of his own family, were aware, during the whole period in which he was employed on his "Ferdinand and Isabella," that he was occupied with *any* considerable literary undertaking, and hardly anybody knew what it was. Most of his friends thought that he led rather an idle, unprofitable life, but attributed it to his infirmity, and pardoned or overlooked it as a misfortune, rather than as anything discreditable. On one occasion a near connection, whom he was in the habit of meeting in the most familiar and pleasant manner at least once a week, affectionately urged him to undertake some serious occupation as a thing essential to his happiness, and even to his respectable position in society. And yet, at that moment, he had been eight years laboring on his first great work; and, though thus pressed and tempted, he did not confess how he was employed.

He was sensitive from his very nature as well as from the infirmities that beset him; and this sensitiveness of temperament made it more than commonly disagreeable to him to have his exact habits interfered with or intruded upon. But he did not willingly permit his annoyance to be seen, and few ever suspected that he felt it. When he was riding or taking his long walks, he was, as we have seen, in the habit of going over and over again in his memory whatever he might last have composed, and thus correcting and finishing his work in a way peculiarly agreeable to himself. Of course, under such circumstances, any interruption to the current of his thoughts was unwelcome. And yet who of the hundreds that stopped him in his daily walks, or joined him on horseback, eager for his kindly greeting or animated conversation, was ever received with any other than a pleasant welcome? During one winter, I know that the same friend overtook him so often in his morning ride, that he gave up his favorite road to avoid a kindness which he was not willing to seem to decline. His father and he understood one another completely on this point. They often mounted at the same time, but always turned their horses in different directions.

Nor was there in his intercourse at home or abroad—with strangers or with his familiar friends—any noticeable trace of the strict government to which he subjected his time and his character. In his study everything went on by rule. His table and his papers were always in the nicest order. His chair stood always in the same spot, and—what was important—in the same relations to the light. The furniture of the room was always arranged in the same manner. The hours, and often even the minutes, were counted and appropriated. But when he came out from his work and joined his family, the change was complete,—the relaxation absolute. Especially in the latter part of his life, and in the cheerful parlor of the old homestead at Pepperell, surrounded by his children and their young friends, his gay spirits were counted upon by all as an

unfailing resource. The evening games could not be begun, the entertaining book could not be opened, until he had come from his work, and taken his accustomed place in the circle which his presence always made bright.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

BORN in Norwich, Conn., 1791. DIED at Hartford, Conn., 1865.

COLUMBUS.

[*Poems. Second Edition.* 1836.]

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown,
Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fates' unfolding scroll,
Dark woes, and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.

On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
All glorious,—yet forlorn.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that polished brow
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The Spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed—and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight surveyed—
Sir Bernardine du Born.
And he that haughty glance returned,
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
Gleamed through his crisped hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band,
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land;
Thy castles, and thy rebel-towers,
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shalt end thy base renown.

"Deignest thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou, with strange madness fired?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turned him toward the king,
He blenched not in his pride;
"My reason failed, my gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died."

Quick at that name a cloud of woe
Passed o'er the monarch's brow,
Touched was that bleeding cord of love,
To which the mightiest bow.
Again swept back the tide of years,
Again his first-born moved,
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport
Or youth's untamed career;
With him the merry chase he sought
Beneath the dewy morn,
With him in knightly tourney rode,
This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim,
And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him—
And faintly through his tears he spake,
"God send his grace to thee,
And for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth—unscathed and free."

THE TRIAL OF THE DEAD.

[*The Western Home and Other Poems.* 1854.]

THE spears at Corrichie were bright,
Where, with a stern command,
The Earl of Huntley ranged his host
Upon their native strand.

From many a Highland strath and glen
They at his summons came,

A stalwart band of fearless men,
Who counted war a game.

Then, from Edina's royal court
Fierce Murray northward sped,
And rushed his envied foe to meet
In battle sharp and dread.

They met, they closed, they struggled sore,
Like waves when tempests blow,
The slogan-music high in air,
The sound of groans below.

They broke, they wheeled, they charged again,
Till on the ensanguined ground
The noble Gordon lifeless lay,
Transpierced with many a wound.

Long from her tower his Lady looked:
"I see a dusky cloud,
And there, behold! comes floating high
Earl Huntley's banner proud."

Then, deep she sighed, for rising mist
Involved her aching sight;
'Twas but an autumn-bough that mocked
Her chieftain's pennon bright.

His mother by the ingle sate,
Her head upon her knee,
And murmured low in hollow tone,
"He'll ne'er come back to thee."

"Hist, Lady, mother! hear I not
Steed-tramp and pibroch-roar?
As when the victor-surf doth tread
Upon a rocky shore?"

Not toward the loop-hole raised her head
That woman wise and hoar,
But whispered in her troubled soul,
"Thy Lord returns no more!

"A funeral march is in my ear,
A scattered host I see,"
And, straining wild, her sunken eye
Gazed out on vacancy.

Back to their homes, the Gordon clan
Stole with despairing tread,
While to the vaults of Holyrood
Was borne their chieftain dead.

Exulting foemen bore him there,
While lawless vassals jeered,
Nor spared to mock the haughty brow
Whose living frown they feared.

No earth upon his corse they strewed,
At no rich shrine inurned,
But heavenward, as the warrior fell,
His noble forehead turned.

Months fled; and while, from castled height
To cot in lowly dell,
O'er Corrichie's disastrous day
The tears of Scotland fell,

Behold, a high and solemn court
With feudal pomp was graced,
And at the bar, in princely robes,
A muffled chieftain placed.

No glance his veiled face might scan,
Though throngs beside him pressed;
The Gordon plume his brow adorned,
Its tartan wrapped his breast.

"Lord George of Gordon, Huntley's earl!
High-treason taints thy name;
For God, and for thy country's cause,
Defend thine ancient fame;

"Make oath upon thine honor's seal,
Heaven's truth unblenching tell!"
No lip he moved, no hand he raised,
And dire that silence fell.

No word he spake, though thrice adjured;
Then came the sentence drear:
"Foul traitor to thy queen and realm,
Our laws denounce thee here."

They stripped him of his cloak of state,
They bared his helmed head,
Though the pale judges inly quaked
Before the ghastly dead.

Light thing to him, that earthly doom
Or man's avenging rod,
Who, in the land of souls, doth bide
The audit of his God.

Before his face the crowd drew back,
As from sepulchral gloom,

And sternest veterans shrank to breathe
The vapor of the tomb.

And now, this mockery of the dead
With hateful pageant o'er,
They yield him to his waiting friends
Who throng the palace door.

And on their sad procession pressed,
Unresting day and night,
To where mid Elgin's towers they mark
The fair cathedral's height.

And there, by kindred tears bedewed,
Beneath its hallowed shade,
With midnight torch and chanted dirge,
Their fallen chief they laid,

Fast by king Duncan's mouldering dust,
Whose locks of silver hue
Were stained, as Avon's swan hath sung,
With murder's bloody dew.

So, rest thou here, thou Scottish earl
Of ancient fame and power,
No more a valiant host to guide
In battle's stormy hour.

Yea, rest thee here, thou Scottish earl,
Until that day of dread,
Which to eternity consigns
The trial of the dead.

Alexander Hill Everett.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1792. Died in Canton, China, 1844.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCHILLER.

[*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.* 1845.]

IN fact, though the names of Schiller and Shakespeare are often cited together, the two writers have hardly any points of resemblance. They belong to two different periods in the progress of poetry. Shakespeare has all the exuberant fulness, the fresh and joyous flow of thought and feeling, that appertain to an early literary age; and the fetters of

general principles and conventional rules hang about him very loosely. At the slightest temptation he breaks through them with perfect nonchalance, and shakes them off, "like dew-drops from a lion's mane." Nay, he often, in the wantonness of power, seems to take delight in setting all forms at defiance, and bringing into one picture the most incongruous images in art and nature, as in the last act of Hamlet. In Schiller, on the contrary, we recognize the established empire of taste, against which genius itself in a polished age does not venture to rebel. The form predominates over the substance. There is no playing with conventional rules—no mixture of prose and verse, of tragedy and comedy in the same scene—no puns in the midst of pathos, or instructions to stage-players given by a tragic hero at the height of his distress. The execution is pure, chaste, and polished, and even in the Robbers only errs by a small excess in degree. Thus far all is well; but then we miss at the same time the fresh impression of nature, and the careless ease and lightheartedness of an untamed fancy. The language is studied and elaborate, as well as elegant, and the effect upon the whole is much less delightful. Whether it be possible for any talent, however high, to produce the same impression of power, and the same degree of pleasure, with a strict observance of all the formal rules of taste, that result from witnessing the wild and graceful sports of a genius that rises above them, is perhaps a question. The talent of Schiller, great as it was, has certainly not been sufficient for this object.

The difference between these two poets is as great in the substance, as in the form of their works; and in this respect, also, each of them wears the stamp of the age in which he lived. Shakespeare gives us the simple and true impression of nature, as observed and felt by himself. In Schiller we generally get it at second hand, through the medium of books, and deduced from vague generalities. Shakespeare, too, is rich in the most profound and curious general observations upon every branch of moral science; but with him they seem to be instinctive conclusions of his own acute sense, while in Schiller, on the contrary, we trace them at once to be the common fund of the philosophical knowledge of his time; and are rather tempted to regard even his individual characters as personifications of acknowledged general truths. In making these remarks, we are far from wishing to undervalue the merit of Schiller, which is sufficiently attested by his prodigious and continued success. Indeed the general characteristics, which we have just noticed, belong to him in common with the most distinguished dramatic poets of ancient and modern times. The masters of the Greek and French tragedy are, like him, artificial and discursive, as well as pure and elegant. The manner of Alfieri and Metastasio partakes of the same qualities; and the best English tragedies of the last century are feebler

examples of this model. We are inclined to think, indeed, that Schiller has upon the whole brought this form of tragedy to a higher degree of perfection, than any modern writer, with the exception, perhaps, of Corneille and Racine. We only mean to insist, that his merits and defects are entirely different from those of Shakespeare, with whom he is frequently classed by superficial critics, who also describe them both as belonging to the romantic school of poetry. It is almost needless to remark, that there is not a writer in the whole compass of literature less romantic than Shakespeare; and it is rather difficult to conjecture for what reason he has been classed with Schiller, unless it be that they both neglect at pleasure the formal unities of time and place—a circumstance which, however unimportant, seems to be regarded by some critics as the real touchstone of merit and only true ground of distinctions among dramatic writers.

A LITERARY LEADER.

[*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.* 1846.]

A VAST continent was to be subdued and cultivated; all the branches of mechanical industry (as far as the mother country would permit us to exercise them) to be commenced. Here was business enough for the mass of the people. For minds of an elevated stamp, the liberal professions, education, public and private, and the high functions of government, opened fields of action, into which such minds could not hesitate to enter. The desk, the bench, the professor's chair, the principal political and military offices, were not with us the patrimony of particular families, but the acknowledged property of merit and talent, which, as soon as they showed themselves, were summoned, by the loud and unanimous acclaim of the public, to enter in and take possession. Had our fathers been insensible to this high vocation, they would have shown that they were unworthy of it, and incapable of excellence in anything. Our Ovids and Martials were therefore lost in Franklins, Adamses, and Jeffersons, as were those of England in Murrays and Pulteneys; and the loss, we may well add, was exceeding gain.

It was not then the absence of talent or poetical inspiration, but the more imperious and urgent,—let us not be unjust to our ancestors,—the nobler and loftier nature of the call for active labor in the moral and political service of the public, that checked for a time the cultivation of the finer arts. The shepherd in Virgil, who was compelled to abandon at once his country and his favorite amusements, beheld with admiration,

if not with envy, his comrade playing on his rustic pipe, under the shade of the accustomed beech tree. Our fathers, if they felt any emotions of regret, at quitting their literary and poetical pursuits, could at least console themselves with the reflection, that they made the sacrifice, not to quit but to serve their country; and, in obedience to her sacred voice, sprang with alacrity and pleasure into the walks of active life. We had men enough among us, who were "smit with the love of sacred song:" who in earlier life exhibited splendid proofs that their love was by no means an unrequited passion; and who, had they devoted themselves exclusively to letters, would have carried off the most brilliant honors in any department which they might have selected. Such were the persons, whose names we mentioned above *honoris causâ;* but they too fell under the general rule, and could not withstand those inducements to engage, in one way or another, in the public service, that wrought with irresistible force upon every generous soul. They were all, as is well known, employed in the highest, the gravest, the most absorbing political, moral, or military affairs; and we possess in their literary effusions either the unripe fruits of their youth, or the hasty and casual recreations, that amused the few leisure hours of their maturer years. . . . .

Finally, however, in the rapid progress of our population, wealth, and literary advantages, the period arrived when the calls of business no longer absorbed all the cultivated intellect existing in the country; when, after these were fully satisfied, there remained a portion of taste, zeal, and talent to be employed in purely literary and scientific pursuits; when the public mind was prepared to acknowledge and appreciate any really superior merit, that might present itself, in those departments; when in fact the nation, having been somewhat galled by the continual sneers of a set of heartless and senseless foreigners upon our want of literary talent, was rather anxious to possess some positive facts, which could be offered as evidence to the contrary, and was prepared of course to hail the appearance of a writer of undoubted talent, with a kind of patriotic enthusiasm; when finally, for all these reasons, the first example of success, that should be given in this way, would naturally be followed by an extensive development of the same sort of activity, throughout the country, in the persons of a host of literary aspirants, sometimes directly imitating their prototype, and always inspired and encouraged by his good fortune, who would make up together the front rank of what is commonly called a school of polite literature. To set this example was the brilliant part reserved, in the course of our literary history, for Mr. Washington Irving. His universal popularity among readers of all classes, on both sides of the Atlantic, resting exclusively on the purely literary merit of his productions, wholly independent of extraneous or interested motives, attested by repeated successes, in

various forms of composition, and stamped by the concurrence and approbation of the most acute, judicious, and unsparing critics, justifies, beyond a shadow of doubt, his pretension to be viewed as the valorous knight, who was called, in the order of destiny, to break the spell which appeared, at least to our good-natured European brethren, to be thrown over us in this respect; to achieve the great and hitherto unaccomplished adventure of establishing a purely American literary reputation of the first order; and demonstrate the capacity of his countrymen to excel in the elegant, as they had before done in all the useful and solid branches of learning. To have done this is a singular title of honor, and will always remain such, whatever laurels of a different kind may hereafter be won by other pretenders.

Thaddeus Stevens.

BORN in Danville, Caledonia Co., Vt., 1792. DIED in Washington, D. C., 1868.

THE DEFECTION OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

[*From a Speech on the Admission of California, U. S. H. of R.*, 10 *June*, 1850.]

SIR, so long as man is vain and fallible, so long as great men have like passions with others, and, as in republics, are surrounded with stronger temptations, it were better for themselves if their fame acquired no inordinate height until the grave had precluded error. The errors of obscure men die with them, and cast no shame on their posterity. How different with the great! How much better had it been for Lord Bacon, that greatest of human intellects, had he never, during his life, acquired glory, and risen to high honors in the state, than to be degraded from them by the judgment of his peers. How much better for him and his, had he lived and died unknown, than to be branded through all future time as the

"Wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

So now, in this crisis of the fate of liberty, if any of the renowned men of this nation should betray her cause, it were better that they had been unknown to fame. It need not be hoped that the brightness of their past glory will dazzle the eyes of posterity, or illumine the pages of impartial history. A few of its rays may linger on a fading sky, but they will soon be whelmed in the blackness of darkness. For, unless progressive civilization, and the increasing love of freedom throughout

the Christian and civilized world are fallacious, the Sun of Liberty, of *universal* liberty is already above the horizon, and fast coursing to his meridian splendor, when no advocate of slavery, no apologist of slavery, can look upon his face and live.

AFTER EMANCIPATION—SUFFRAGE.

[*From a Speech on Reconstruction, U. S. H. of R., 3 January,* 1867.]

WE have broken the material shackles of four million slaves. We have unchained them from the stake so as to allow them locomotion, provided they do not walk in paths trod by white men. We have allowed them the unwonted privilege of attending church, if they can do so without offending the sight of their former masters. We have even given them that highest and most agreeable evidence of liberty as defined by the "great plebeian," the "right to work." But in what have we enlarged their liberty of thought? In what have we taught them the science and granted them the privilege of self-government? We have imposed upon them the privileges of fighting our battles, of dying in defence of freedom, and of bearing their equal portion of the taxes: but where have we given them the privilege of even participating in the formation of the laws for the government of their native land? By what civil weapon have we enabled them to defend themselves against oppression and injustice? Call you this liberty? Call you this a free republic, where four millions are subjects but not citizens? Then Persia, with her kings and satraps, was free! Then Turkey is free! Their subjects had liberty of motion and labor, but the laws were made without and against their will; but I must declare that, in my judgment, they were as really free governments as ours is to-day. Think not I would slander my native land: I would reform it. Twenty years ago I denounced it as a despotism. Then, twenty million white men enchained four million black men. I pronounce it no nearer to a true republic now, when twenty-five millions of a privileged class exclude five millions from all participation in the rights of the government. The freedom of a government does not depend upon the quality of its laws, but upon the power that has the right to create them. During the dictatorship of Pericles, his laws were just, but Greece was not free. During the last century Russia has been blest with most remarkable emperors, who have generally decreed wise and just laws, but Russia is not free. No government can be free that does not allow all its citizens to participate in the formation and execution of her laws. These are degrees of tyranny;

but every other government is a despotism. It has always been observed that the larger the number of the rulers the more cruel the treatment of the subject races. It were better for the black man if he were governed by one king than by twenty million. . . . But it will be said, "this is negro equality." What is negro equality, about which so much is said by knaves, and some of which is believed by men who are not fools? It means, as understood by honest Republicans, just this and no more; every man, no matter what his race or color, every earthly being who has an immortal soul, has an equal right to justice, honesty and fair play with every other man; and the law should secure him those rights. The same law which condemns or acquits an African should condemn or acquit a white man. The same law which gives a verdict in a white man's favor should give a verdict in a black man's favor, on the same state of facts. Such is the law of God, and such ought to be the law of man.

John Howard Payne.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1791. Died in Tunis, Africa, 1852.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

[*As originally sung by Miss M. Tree, in Payne's Operatic Play, "Clari, the Maid of Milan."* 1823.]

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

MILITARY PUNCTILIO.

[*From "The Lancers: An Interlude."* 183–.]

SCENE.—A Drawing-Room.

CRUSTY, BELTON, LENOX, and PETER *discovered.*

CRUSTY. And now, gentlemen, as we're beginning a new arrangement, we'll settle the former one at once, if you please. [*Feeling in his pocket.*] I have supplied you with everything for the last fortnight; and, as I have a little bill to make up, should be very glad of your assistance. [*Hands the bill.*]

BEL. Upon my word, sir, you are too complimentary. In making up a bill, I know of no gentleman who stands so little in need of assistance as yourself. [*Going to take the bill.*]

LEN. Stop, Belton! [*Making a sign to him.*] Allow me—it does not concern you—

BEL. How so?

LEN. You know 'tis my turn to pay, this month.

BEL. Not it; you paid last.

LEN. [*To Crusty.*] Don't mind a word he says.

CRU. Oh! 'tis all one to me which pays.

BEL. [*Twirling him to his side.*] But not to me, Mr. Crusty.

LEN. [*Twirling him to his own side.*] Mr. Crusty, if you take his money, we shall quarrel.

CRU. I consent to take yours.

BEL. [*Pulling him by the arm.*] I insist on it, you shall not.

LEN. [*Turning him.*] I insist on it, you shall.

CRU. And I insist on having my money from one or the other.

LEN. [*Stiffly.*] Mr. Belton, I forbid you to pay that bill.

BEL. [*In the same tone.*] Mr. Lenox, I forbid you to pay that bill.

CRU. The devil you do! Where's my money to come from, then?

LEN. This is my tenth quarrel with him on the same point. He never has his hand out of his pocket.

CRU. Pray, then, let him take it out for me.

BEL. Do you think I'll suffer you to be always saddling yourself with my expenses?

CRU. Come, now, submit this time. See how it annoys him to be prevented.

LEN. This is beyond endurance!

BEL. Really, I could not have expected any man in his senses to be so absurd.

LEN. Absurd! I beg, sir, you will be less unguarded in your expressions!—Absurd!

John Howard Payne.

CRU. Gentlemen, gentlemen, pray don't quarrel—

LEN. It would seem, indeed, as if I could not pay my own debts, but must look to him for the means! Your presumption can be compared —to nothing—sir—

BEL. But your vaingloriousness!

CRU. Come, come, make an end of this.

LEN. Yes, Mr. Crusty, it shall have an end. [*With great earnestness.*] Peter, break the buttons off those foils.

BEL. Ay, Peter, leave the points sharp enough.

CRU. [*Terrified.*] Gentlemen, surely you will not attempt—

LEN. Attempt? Sir, we will do.

PET. [*Aside.*] They'll *do* the landlord, at any rate.

BEL. Oh, don't be alarmed, sir, 'twill be over in a minute.

LEN. And the survivor will pay your bill.

CRU. The survivor! Dear gentlemen—good gentlemen—if you insist on killing one another, for mercy's sake, go somewhere else. 'Twill be very inconvenient to have you die here! Wouldn't it be better to make a drawn battle of it, and each pay half?

LEN. All or nothing. We have gone too far for a compromise. Stand back! give us room!

BEL. [*To Crusty.*] Farther off. That's no place for a second.

PET. [*Places a chair.*] There, sir, there's a chair with its arms outspreading to receive you.

CRU. No, no—I'll not quit your side—I'll part you, and be paid—

LEN. I defy you!

BEL. Out of the way, or take the consequences.

CRU. Pray, gentlemen, think of my character—think of my carpet.

LEN. [*Assuming great coolness and decision.*] Mr. Crusty, be calm. I have been insulted—but, though I know what is due to honor, I know too well what is due to you—

CRU. Ay, now you talk sensibly. [*Holding out his hand.*]

LEN. And I therefore choose the only consistent course remaining.

Crosses to table, gravely takes up BELTON'S *coat and puts it on.*

BEL. [*Aside to him.*] Hang it, what are you about? Don't take my coat.

LEN. [*Aside to Belton.*] Don't be a fool. Don't let him know we've only one coat between us. [*Aloud.*] And now, Mr. Belton, feeling, as I do—as I do, what honor exacts, I rely on your remembering it elsewhere, sir. [*Takes Belton's sword and hat.*]

BEL. [*Aside.*] My hat and sword, too! Confusion!

LEN. [*To Crusty.*] And you, most respectable of your race, no language can express the extent of my esteem for you; but if you dare to take his money, sir, be certain not even that esteem shall prevent my cropping both your ears.

Exit, slamming door after him.

BEL. And let me warn you, sir, if you dare suffer him to pay—my sword shall let the daylight through your body.

Dashes into his chamber, and, slamming the door, locks it after him.

CRU. Mad! both mad! What shall I do? Perhaps I shall be able to manage him better by myself.—Sir!—Sir!— [*Knocks at door.*]

PET. [*Aside.*] If I stop he may turn upon me.

CRU. Was ever a landlord the victim of such extraordinary punctiliousness?

THE ROMAN FATHER.

[*Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin. A Tragedy.* 1818.]

BRUTUS, VALERIUS, TITUS, LICTORS, CITIZENS, ETC.

BRU. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors, who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains; but to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling childbirth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat, is a deed so black
That my foiled tongue refuses it a name. [*A pause.*]
There is one criminal still left for judgment;
Let him approach.

TITUS *is brought in by the Lictors.*

Prisoner —
Romans! forgive this agony of grief;
My heart is bursting, nature must have way,—
I will perform all that a Roman should,
I cannot feel less than a father ought.

[*Gives a signal to the Lictors to fall back, and advances from the judgment seat.*]

Well, Titus, speak, how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die?

TIT. Father, I call the powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed.
The gods will have it so.

BRU. They will, my Titus;
Nor heaven, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
It seems as if thy fate were preordained
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.

'Tis fixed. O, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee :
So fixed thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.
TIT. The axe! O heaven! then must I fall so basely ?
What, shall I perish like a common felon ?
BRU. How else do traitors suffer ? Nay, Titus, more,
I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal,
And there behold thee meet this shame of death,
With all thy hopes, and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
All,—if the gods can hold me to my purpose,—
Without one groan, without one pitying tear.
TIT. Die like a felon—ha! a common felon!
But I deserve it all. Yet here I fail;
This ignominy quite unmans me.
O, Brutus, Brutus! Must I call you father, [*Kneels.*]
Yet have no token of your tenderness,
No sign of mercy,—not even leave to fall
As noble Romans fall, by my own sword ?
Father, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled ?
How can I think that you did ever love me ?
BRU. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that strain the very strings of life ;
Let these convince you that no other cause
Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.
TIT. O hold, thou violated majesty! [*Rises.*]
I now submit with calmness to my fate.
Come forth, ye executioners of justice,
Come, take my life, and give it to my country!
BRU. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.
The sovereign magistrate of injured Rome,
Bound by his high authority, condemns
A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
Go, meet thy death with a more manly courage
Than grief now suffers me to show in parting ;
And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!
No more! Farewell! Eternally farewell!
TIT. O, Brutus! O, my father!
BRU. What would'st thou say, my son ?
TIT. Wilt thou forgive me ? Don't forget Tarquinia
When I shall be no more.
BRU. Leave her to my care.
TIT. Farewell, forever!
BRU. Forever! [*Reascends the Tribunal.*]
Lictors, attend! Conduct your prisoner forth!
VAL. Whither ?
BRU. To death! When you do reach the spot,

My hand shall wave your signal for the act,
Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!

[*Titus is conducted out by the Lictors. Brutus remains seated on the Tribunal.*]

Poor youth! Thy pilgrimage is at an end!
A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
No thought of man can fathom. Justice now
Demands her victim! A little moment,
And I am childless. One effort, and 'tis past!—
Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free!

William Leete Stone.

BORN in New Paltz, N. Y., 1792. DIED at Saratoga, N. Y., 1844.

A CASE OF CIVILIZED BARBARITY.

[*Life of Joseph Brant.* 1838.]

BEING pressed by hunger at Sandusky, a considerable number of the Moravian Indians, with some of their families, had been allowed to return to their former habitations on the Muskingum, to secure their corn, and such other provisions as they could find, and forward the same from time to time to their suffering brethren. Unhappily, while this peaceable party were thus engaged at Salem and Gnadenhuetten, the weather being favorable for the operations of scalping-parties, a few hostile Indians of Sandusky had made a descent upon the Pennsylvania frontier, and murdered the family of Mr. William Wallace, consisting of his wife and five or six children. A man named John Carpenter was taken prisoner at the same time.

Enraged at these outrages, a band of between one and two hundred men, from the settlements of the Monongahela, turned out in quest of the marauders, thirsting for vengeance, under the command of Colonel David Williamson. Each man provided himself with arms, ammunition, and provisions, and the greater number were mounted. They bent their course directly for the settlements of Salem and Gnadenhuetten, arriving within a mile of the latter place at the close of the second day's march. Colonel Gibson, commanding at Pittsburgh, having heard of Williamson's expedition, despatched messengers to apprise the Indians of the circumstance, but they arrived too late.

It was on the morning of the 7th of March that Williamson and his

gang reached the settlement of Gnadenhuetten, the very day on which the Indians, having accomplished their labors, were bundling up their luggage for retracing their steps to Sandusky. Some of their number, however, were yet in the fields gathering corn, as were many others in the town of Salem, at no great distance thence. The party of Williamson divided themselves into three detachments, so disposed as to approach the settlements from as many different points at once. The Indians had indeed been apprised of Williamson's approach by four Delaware Indians on the day before; but, conscious of their own innocence, and least of all anticipating harm from the Americans, they continued in their pacific occupations without suspicion of danger.

When within a short distance of the settlement, though yet in the woods, the advance-guard of one of Williamson's divisions met a young Indian half-blood, named Joseph Shabosh, whom they murdered in the most cruel and wanton manner. The youth was catching horses, when he was shot at and wounded so badly that he could not escape. He then informed them who he was; stated that his father was a white man and a Christian; and begged for his life. But they regarded not his entreaties. His arm had been broken by the first shot. He was killed by a second, tomahawked and scalped, and cut into pieces with the hatchets of his murderers. Another Indian youth, a brother-in-law of young Shabosh, who was engaged in binding corn, about one hundred and fifty yards from the town, saw the white men approaching. Knowing some of them, however, and supposing them to be friends, he addressed them as such. But he was soon undeceived. He saw them shoot one of his Indian brethren who was crossing the river in a canoe, and immediately ran away in affright. Unfortunately, in his panic he ran from the village instead of toward it, so that no alarm was given until the Americans had quite proceeded into the heart of the town.

Many of the Indians were scattered over the fields at work, and were hailed by Williamson's men representing themselves as "friends and brothers, who had come purposely from Fort Pitt to relieve them from the distress brought upon them by the enemy, on account of their being friends to the American people." The Indians, not doubting their sincerity, gave credence to their professions, and walking up to them, thanked them for their kindness. Their treacherous visitors next persuaded them to cease work and go into the village; as it was their purpose to take them to Fort Pitt, in order to their greater security from the Wyandots, where they would be abundantly supplied with all they might want. Delighted with such an unexpected friendly visitation, the Indians mingled with the strangers with the utmost cordiality, walking and conversing with them like old acquaintances. They delivered up their arms, and began with all alacrity to prepare food for their refresh-

ment. Meantime a messenger was despatched to Salem, "to inform the brethren and sisters there of what had taken place at Gnadenhuetten; the messenger giving it as his opinion that perhaps God had ordained it so, that they should not perish upon the barrens of Sandusky, and that those people were sent to relieve them."

Pleased with the communication, and yet unwilling to act precipitately, the party at Salem deputed two of their number to confer with the brethren and the white men at Gnadenhuetten. Communications were interchanged, which were mutually satisfactory. The dissembling of Williamson and his men was so complete as to win the entire confidence of the simple-minded people; and at the solicitation of the party at Gnadenhuetten, those at Salem came over and joined their insidious visitors, for the purpose of removing to the white settlements, where, as they were farther assured, all their wants would be supplied by the Moravian brethren at Bethlehem. A party of Williamson's men were detached to Salem to assist in bringing all the Indians and their effects to Gnadenhuetten; and, still farther to win upon the easy confidence of their victims, this precious collection of assassins made zealous professions of piety, and discoursed to the Indians, and among each other, upon religious subjects. On leaving Salem, the white men applied the torch to the houses and church of the village, under the pretext of depriving the hostile Indians of their benefit.

Having, like their brethren at Gnadenhuetten, delivered up all their arms, their axes, hatchets, and working tools, under the stipulation that they were all to be returned to them at Pittsburgh, the party from Salem set out with light hearts to enjoy the white man's kind protection. But on approaching the other village, their apprehensions were awakened, by marks in the sand, as though an Indian had recently been weltering there in his blood. They, nevertheless, proceeded to the village to join their brethren; but on their arrival thither a sad change came over their waking dream of happiness. Instead of being treated as Christian friends and brothers, they were at once roughly designated as warriors and prisoners; and already, previous to their arrival, had their brethren, sisters, and children at Gnadenhuetten, been seized and confined for the purpose of being put to death. The party from Salem were now completely within the toils of their enemies. They could neither fight nor fly. Besides that their religious creed forbade them to do the one, they had no weapons of defence, and they were surrounded by armed men, who would not suffer them to escape.

As a pretext for this usage, Williamson and his men now charged them with having stolen their horses, and all their working tools and furniture—charges not only untrue, but known to be so by their accusers. A more humble, devout, and exemplary community of Christians, prob-

ably, was not at that day to be found in the new world. Under the untiring instructions of their missionaries, they had been taught the dress and practices of civilized life. They were tillers of the soil, and had become so well acquainted with the usages of society, and were so well furnished with the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, that they could set a comfortable table and a cup of coffee before a stranger. All the animals and articles charged upon them as having been stolen, were their own private property, honestly acquired. But their protestations of innocence, and their entreaties, alike were vain. Their betrayers were bent upon shedding their blood.

Still, the officers were unwilling to take upon themselves the exclusive responsibility of putting them to death, and the solemn farce of a council was held upon the subject. By this tribunal it was determined that the question of life or death should be decided by a vote of the whole detachment. The men were thereupon paraded, and Williamson put the question, "whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburgh, or put to death?" requesting all in favor of saving their lives to advance in front of the line. Only sixteen or eighteen of the whole number were by this process found to be inclined to mercy, and the poor trembling prisoners were immediately admonished that they must prepare to die.

Some, indeed, there were among the blood-thirsty gang eager to commence the work of death *instanter;* but as the victims united in begging a short delay for their devotions, the request was granted. "Then, asking pardon for whatever offence they had given or grief they had occasioned to each other, the Indians kneeled down, offering prayers to God their Saviour—and kissing one another under a flood of tears, fully resigned to his will, they sang praises unto Him, in the joyful hope that they would soon be relieved from all pains, and join their Redeemer in everlasting bliss. During the time of their devotions, the murderers were consulting on the manner in which they would put them to death." Some were for setting fire to the houses, and despatching them as by an *auto-da-fé;* others were for killing them outright, and bearing their scalps as trophies back to their homes; while those who had opposed the execution yet protested against "the deep damnation of their taking off," and withdrew. Impatient of delay, the blood-thirsty wretches interrupted the last hymn they could sing in this world, and demanded if they were not ready for death. They were answered in the affirmative—the victims adding: "That they had commended their immortal souls to God, who had given them the assurance in their hearts that he would receive their souls." Then seizing a mallet from a cooper's shop, one of the ruffians commenced the work of murder by knocking the Indians on the head. Having killed fourteen successively in this manner,

he desisted, and handing the weapon over to another, remarked—"Go on in the same way: I think I have done pretty well!" Those who had opposed the murder stood at a distance, wringing their hands, and calling God to witness "that they were innocent of the lives of these harmless Christian Indians."

The first victim in the other slaughter-house—for such both in which the Indians were confined became—was an aged Indian woman named Judith, a widow, of great piety. In a few minutes the work of death was completed. Ninety Indians, Christians and unarmed—unoffending in every respect—were murdered in cold blood. Among them were old men and matrons, young men and maidens, and infants at their mothers' breasts. Sixty-two of the number were grown persons, one-third of whom were women, and the remaining thirty-four were children. Five of the slain were assistant teachers, two of whom had been exemplary members of the pious Brainard's congregation in New Jersey. The convert chief, Isaac Glickhickan, was also among the slain. Only two of the captives escaped this shocking massacre. They were both young. One of them eluded the murderers by creeping unobserved into a cellar, from whence he stole into the woods; and the other, having been knocked down and scalped, feigned death, and escaped after the murderers left the place. This they did not do, however, until they supposed all were dead. On completing the work, they retired for a short distance to recruit their strength; but, as though resolved that not a living soul should have the remotest chance of escape, they returned to take another look at the dead; and observing a youth, scalped and bloody, supporting himself with his hands upon the floor in order to rise, the monsters despatched him with their hatchets! As night drew on, they set fire to the buildings, and thereupon departed for their own homes, singing and yelling with demoniac joy at the victory they had achieved. According to the accounts of the American newspapers of that day, this massacre was a very commendable transaction; it was represented that the attack of Williamson was made upon a body of warriors, who had been collecting a large quantity of provisions on the Muskingum, for supplying their own warriors and other hostile savages. It was stated, as the cause of their destruction having been so complete, that they were surprised and attacked in their cabins at night; and it was exultingly added, that "about eighty horses fell into the hands of the victors, which they loaded with the plunder, the greatest part furs and skins—and returned to the Ohio without the loss of a man!"

THE YANKEE PASS.

[*From the Same.*]

JUDGE STARING died in 1810, a few months before the author commenced his residence in that portion of the Mohawk Valley, and many were the amusing anecdotes in those days related of him. One of these was the story, now familiar to everybody, of the celebrated "Yankee Pass." While in the commission of the peace, the Judge was old-fashioned enough to think that the laws ought not to remain a dead letter upon the statute-book; and, being a good Christian, he was zealous in preventing a violation of the Sabbath. It happened that on a Sunday morning the Judge saw a man, in the garb of a traveller, wending his way from the direction of the Genesee country toward "the land of steady habits." The wayfarer was indeed a member of the universal Yankee nation, and one of the shrewdest of his cast, as will be seen in the sequel. The Judge promptly called him to an account for breaking the Sabbath, and summarily imposed the penalty of the law—seventy-five cents. The Yankee pleaded the urgency of his business; and suggested that, as he had paid the penalty, he had an unquestionable right to travel during the remainder of the day. The magistrate saw nothing unreasonable in the request, and assented to the compromise. Jonathan then suggested, that, to avoid any farther difficulty in the premises, the Judge ought to supply him with a receipt for the money, and a passport as the consideration. This request likewise appeared to be no more than reasonable, and was granted by the worthy magistrate, who, not being able to write himself, requested the stranger to prepare the document for his signature, by the honest sign of the ×.

Nothing loath, Jonathan took the pen in hand, and might have written a veritable pass perhaps, had it not been for the sudden influence of an invisible agency. Under this influence, he wrote an order upon Messrs. James and Archibald Kane, the principal frontier merchants at Canajoharie, for goods and money to the amount of twenty pounds. The credit of the Judge was the best, and the draft was honored at sight. Some months afterward the Judge took his wheat to the Messrs. Kanes for sale as usual, when, to his surprise, a claim was preferred to the aforesaid amount of twenty pounds. The Judge protested that he owed them not, having paid every dollar at their last annual settlement. The merchants persisted, and, as evidence that could not be gainsaid, produced the order. The moment the eyes of the Judge rested upon the document, his countenance fell, as he exclaimed, "Dunder and blixum! Itsh be dat blaguey Yankee Pass!"

Seba Smith.

BORN in Buckfield, Me., 1792. DIED at Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y., 1868.

A DOWN-EAST BARTER.

[*Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing, of Downingville, State of Maine.* 1833.]

AFTER I had walked about three or four hours I come along towards the upper part of the town where I found there were stores and shops of all sorts and sizes. And I met a feller, and says I, what place is this? Why this, says he, is Huckler's Row. What, says I, are these the stores where the traders in Huckler's Row keep? And says he, yes. Well then, thinks I to myself, I have a pesky good mind to go in and have a try with one of these chaps, and see if they can twist my eye teeth out. If they can get the best end of a bargain out of me, they can do what there aint a man in Downingville can do, and I should jest like to know what sort of stuff these ere Portland chaps are made of. So in I goes into the best-looking store among 'em. And I see some biscuit lying on the shelf, and says I, Mister, how much do you ax apiece for them are biscuit? A cent apiece, says he. Well, says I, I shant give you that, but if you've a mind to, I'll give you two cents for three of 'em, for I begin to feel a little as though I should like to take a bite. Well, says he, I wouldn't sell 'em to anybody else so, but seeing it's you I dont care if you take 'em. I knew he lied, for he never see me before in his life. Well he handed down the biscuits and I took 'em, and walked round the store a while to see what else he had to sell. At last, says I, Mister, have you got any good new cider? Says he, yes, as good as ever you see. Well, says I, what do you ax a glass for it? Two cents, says he. Well, says I, seems to me I feel more dry than I do hungry now. Aint you a mind to take these ere biscuit again and give me a glass of cider? And says he, I dont care if I do; so he took and laid 'em on the shelf again, and poured out a glass of cider. I took the cider and drinkt it down, and to tell the truth it was capital good cider. Then, says I, I guess it's time for me to be a going, and I stept along towards the door. But, says he, stop Mister. I believe you haven't paid me for the cider. Not paid you for the cider, says I, what do you mean by that? Didn't the biscuit that I give you jest come to the cider? Oh, ah, right, says he. So I started to go again; and says he, but stop, Mister, you didn't pay me for the biscuit. What, says I, do you mean to impose upon me? do you think I am going to pay you for the biscuit and let you keep 'em tu? Aint they there now on your shelf, what more do you want? I guess sir, you dont whittle me in that way.

So I turned about and marched off, and left the feller staring and thinking and scratching his head, as though he was struck with a dunderment. Howsomever, I didn't want to cheat him, only jest to show 'em it want so easy a matter to pull my eye teeth out, so I called in next day and paid him his two cents. Well I staid at Ant Sally's a week or two, and I went about town every day to see what chance I could find to trade off my ax handles, or hire out, or find some way or other to begin to seek my fortune.

THE TAX ON OLD BACHELORS.

[*From the Same.*]

I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And, as fast as I dreamed, it was coined into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.
It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The Bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,
'Twas cruel injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that, to save their own heart's blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would ne'er pay a shilling.
But the Rulers determined their scheme to pursue,
So they set all the bachelors up at vendue.
A crier was sent thro' the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,
And to bawl out at all he might meet in the way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day."
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labors began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded—"I—I."
In short, at a hugely extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

CAPTAIN DOWNING CARRIES THE NEWS TO "OLD HICKORY."

[*From the Same.*]

WASHINGTON CITY, *Nov.* 5, 1832.

To the editor of the Portland Courier, in the Mariners' Church building, 2d story, eastern end, Fore Street, Portland, away down east, in the State of Maine.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND.—Here I am back again to Washington, though I've been as far as Baltimore on my way down east to see you and the rest of my uncles and aunts and couzins. And what do you think I posted back to Washington for? I can tell you. When I got to Baltimore I met an *express* coming on full chisel from Philadelphia, to carry the news to Washington that Pennsylvania had gone all hollow for Old Hickory's second election. The poor fellow that was carrying it had got so out of breath, that he declared he couldn't go no further if the President never heard of it.

Well, thinks I, it will be worth a journey back to Washington, jest to see the old gineral's eyes strike fire when he hears of it. So says I, I'll take it and carry it on for you if you are a mind to. He kind of hesitated at first, and was afraid I might play a trick upon him; but when he found out my name was Jack Downing, he jumped off his horse quick enough; I'll trust it with you, says he, as quick as I would with the President himself. So I jumped on and whipped up. And sure enough, as true as you are alive, I did get to Washington before dark, though I had but three hours to go it in, and its nearly forty miles. It was the smartest horse that ever I backed, except one that belongs to the President. But, poor fellow, he's so done tu I guess he'll never run another express. Jest before I got to Washington, say about two miles from the city, the poor fellow keeled up and couldn't go another step. I had lost my hat on the way and was too much in a hurry to pick it up, and he had thrown me off twice and torn my coat pretty bad, so that I didn't look very trig to go through the city or go to the President's fine house. But notwithstanding, I knew the President would overlook it, considering the business I was coming upon; so I catched the express and pulled foot, right through Pennsylvany Avenue, without any hat, and torn coat sleeves and coat tail flying. The stage offered to carry me, but I thought I wouldn't stop for it.

Almost the first person I met was Mr. Duff Green. Says he, Capt. Downing, what's the matter? I held up the express and shook it at him, but never answered him a word, and pulled on. He turned and walked as fast as he could without running, and followed me. Pretty soon I met Mr. Gales of the "Intelligencer," and says he, for mercy sake, Captain Downing, what's the matter? Have you been chased by a

wolf, or Governor Houston, or have you got news from Pennsylvania? I didn't turn to the right nor left, but shook the express at him and run like wild-fire.

When I came up to the President's house, the old gentleman was standing in the door. He stepped quicker than I ever see him before, and met me at the gate. Says he, my dear friend Downing, what's the matter? Has the United States Bank been trying to bribe you, and are you trying to run away from 'em? They may buy over Webster and Clay and such trash, but I knew if they touched you they would get the wrong pig by the ear. As he said this, Duff Green hove in sight, puffing and blowing, full speed.

Oh, said the President, Duff Green wants to have a lick at you, does he? Well dont retreat another step, Mr. Downing, I'll stand between you and harm. Upon that he called his boy and told him to bring his pistols in a moment. By this time I made out to get breath enough jest to say Pennsylvany, and to shake the express at him. The old man's color changed in a minute. Says he, come in, Mr. Downing, come in, set down, dont say a word to Duff. So in we went, and shut the door. Now, says the President, looking as though he would route a regiment in five minutes, now speak and let me know whether I am a dead man or alive.

Gineral, says I, its all over with——I wont hear a word of it, says he, stomping his foot. His eyes flashed fire so that I trembled and almost fell backwards. But I see he didn't understand me. Dear gineral, says I, it's all over with Clay and the Bank—at that he clapt his hands and jumpt up like a boy. I never see the President jump before, as much as I've been acquainted with him. In less than a minute he looked entirely like another man. His eyes were as calm and as bright as the moon jest coming out from behind a black thunder-cloud.

He clenched my hand and gave it such a shake, I didn't know but he would pull it off. Says he, Jack, I knew Pennsylvany never would desert me, and if she has gone for me I'm safe. And now if I dont make them are Bank chaps hug it, my name isn't Andrew Jackson. And after all, Jack, I aint so glad on my own account, that I'm re-elected, as I am for the country and Mr. Van Buren. This election has all been on Mr. Van Buren's account; and we shall get him in now to be President after me. And you know, Jack, that he's the only man after me, that's fit to govern this country.

The President has made me promise to stop and spend the night with him, and help him rejoice over the victory. But I haven't time to write any more before the mail goes.

Your loving friend,

CAPT. JACK DOWNING.

James Hall.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1793. Died near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1868.

BOYS OF THE BORDER.

[*The Romance of Western History.* 1857.]

ABOUT four years after the death of Col. Linn, an incident occurred which is curiously illustrative of the vicissitudes of domestic life in the backwoods. Col. William Pope had built a house about five miles south of Louisville, and removed to it in the fall of 1784. There being no schools, he employed a teacher to instruct his own children at home, and for the same reason was induced to receive into his house the sons of some of his friends: among them were the two sons of Col. Linn, whose guardian he was.

In February, 1785, five of these boys, the two Linns, Brashear, Wells, and another, whose name is not recollected, went out one Saturday to hunt. The ages of these boys are not now known; they were little fellows, however, probably between the ages of nine and thirteen. They encamped for the night, near the bank of the Ohio, at a place where a wide scope of bottom-land was covered with heavy forest trees, and with ponds which were frequented by great numbers of swans, geese, and ducks. A snow fell during the night, and in the morning they found themselves surrounded by a party of Indians, who had lain near them in ambush, and who captured them. Brashear, being a very fleet runner, attempted to escape, but was overtaken, and secured with the rest. The elder Linn also attempted to run, but being stout and clumsy, and encumbered with some game which he had thrown over his shoulder, stumbled and fell, and was seized by a tawny warrior, who patted him on the back, and called him, in the Indian tongue, "the little fat bear;" while Brashear, on account of his agility, received the name of the "buck elk."

There are many incidents of this kind in the legends of the border; and there is nothing in history more striking than the address and presence of mind displayed by children, under such circumstances. Their mode of life, and education, render them prematurely vigilant and courageous. Accustomed from the first dawn of reason to sudden alarms, to the continual pressure of some impending danger, and to narratives of encounters and surprises, stratagems, and violence, they become familiar with peril, habitually watchful, and fertile of expedient. The child is father to the man; the boy is a young backwoodsman, eager for adventure, and not stricken with helpless terror when suddenly involved in

danger; for his eye has been accustomed from infancy to the weapons of war, and his ear to the many voices of the forest. "I was not born in the woods to be scared by an owl," is one of the expressive proverbs of the West. When Scott, in one of the most beautiful of English poems, describes the courageous bearing of the heir of Branksome, as he turned to face the blood-hounds, the picture is not imaginary, but portrays, with true philosophy, the training of the son of a border chief:

> "I ween you would have seen with joy
> The bearing of the gallant boy,
> When worthy of his noble sire,
> His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!
> He faced the blood-hound manfully,
> And held his little bat on high;
> So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
> At cautious distance hoarsely bayed;
> But still in act to spring."

Such was the nurture of these boys, who submitted to their fate with a manliness that would have been creditable to the elder Linn. The Indians, desiring to ascertain whether there was any unprotected house or settlement near, that might be pillaged, asked the boys where they came from? The guarded reply was, "From Louisville." "You lie!" responded the savage; but the boys, mindful of their friends, even at a moment so distressing to themselves, kept their own counsel, and neither by word nor sign gave any indication that their assertion was not true. Their sagacity and firmness saved the family of Colonel Pope from destruction. The Indians retired with their young captives, who marched off with apparent indifference. Crossing the Ohio, they were taken to an Indian town in Northern Indiana, distant many days' journey; and on the way won the favor of their new masters, by the patience with which they suffered captivity and fatigue, and the cheerful interest they appeared to take in the occurrences of the march.

At the Indian village, the reception usually extended to prisoners awaited them. The women and children crowded around them with shouts of exultation, loaded them with reproaches, pelted them with dirt and stones, struck, pinched, and heaped indignities upon them. But the gallant little fellows were probably prepared for these and greater cruelties, and found them no worse than they expected. For a while they submitted bravely; but at length the Linn blood became heated, and the younger of the brothers, whose temper was quick, and who had frequently been cautioned by his companions to restrain his passions, losing all patience, singled out a tawny boy bigger than himself, who had struck him, and being left-handed, returned the blow, in a way so unexpected that his foe, unable to parry it, was knocked down. The

warriors were delighted with an exploit so much to their taste, and applauded it with loud shouts and laughter. Another champion assailed the little hero, who, springing upon the juvenile savage, with the ferocity of a panther, dealt him blows, kicks, and scratches, with a vigor which surprised and delighted the spectators. The whole mass of boyhood became pugnacious, his companions joined with alacrity in the fight—Kentucky against the field—the heroic lads fought against odds, but displayed such prowess that they soon cleared the ring, and were rescued from further annoyance by their captors, who were particularly amused by the efficiency and odd effect of the left-handed blows of the younger Linn.

Such fine boys soon became favorites; they had precisely the accomplishments to recommend them to the favor of the social circles of an aboriginal society. Bold and bright-eyed, muscular and healthy, equal to the Indian boys in all athletic sports, and superior to them in intelligence, they were readily adopted into the tribe, and domesticated in families. Wells, however, fell to the lot of an Indian belonging to some distant town, whither he was taken, and thus separated from his comrades, saw them no more. He remained with the Indians all his life; married a sister of the celebrated chief Little Turtle, and became the father of a family. The remainder of our narrative embraces only the adventures of the other four. They adapted themselves so completely to their new mode of life, and seemed so well satisfied with the employments and sports of the savage youth, with fishing and hunting, wrestling, racing, and riding the Indian ponies, that all suspicion in regard to them was quieted, and they were allowed to roam about unregarded. They were "biding their time:" with a watchfulness that never slept they sought an opportunity to make their escape.

The hour of deliverance came at last. In the autumn of the year of their capture, the warriors set out upon their annual hunt, roaming far off from home, in parties, and leaving their village in the care of the old men, the women, and the children. The four boys found themselves one day, at a camp, at some distance from the village, engaged in fishing or some other employment, with no other companions but an old Indian and a squaw. A severe conflict of mind took place. The long-sought opportunity for escape was at hand; but they could regain their liberty only by the death of a woman and an old man, with whom they were associating as companions. To remain in captivity was not to be thought of; to be the captives especially of a race in hostility with their countrymen, whose scalps they must frequently see displayed in triumph —of a people they had been taught from infancy to fear and hate, and who had been the murderers of the father of two of them, was not to be tolerated. To leave their companions alive, was to insure an early dis-

covery of their flight, and a pursuit which must probably result in their capture and death. All their scruples yielded to a stern necessity, the bold resolve was taken; they killed the man and woman, and directed their steps homeward.

We know not by what instinct they were enabled to find their way through the trackless forest. Whether it was by that mysterious intelligence which conducts the irrational brute to a far distant home—whether it was the finger of that Providence that supplied understanding to the simple—or whether it was that they had already been taught to know the points of the compass, and to observe the landmarks which direct the footsteps of the experienced woodsman—so it was, that pursuing the nearest course, they struck for home through the wilderness. Travelling by night, and lying concealed during the day in coverts and hiding-places, living upon wild fruits and nuts, and upon such small game as could be taken with the least noise and the least delay, and practising all the cunning, the patience, and the self-denial of the savage warrior, they reached the bank of the Ohio River, directly opposite to Louisville, after a journey of three weeks. Having no means of crossing the river, which here, at the head of the falls, is wide and rapid, they endeavored to attract the attention of the people at Louisville by firing their guns; but the Indians having lately been very troublesome, those who heard these signals, not understanding them, were unwilling to cross the river to ascertain their meaning. The persevering boys then marched up the shore of the river nearly six miles, and at a place near what is now called the Six Mile Island, where the current is less impetuous than below, constructed a raft, with no tool to facilitate their labors but a knife. Even this frail and rough contrivance was not large enough to carry them all, and the elder Linn, who was an expert swimmer, plunged into the water, and pushed the clumsy craft before him, while his companions paddled with all their might, with poles. Thus they were wafted slowly and laboriously down and across the stream, until they were discovered from the town, and parties sent to their relief. About the same time, the Indians who had been pursuing them, reached the shore they had left, fired at them, and expressed their rage and disappointment by loud yells. Young Linn was nearly frozen by his immersion in the water, which, at that season, in the month of November, was very cold; but by the prompt and skilful remedies applied under the direction of his kind guardian, Col. Pope, who had been driven by the Indians from his residence in the woods, and was now living in Louisville, he was recovered.

Henry Charles Carey.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1793. DIED there, 1879.

A TARIFF ADVOCATE ON LITERARY COPYRIGHT.

[*Letters on International Copyright. Second Edition.* 1868.]

ACT justly, and leave the result to Providence. Before acting, however, we should determine on which side justice lies. Unless I am greatly in error, it is not on the side of international copyright. My reasons for this belief will now be given.

The facts or ideas contained in a book constitute its body. The language in which they are conveyed to the reader constitutes the clothing of the body. For the first no copyright is allowed. Humboldt spent many years of his life in collecting facts relative to the southern portion of this continent; yet so soon as he gave them to the light they ceased to be his, and became the common property of all mankind. Captain Wilkes and his companions spent several years in exploring the Southern Ocean, and brought from there a vast amount of new facts, all of which became at once common property. Sir John Franklin made numerous expeditions to the North, during which he collected many facts of high importance, for which he had no copyright. So with Park, Burkhard, and others, who lost their lives in the exploration of Africa. Captain McClure has just accomplished the North-west Passage, yet has he no exclusive right to the publication of the fact. So has it ever been. For thousands of years men like these—working men, abroad and at home—have been engaged in the collection of facts; and thus there has been accumulated a vast body of them, all of which have become common property, while even the names of most of the men by whom they were collected have passed away. Next to these come the men who have been engaged in the arrangement of facts and in their comparison, with a view to deduce therefrom the laws by which the world is governed, and which constitute science. Copernicus devoted his life to the study of numerous facts, by aid of which he was at length enabled to give to the world a knowledge of the great fact that the earth revolved around the sun; but he had therein, from the moment of its publication, no more property than had the most violent of his opponents. The discovery of other laws occupied the life of Kepler, but he had no property in them. Newton spent many years of his life in the composition of his "Principia," yet in that he had no copyright, except for the mere clothing in which his ideas were placed before the world. The body was common property. So, too, with Bacon and Locke, Leibnitz and

Descartes, Franklin, Priestley, and Davy, Quesnay, Turgot, and Adam Smith, Lamarck and Cuvier, and all other men who have aided in carrying science to the point at which it has now arrived. They have had no property in their ideas. If they labored, it was because they had a thirst for knowledge. They could expect no pecuniary reward, nor had they much reason even to hope for fame. New ideas were, necessarily, a subject of controversy; and cases are, even in our time, not uncommon, in which the announcement of an idea at variance with those commonly recorded has tended greatly to the diminution of the enjoyment of life by the man by whom it has been announced. The contemporaries of Harvey could scarcely be made to believe in the circulation of the blood. Mr. Owen might have lived happily in the enjoyment of a large fortune had he not conceived new views of society. These he gave to the world in the form of a book, that led him into controversy which has almost lasted out his life, while the effort to carry his ideas into effect has cost him his fortune. Admit that he had been right, and that the correctness of his views were now fully established, he would have in them no property whatever; nor would his books be now yielding him a shilling, because later writers would be placing them before the world in other and more attractive clothing. So is it with the books of all the men I have named. The copyright of the "Principia" would be worth nothing, as would be the case with all that Franklin wrote on electricity, or Davy on Chemistry. Few now read Adam Smith, and still fewer Bacon, Leibnitz, or Descartes. Examine where we may, we shall find that the collectors of the facts and the producers of the ideas which constitute the body of books, have received little or no reward while thus engaged in contributing so largely to the augmentation of the common property of mankind.

For what, then, is copyright given? For the clothing in which the body is produced to the world. Examine Mr. Macaulay's "History of England" and you will find that the body is composed of what is common property. Not only have the facts been recorded by others, but the ideas, too, are derived from the works of men who have labored for the world without receiving, and frequently without the expectation of receiving, any pecuniary compensation for their labors. Mr. Macaulay has read much and carefully, and he has thus been enabled to acquire great skill in arranging and clothing his facts; but the reader of his books will find in them no contribution to positive knowledge. The works of men who make contributions of that kind are necessarily controversial and distasteful to the reader; for which reason they find few readers, and never pay their authors. Turn now to our own authors, Prescott and Bancroft, who have furnished us with historical works of so great excellence, and you will find a state of things precisely similar.

They have taken a large quantity of materials out of the common stock, in which you, and I, and all of us have an interest; and those materials they have so reclothed as to render them attractive of purchasers; but this is all they have done. Look to Mr. Webster's works, and you will find it the same. He was a great reader. He studied the Constitution carefully, with a view to understand what were the views of its authors, and those views he reproduced in different and more attractive clothing, and there his work ended. He never pretended, as I think, to furnish the world with any new ideas; and if he had done so, he could have claimed no property in them. Few now read the heavy volumes containing the speeches of Fox and Pitt. They did nothing but reproduce ideas that were common property, and in such clothing as answered the purposes of the moment. Sir Robert Peel did the same. The world would now be just as wise had he never lived, for he made no contribution to the general stock of knowledge. The great work of Chancellor Kent is, to use the words of Judge Story, "but a new combination and arrangement of old materials, in which the skill and judgment of the author in the selection and exposition, and accurate use of those materials, constitute the basis of his reputation, as well as of his copyright." The world at large is the owner of all the facts that have been collected, and of all the ideas that have been deduced from them, and its right in them is precisely the same that the planter has in the bale of cotton that has been raised on his plantation; and the course of proceeding of both has, thus far, been precisely similar; whence I am induced to infer that, in both cases, right has been done. When the planter hands his cotton to the spinner and the weaver, he does not say, "Take this and convert it into cloth, and keep the cloth;" but he does say, "Spin and weave this cotton, and for so doing you shall have such interest in the cloth as will give you a fair compensation for your labor and skill, but, when that shall have been paid, *the cloth will be mine.*" This latter is precisely what society, the owner of facts and ideas, says to the author: "Take these raw materials that have been collected, put them together, and clothe them after your own fashion, and for a given time we will agree that nobody else shall present them in the same dress. During that time you may exhibit them for your own profit, but at the end of that period the clothing will become common property, as the body now is. It is to the contributions of your predecessors to our common stock that you are indebted for the power to make your book, and we require you, in your turn, to contribute towards the augmentation of the stock that is to be used by your successors." This is justice, and to grant more than this would be injustice.

Let us turn now, for a moment, to the producers of works of fiction. Sir Walter Scott had carefully studied Scottish and Border history, and

thus had filled his mind with facts preserved, and ideas produced, by others, which he reproduced in a different form. He made no contribution to knowledge. So, too, with our own very successful Washington Irving. He drew largely upon the common stock of ideas, and dressed them up in a new, and what has proved to be a most attractive form. So, again, with Mr. Dickens. Read his "Bleak House" and you will find that he has been a most careful observer of men and things, and has thereby been enabled to collect a great number of facts that he has dressed up in different forms, but that is all he has done. He is in the condition of a man who had entered a large garden and collected a variety of the most beautiful flowers growing therein, of which he had made a fine bouquet. The owner of the garden would naturally say to him: "The flowers are mine, but the arrangement is yours. You cannot keep the bouquet, but you may smell it, or show it for your own profit, for an hour or two, but then it must come to me. If you prefer it, I am willing to pay you for your services, giving you a fair compensation for your time and taste." This is exactly what society says to Mr. Dickens, who makes such beautiful literary bouquets. What is right in the individual, cannot be wrong in the mass of individuals of which society is composed. Nevertheless, the author objects to this, insisting that he is owner of the bouquet itself, although he has paid no wages to the man who raised the flowers. Were he asked to do so, he would regard it as leading to great injustice.

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.

BORN in Watervliet, N. Y., 1793. DIED in Washington, D. C., 1864.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

[*The Myth of Hiawatha, and Other Oral Legends of the North American Indians.* 1856.]

THERE was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought, by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say, that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground, when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, and the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild; the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands. It was Chebiabos.

The young Chippewa began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him, before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek, passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said he, "and the wide stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return." So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path, with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him, there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other

objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had travelled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when to his joy and surprise, on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it was the *clearness of the water*, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females, of all ages and ranks, were there; some passed, and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length, every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes: no one suffered for hunger—no one mourned the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze. "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you come. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the

spirit, which you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows." When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1793. DIED there, 1870.

TO ELSIE.

[*Metrical Pieces.* 1855.]

DEAD, dead and gone!
Thou too hast joined the train
Of those I ne'er shall see again;—
The world is growing lone.

They fall, how fast!
Mates of my fresher prime,
Associates of my waning time,
The passing and the past.

O "tale that's told!"
How many feebly stay!
How many went but yesterday!
What griefs already old!

New sorrow now!
Fair friend, through many a year
Of spirits light and feelings dear,
Thou must desert me,—thou!

And not one word
To mark the closing scene,
After such meetings as have been?
Speak,—or let me be heard.

Come back! Once more
Thy slender hand be set
In mine. One prayer together yet
We'll breathe, ere all is o'er.

Meek shade, forgive!
I would not have thee back,
Stretched out again on this world's rack.
Go forth, go forth, to live.

THE CROSSED SWORDS.

On seeing the swords of Col. Prescott and Capt. Linzee, now crossed through a carved wreath of olive-leaves, in the hall of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

SWORDS crossed,—but not in strife!
The chiefs who drew them, parted by the space
Of two proud countries' quarrel, face to face
Ne'er stood for death or life.

Swords crossed that never met
While nerve was in the hands that wielded them;
Hands better destined a fair family stem
On these free shores to set.

Kept crossed by gentlest bands!
Emblems no more of battle, but of peace;
And proof how loves can grow and wars can cease,
Their once stern symbol stands.

It smiled first on the array
Of marshalled books and friendliest companies;
And here a history among histories,
It still shall smile for aye.

See that thou memory keep,
Of him the firm commander; and that other,
The stainless judge; and him our peerless brother,—
All fallen now asleep.

Yet more: a lesson teach,
To cheer the patriot-soldier in his course,
That Right shall triumph still o'er insolent Force:
That be your silent speech.

Oh, be prophetic too!
And may those nations twain, as sign and seal
Of endless amity, hang up their steel
As we these weapons do!

The archives of the Past,
So smeared with blots of hate and bloody wrong,
Pining for peace, and sick to wait so long,
Hail this meek cross at last.

Edward Hitchcock.

Born in Deerfield, Mass., 1793. Died at Amherst, Mass., 1864.

THE LUMINIFEROUS ETHER.

[*The Religion of Geology.* 1852.]

NOW, the question arises, Do we know of any form of matter in the present world which remains the same at all temperatures, and in all circumstances, which no chemical or mechanical agencies can alter? —a substance which remains unchanged in the very heart of the ice around the poles, and in the focus of a volcano; which remains untouched by the most powerful reagents which the chemist can apply, and by the mightiest forces which the mechanician can bring to bear upon it? It seems to me that modern science does render the existence of such a substance probable, though not cognizable by the senses. It is the luminiferous ether, that attenuated medium by which light, and heat, and electricity are transmitted from one part of the universe to another, by undulations of inconceivable velocity. This strange fluid, whose existence and action seems all but demonstrated by the phenomena of light, heat, and electricity, and perhaps, too, by the resistance experienced by Encke's, Biela's, and Halley's comets, must possess the extraordinary characteristic above pointed out. It must exist and act wherever we find light, heat, or electricity; and where do we not find them? They penetrate through what has been called empty space; and, therefore, this ether exists there, propagating its undulations at the astonishing rate of two hundred thousand miles per second. They emanate in constant succession from every intensely heated focus, such as the sun, the volcano, and the chemical furnace; and, therefore, this strange medium is neither dissipated nor affected by the strongest known heat. Both light and heat are transmitted through ice; and, therefore, this ether cannot be congealed. The same is true of glass, and every transparent substance, however dense; and even the most solid metals convey heat and electricity with remarkable facility; and, therefore, this ether exists and acts with equal facility in the most solid masses as in a vacuum. In short, it seems to be independent of chemical or mechanical changes, and to act unobstructed in all possible modifications of matter. And, though too evanescent to be cognizable by the senses, or the most delicate chemical and mechanical tests, it possesses, nevertheless, a most astonishing activity.

Now, I am not going to assert that the spiritual body will be composed of this luminiferous ether. But, since we know not the compo-

sition of that body, it is lawful to suppose that such may be its constitution. This is surely possible, and that is all which is essential to my present argument.

Admitting its truth, the following interesting conclusions follow:—

In the first place, the spiritual body would be unaffected by all possible changes of temperature. It might exist as well in the midst of fire, or of ice, as in any intermediate temperature. Hence it might pass from one extreme of temperature to another, and be at home in them all; and this is what we might hope for in a future world. Some, indeed, have imagined that the sun will be the future heaven of the righteous; and on this supposition there is no absurdity in the theory. Nor would there be in the hypothesis which should locate heaven in solid ice, or in the centre of the earth.

In the second place, on this supposition, the spiritual body would be unharmed by those chemical and mechanical agencies which matter in no other form can resist.

The question has often arisen, how the glorified body, if material, would be able to escape all sources of injury, so as to be immortal as the soul. In this hypothesis, we see how it is possible; for though the whole globe should change its chemical constitution, though worlds should dash upon worlds, the spiritual body, though present at the very point where the terrible collision took place, would feel no injury; and safe in its immortal habitation, the soul might smile amid "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

In the third place, on this supposition, the soul might communicate its thoughts and receive a knowledge of events and of other minds, through distances inconceivably great, with the speed of lightning. If we suppose the soul, in such a tenement, could transmit its thoughts and desires, and receive impressions, through the luminiferous ether, with only the same velocity as light, it might communicate with other beings upon the sun, at the distance of one hundred million miles, in eight minutes; and such a power we may reasonably expect the soul will hereafter possess, whether derived from this or some other agency. We cannot believe that, in another world, the soul's communication with the rest of the universe will be as limited as in the present state. On this supposition, she need not wander through the universe to learn the events transpiring in other spheres, for the intelligence would be borne on the morning's ray or the lightning's wing.

Finally, on this supposition, the germ of the future spiritual body may, even in this world, be attached to the soul; and it may be this which she will come seeking after on the resurrection morning.

Samuel Griswold Goodrich.

Born in Ridgefield, Conn., 1793. Died in New York, N. Y., 1860.

THE MEETING-HOUSE OF 1830.

[*Recollections of a Lifetime.* 1857.]

ONE thing strikes me now with wonder, and that is, the general indifference, in those days, to the intensity of winter. No doubt, as I have said before, the climate was then more severe; but be that as it may, people seemed to suffer less from it than at the present day. Nobody thought of staying at home from church because of the extremity of the weather. We had no thermometers, it is true, to frighten us with the revelation that it was twenty-five degrees below zero. The habits of the people were simple and hardy, and there were few defences against the assaults of the seasons. The houses were not tight; we had no stoves, no Lehigh or Lackawanna coal; yet we lived, and comfortably too; nay, we even changed burly winter into a season of enjoyment.

Let me tell you a story, by the way, upon the meeting-houses of those days. They were of wood, and slenderly built, of course admitting somewhat freely the blasts of the seasons. In the severe winter days, we only mitigated the temperature by foot-stoves; but these were deemed effeminate luxuries, suited to women and children. What would have been thought of Deacon Olmstead and Granther Baldwin, had they yielded to the weakness of a foot-stove!

The age of comfortable meeting-houses and churches, in county towns, was subsequent to this, some twenty or thirty years. All improvement is gradual, and frequently advances only by conflict with prejudice, and victory over opposition. In a certain county town within my knowledge, the introduction of stoves into the meeting-house, about the year 1830, threatened to overturn society. The incident may be worth detailing, for trifles often throw light upon important subjects.

In this case, the metropolis, which we will call H., had adopted stoves in the churches, and naturally enough some people of the neighboring town of E. set about introducing this custom into the meeting-house in their own village. Now, the two master-spirits of society—the Demon of Progress and the Angel of Conservatism—somehow or other had got into the place, and as soon as this reform was suggested, they began to wrestle with the people, until at last the church and society were divided into two violent factions—the Stove Party and the Anti-stove Party. At the head of the first was Mrs. Deacon K. and at the head of the latter was Mrs. Deacon P. The battle raged portentously, very much like the

renowned tempest in a teapot. Society was indeed lashed into a foam. The minister, between the contending factions, scarcely dared to say his soul was his own. He could scarcely find a text from "Genesis to Jude," that might not commit him on one side or the other. The strife —of course—ran into politics, and the representative to the assembly got in by a happy knack at dodging the question in such wise as to be claimed by both parties.

Finally, the progressionists prevailed—the stove party triumphed, and the stoves were accordingly installed. Great was the humiliation of the anti-stoveites; nevertheless, they concluded to be submissive to the dispensations of Providence. On the Sabbath succeeding the installation of the stoves, Mrs. Deacon P., instead of staying away, did as she ought, and went to church. As she moved up the broad aisle, it was remarked that she looked pale but calm, as a martyr should, conscious of injury, yet struggling to forgive. Nevertheless, when the minister named his text—Romans xii. 20—and spoke about heaping coals of fire on the head—she slid from her seat, and subsided gently upon the floor. The train of ideas suggested was, in fact, too much for her heated brain and shattered nerves. Suddenly there was a rush to the pew, and the fainting lady was taken out. When she came to the air, she slightly revived.

"Pray what is the matter?" said Mrs. Deacon K., who bent over her, holding a smelling-bottle to her nose.

"Oh, it is the heat of those awful stoves," said Mrs. Deacon P.

"No, no my dear," said Mrs. Deacon K.; that can't be: it's a warm day, you know, and there's no fire in them."

"No fire in the stoves?" said Mrs. Deacon P.

"Not a particle," said Mrs. Deacon K.

"Well, I feel better now," said the poor lady; and so bidding her friends good-bye, she went home, in a manner suited to the occasion.

A CONNECTICUT BEAUTY.

[*From the Same.*]

THIS gentleman [Jonathan Ingersoll] had a large family—sons and daughters: the names of the former are honorably recorded in the official annals of their native State,—nay, of the United States. The daughters were distinguished for personal attractions and refined accomplishments. One of them claims a special notice—Grace Ingersoll: how beautiful the name, how suggestive of what she was in mind, in person,

in character! I saw her once—but once, and I was then a child—yet her image is as distinct as if I had seen her yesterday.

In my boyhood these New Haven Ingersolls came to Ridgefield occasionally, especially in summer, to vist their relations there. They all seemed to me like superior beings, especially Mrs. Ingersoll, who was fair and forty about those days. On a certain occasion, Grace, who was a school companion of my elder sister's, came to our house. I imagine she did not see or notice me. Certainly she did not discover in the shy boy in the corner her future biographer. She was tall and slender, yet fully rounded, with rich, dark hair, and large Spanish eyes—now seeming blue and now black, and changing with the objects on which she looked, or the play of emotions within her breast. In complexion she was a brunette, yet with a melting glow in her cheek, as if she had stolen from the sun the generous hues which are reserved for the finest of fruit and flowers. Her beauty was in fact so striking—at once so superb and so conciliating—that I was both awed and fascinated by her. Wherever she went I followed, though keeping at a distance, and never losing sight of her. She spent the afternoon at our house, and then departed, and I saw her no more.

It was not long after this that a Frenchman by the name of Grellet, who had come to America on some important commercial affairs, chanced to be at New York, and there saw Grace Ingersoll. Such beauty as that of the New Haven belle is rare in any country: it is never indigenous in France. Even if such could be born there, the imperious force of conventional manners would have stamped itself upon her, and made her a fashionable lady, at the expense of that Eve-like beauty and simplicity which characterized her. It is not astonishing, then, that the stranger—accustomed as he was to all the beauty of French fashionable life—should still have been smitten with this new and startling type of female loveliness.

I may remark, in passing, and as pertinent to my narrative, that the women of New Haven in these by-gone days were famous for their beauty. They may be so yet, but I have not been there—except as a railroad passenger—for years, and cannot establish the point by my own direct testimony. As to the olden time, however, I can verify my statements from the evidence of my own eyes, as well as the records of long tradition. Among the legends I have heard on this subject is one to this effect. There was once a certain Major L.—a Virginian—who I believe was at one time a member of Congress. He was a federalist; and when I saw him at Washington, about the year 1820, he wore a thick cue, and a good sprinkling of hair powder—then generally esteemed very undemocratic. He was a large and handsome man, and at the period of which I speak was some fifty years of age. But being a Vir-

ginian, and withal a bachelor, he was still highly chivalrous in his feelings and conduct toward the fair sex.

Now, once upon a time this handsome old bachelor paid a visit to New England. Having stayed a while at Boston, he journeyed homeward till he came to New Haven. It chanced to be Commencement-day—the great jubilee of the city—while he was there. Having no acquaintances, he set out in the morning to go and see the ceremonies. Directed by the current of people to the chapel, he went thither, and asked for admittance. It was the custom first to receive the reverend clergy and the ladies, who had privileged seats reserved for them—the world at large being kept out till these were accommodated; a fact which shows that our Puritan ancestors, if they did not hold women to be divine, placed them on the same level as divines. The door-keeper scanned Major L. as he came up to the place, and observing him to be a good-looking gentleman in black, with a tinge of powder on his coat-collar, set him down as a minister of the Gospel, and so let him pass. The sexton within took him in charge, and placed him in the clerical quarter between two old D.D.'s—Dr. Perkins, of West Hartford, and Dr. Marsh, of Wethersfield, each having the Five Points sticking out—the one from his gray locks and the other from his frizzed wig—as plainly as if they had been emblazoned on a banner.

The major, with the conscious ease of his genial nature and southern breeding, took his seat and surveyed the scene. His gaze soon fell upon a battery of eyes—beautiful, yet dangerous—that ran along the gallery. Unconscious of the sanctity and saintliness of his position, he half rose and made a low and gracious bow to the ladies above, as if to challenge their whole artillery. Every eye in the house was thus drawn toward him. Before he had time to compose himself, Miss F., one of the belles of the day, came down the broad aisle, full upon him! He had never seen anything so marvellously beautiful—at once so simple and so superb, so much a woman and so much a divinity. He held his breath till she had passed, when he turned suddenly to Rev. Dr. Marsh, and giving him a slap on his shoulder—which dislodged a shower of powder from his wig—exclaimed, "By all the gods, sir, there is Venus herself!"

It is not easy to conceive of the consternation of all around, and especially of the reverend clergy. Their grizzled hair stood out, as if participating in the general horror. What could possess their reverend brother? Was he suddenly beset by the Evil One, thus to utter the unhallowed name of Venus in the house of God? It was indeed a mystery. Gradually, and one by one, they left the infected pew, and Major L., finding himself alone, quietly pocketed the joke, which, however, he often repeated to his friends after his return to Virginia.

This legend refers to a date some dozen years subsequent to the era of Grace Ingersoll, and which therefore shows that the traditional beauty of the New Haven ladies had not then declined. I now return to my story. From the first view of that fair lady, M. Grellet was a doomed man. Familiar with the brilliant court of the Parisian capital, he might have passed by unharmed, even by one as fair as our heroine, had it not been for that simplicity, that Puritanism of look and manner, which belonged to the social climate in which she was brought up—so strongly in contrast to the prescribed pattern graces of a French lady. He came, he saw, he was conquered. Being made captive, he had no other way than to capitulate. He was a man of good family, a fine scholar, and a finished gentleman. He made due and honorable proposals, and was accepted—though on the part of the parents with many misgivings. Marriage ensued, and the happy pair departed for France.

This took place in 1806. M. Grellet held a high social position, and on his arrival at Paris, it was a matter of propriety that his bride should be presented at court. Napoleon was then in the full flush of his imperial glory. It must have been with some palpitations of heart that the New Haven girl—scarcely turned of eighteen years, and new to the great world—prepared to be introduced to the glittering circle of the Tuileries, and under the eye of the emperor himself. As she was presented to him, in the midst of a dazzling throng, blazing with orders and diamonds, she was a little agitated, and her foot was entangled for a moment in her long train—then an indispensable part of the court costume. Napoleon, who, with all his greatness, never rose to the dignity of a gentleman, said in her hearing, "*Voilà de la gaucherie americaine!*" American awkwardness! Perhaps a certain tinge of political bitterness mingled in the speech, for Jerome had been seduced into marriage by the beauty of an American lady, greatly to the chagrin of his aspiring and unprincipled brother. At all events, though he saw the blush his rudeness had created, a malicious smile played upon his lips, indicative of that contempt of the feelings of women, which was one of his characteristics.

Madame Grellet, however, survived the shock of this discourtesy, which signalized her entry into fashionable life. She soon became a celebrity in the court circles, and always maintained pre-eminence, alike for beauty of person, grace of manners, and delicacy and dignity of character. More than once she had her revenge upon the emperor, when in the centre of an admiring circle, he, with others, paid homage to her fascinations. Yet this transplantation of the fair Puritan, even to the Paradise of fashion, was not healthful.

M. Grellet became one of Bonaparte's receivers-general, and took up his residence in the department of the Dordogne—though spending the winters in Paris. Upon the fall of Napoleon, he lost his office, but was

reappointed during the "hundred days," only to lose it again upon the final restoration of Louis XVIII. The shadows now gathered thick and dark around him. His wife having taken a violent cold was attacked with pleurisy, which resulted in a gradual decline. Gently but surely her life faded away. Death loves a shining mark, and at the early age of five-and-twenty she descended to the tomb. With two lovely daughters — the remembrances of his love and his affliction — M. Grellet returned to the south of France, and in the course of years, he too was numbered with the dead.

Almost half a century passed away, and the memory of Grace Ingersoll had long been obliterated from my mind, when it was accidentally recalled. One evening, being at the Tuileries—among the celebrities of the world's most brilliant court—I saw her brother, R. I. Ingersoll. It was curious to meet here with one to whom I had not spoken—though I had occasionally seen him—since we were boys together in Ridgefield. The last incident associated with him in my memory was that we played mumbletepeg together on the green mound, beneath the old Ingersoll buttonwoods. He was now the American Ambassador to Russia, and on his way thither, and I was a chance sojourner in Paris.

We met as if we were old friends. At length I recollected his sister Grace, and asked if her children were living. He replied in the affirmative, and that he was on the point of paying them a visit. I saw him a month afterward, and he told me that he had just returned from the south of France, where he had enjoyed a most interesting stay of a fortnight with his nieces. One—the elder—was married, and had children around her. She was the wife of an eminent physician, and in easy circumstances—occupying a good social position. She was a charming person, and, as he thought, possessed something of the appearance and character of his lost sister. He found that she could sing the simple Connecticut ballads—taught her in childhood, perhaps in the cradle—by her mother: she had also some of her sketches in pencil, and other personal mementoes, which she cherished as sacred relics of her parent, who now seemed a saint in her memory. How beautiful and how touching are such remembrances—flowers that cast perfume around the very precincts of the tomb!

The other niece—where was she? In a convent, lost to the world—devoted to God—if indeed to extinguish the lights of life be devotion to Him who gave them! By special favor, however, she was permitted to leave her seclusion for a short period, that she might see her uncle. She came to the house of her sister, and remained there several days. She was a most interesting person, delicate, graceful, sensitive, still alive to all human affections. She was generally cheerful, and entered with a ready heart into the pleasures of home and friends around her. . .

The direct descendants of the Puritan minister of Ridgefield—the one a mother, blending her name, her lineage, and her language, in the annals of a foreign land; the other, a devotee, seeking in the seclusion of her cell—and perhaps not altogether in vain—"that peace which the world cannot give!"

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SANDIMANIANS.

[*From the Same.*]

ROBERT SANDIMAN, a Scotchman, having adopted the tenets, and married the daughter, of Rev. John Glass—an able divine, who seems to have been the originator of the Scotch Independents—became a distinguished defender of his theological views. After a time, he was invited to come to America by some of his admirers there, and accordingly he arrived in 1764, and settled among them—first at Boston, but finally taking up his residence at Danbury. He appears to have been much disappointed at the character of his adherents, and the general state of society in America. This was aggravated by his taking the tory side in the agitation which now verged toward the Revolution. His days were in fact embittered, and his flock reduced to a handful of followers. His death took place in 1771, and a simple marble slab, in the burial-ground, opposite the court-house, commemorates his name and history. He was doubtless a man of ability, but his career displays the usual narrowness and inconsistency of sectarianism founded upon persons, rather than principles. His doctrine was, that faith is a mere intellectual conviction—a bare belief of the bare truth. Of course so cold a religion, scarcely distinguishable in its principle from deism, and giving no satisfaction to that constant craving of the soul for a more exalted and spiritual life, could not prosper. It was only adapted to a few rigid minds like his own. His adherents in my time met at their little church on the afternoons of Sundays and Thursdays; they sat around a large table, each with a Bible. The men read and discoursed, as the spirit dictated: the women were silent. Spectators were admitted, but the worshippers seemed not to recognize their presence. After a prayer and a hymn, they went to the house of one of the members, and had a love-feast. "Greet one another with a holy kiss," was their maxim and their practice.

These customs remain to the present day, save only as to the kiss, which, according to the current report, was modified some years since. The congregation was rather mixed, and included the W. R.s, a family of wealth and refinement, down to N. S., the blacksmith. Mrs. W. R.

was a woman of great delicacy of person, manners, and dress: her lace was the finest, her silks the richest, her muslin the most immaculate. She was in breeding a lady, in position an aristocrat, in feeling an exclusive. And yet, one day, as she walked forth, and chanced to turn the corner, close to the central meeting-house, wending her way homeward, she came suddenly upon the village Vulcan, above mentioned. He was in front of his shop, and being a man of full habit, and having just put down the heel of an ox, which he was shoeing, he was damp with perspiration. Nevertheless, the faith was strong within him: "Greet one another with a holy kiss!" rushed to his mind, and he saluted Mrs. W. R., as in duty bound. She, a saint in profession, but alas, in practice a sinner, as doth appear—returned not the salute! Had she been of another sect, abstinence would have been a virtue, but in this, it was of course a crime. Upon this incident rocked and quaked the whole Sandimanian church for some months. At last the agitation subsided, and the holy kiss was thenceforward either abandoned or given with discretion.

WEBSTER AT BUNKER HILL.

[*From the Same.*]

THE first time I ever saw Mr. Webster was on the 17th of June, 1825, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. I shall never forget his appearance as he strode across the open area, encircled by some fifty thousand persons—men and women—waiting for the "Orator of the Day," nor the shout that simultaneously burst forth, as he was recognized, carrying up to the skies the name of "Webster!" "Webster!" "Webster!"

It was one of those lovely days in June, when the sun is bright, the air clear, and the breath of nature so sweet and pure as to fill every bosom with a grateful joy in the mere consciousness of existence. There were present long files of soldiers in their holiday attire; there were many associations, with their mottoed banners; there were lodges and grand lodges, in white aprons and blue scarfs; there were miles of citizens from the towns and the country round about; there were two hundred gray-haired men, remnants of the days of the Revolution; there was among them a stranger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, on whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known, the air echoed with the cry—"Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!" Around all this scene, was a rainbow of beauty such as New England alone can furnish.

I have seen many public festivities and ceremonials, but never one, taken all together, of more general interest than this. Everything was fortunate: all were gratified; but the address was that which seemed uppermost in all minds and hearts. Mr. Webster was in the very zenith of his fame and of his powers. I have looked on many mighty men—King George, the "first gentleman in England;" Sir Astley Cooper, the Apollo of his generation; Peel, O'Connell, Palmerston, Lyndhurst—all nature's noblemen; I have seen Cuvier, Guizot, Arago, Lamartine—marked in their persons by the genius which has carried their names over the world; I have seen Clay, and Calhoun, and Pinkney, and King, and Dwight, and Daggett, who stand as high examples of personal endowment, in our annals, and yet not one of these approached Mr. Webster in the commanding power of their personal presence. There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw. And these, on the occasion to which I allude, had their full expression and interpretation.

In general, the oration was serious, full of weighty thought and deep reflection. Occasionally there were flashes of fine imagination, and several passages of deep, overwhelming emotion. I was near the speaker, and not only heard every word, but I saw every movement of his countenance. When he came to address the few scarred and time-worn veterans—some forty in number—who had shared in the bloody scene which all had now gathered to commemorate, he paused a moment, and, as he uttered the words "Venerable men," his voice trembled, and I could see a cloud pass over the sea of faces that turned upon the speaker. When at last, alluding to the death of Warren, he said—

"But ah, Him!—the first great martyr of this great cause. Him, the patriotic victim of his own self-devoting heart. Him, cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom: falling ere he saw the star of his country rise—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!" Here the eyes of the veterans around, little accustomed to tears, were filled to the brim, and some of them "sobbed aloud in their fulness of heart." The orator went on:

"Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure: this monument may moulder away, the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to the level of the sea; but thy memory shall not fail. Wherever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall claim kindred with thy spirit!"

I have never seen such an effect, from a single passage: a moment before, every bosom bent, every brow was clouded, every eye was dim. Lifted as by inspiration, every breast seemed now to expand, every gaze

to turn above, every face to beam with a holy yet exulting enthusiasm. It was the omnipotence of eloquence, which, like the agitated sea, carries a host upon its waves, sinking and swelling with its irresistible undulations.

GOOD NIGHT.

[*Poems.* 1851.]

THE sun has sunk behind the hills,
The shadows o'er the landscape creep;
A drowsy sound the woodland fills,
And nature folds her arms to sleep:
Good night—good night.

The chattering jay has ceased his din—
The noisy robin sings no more—
The crow, his mountain haunt within,
Dreams 'mid the forest's surly roar:
Good night—good night.

The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale;
The dew is falling soft and still;
The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,
And silence broods o'er yonder mill:
Good night—good night.

The rose, so ruddy in the light,
Bends on its stem all rayless now,
And by its side the lily white,
A sister shadow, seems to bow:
Good night—good night.

The bat may wheel on silent wing—
The fox his guilty vigils keep—
The boding owl his dirges sing;
But love and innocence will sleep:
Good night—good night.

John Neal.

BORN in Portland, Me., 1793. DIED there, 1876.

THE MIDNIGHT FOE.

[*Logan. A Novel.* 1821.]

JUST at this time—it was midnight—another council-board had just been dismissed—there stood, without being announced, without preparation, before the governor of the colony, in his very presence-chamber too, a man of gigantic stature, in the garb of an Indian.

The governor was leaning his face upon his hands. His thin gray locks were blowing about his fingers, in the strong night wind, from an open window that looked toward the town. That he was in some profound and agitating inquiry with himself, could be seen by the movement of the swollen veins upon his forehead, distended and throbbing visibly under the pressure of his aged fingers. . . . It would have made the heart of such a being as Michael Angelo himself swell to study the head of the old man: the capacity and amplitude of the brow; the scattered and beautiful white, thin locks of threaded silver; the trembling hands; the occasional movement of a troubled expression, almost articulate, over the established serenity of the forehead: all so venerable, placid, and awful, as in the confirmed discipline and habit of many years, and all yielding now to the convulsive encroachment of emotion. . .

The stranger contemplated the picture in silence. He was greatly wrought upon by the aged presence, and felt perhaps somewhat as the profaning Gaul did when he saw what he took to be the gods of Rome —her old men sitting immovably in their chairs.

The governor at length, like one who is determined, resolved, and impatient for action, lifted his head, smote the table heavily with his arm, and was rising from his seat—why that pause?—he gasps for breath—can it be—can the proportions, the mere outline of humanity so disturb a man, an aged man, familiar for half a century with danger and death?

He fell back upon his chair and locked his hands upon his heart, as if —for it grew audible in its hollow palpitations—as if to stifle its irregularity forever, if he could, even though he were suffocated in the effort, rather than betray the unmanly infirmity—a disobedient pulse. He gazed steadily upon the being before him, but with an expression of doubt and horror, like that with which the prophet dwelt upon the sheeted Samuel, as doubting the evidence of his own eyes, yet daring not to withdraw them, though the cold icy sweat started from the very ends of his fingers, lest something yet more terrible might appear.

The Indian stood before him like an apparition. His attitude was not entirely natural, nor perhaps entirely unstudied. He stood motionless and appalling; the bleak, barren, and iron aspect of a man, from head to foot strong and sinewed with desperation, and hardened in the blood and sweat of calamity and trial. He stood, with somewhat of high and princely carriage, like the fighting gladiator, but more erect and less threatening, more prepared and collected. Indeed it was the gladiator still—but the gladiator in defence rather than attack.

The governor was brave, but who would not have quaked at such a moment? To awake, no matter how, when the faculties, or the body and limbs are asleep, in a dim light, alone, helpless, and to find a man at your side, an Indian!—it would shake the nerves, ay, and the constitution too, of the bravest man that ever buckled a sword upon his thigh.

"Great God!" articulated he at last, in the voice of one suffocating and gasping—"Great God! what art thou? speak!"

No answer was returned—no motion of head or hand.

The governor's terror increased, but it was evidently of a different kind now, the first shock of surprise having passed—"Speak!" he added in a tone of command—"speak! how were you admitted? and for what?"

A scornful writhing of the lip; a sullen, deadly smile, as in derision, when the bitterness of the heart rises and is tasted, was the prelude to his answer. The Indian was agitated—but the agitation passed off like the vibration of molten iron when it trembles for the last time before it becomes solid forever. Then he smiled. . . . .

"Hell and furies! who are you? what are you? whence are you? what your purpose?" . . . .

The Indian slowly unwrapped his blanket, and then *as* slowly, in barbarous dalliance with the terrors of the palsied old man, extended a bayonet toward him reeking with blood.

The governor was silent. It was a fearful moment. His paroxysm appeared to abate at his will now—and by his manner it would appear that some master-thought had suddenly risen in its dominion, and bound hand and foot all the rebellious and warring passions of his nature. Did he hope for succor? or did he look, by gaining time, to some indefinite advantage by negotiation? It would be difficult to tell. But however it might be, his deportment became more worthy of him, more lofty, collected, imposing, and determined. . . . In desperate emergencies our souls grow calm, and a power is given to them to gaze, as dying men will sometimes, upon the shoreless void before them with preternatural composure. Here was an enemy, and one, of all enemies the most terrible, dripping with recent slaughter, and so situated that he could not escape but by dipping his hands anew in blood.

The governor dared not to call out, and dreaded, as the signal of his

own death, the sound of any approaching footstep. To get there, where he was, the Indian must have come, willing and prepared for, and expecting certain death; of what avail then the whole force of the government household? . . . .

There was a sword near the governor; he recollected having unbuckled it, and thrown it aside as he came in from exercising a troop of horse but a few hours before the council had assembled. "It was in a chair behind me," thought he, and "perhaps is there yet"—But how should he discover whether it was or not? He dares not shift his eye for a single instant from the Indian. But might he not amuse him for a moment, and grope for it without being perceived? How bravely the old man's spirit mounted in the endeavor!

He made the search; but his implacable foe, like one that delights in toying and trifling with, and mocking his victim, permitted the eager and trembling hand but to touch the hilt, not to grasp it—that were not so prudent. . . . The moment, therefore, that the searching fingers approached the hilt, the blanket fell from the shoulders of the Indian, and the bloody bayonet gleamed suddenly athwart the ceiling and flashed in the governor's eyes. The hand was withdrawn, as if smitten with electricity, from the distant sword; all defence and hope forgotten, and he locked his thin hands upon his bosom, bowed his head to the expected sacrifice, and fell upon his knees.

The countenance of the Indian could not be seen, but his solid proportions, like a block of shadow, could be distinguished in the uncertain light of the distant and dying lamps suspended from the ceiling—a bold, great outline, and sublime bearing, the more awful for their indistinctness; the more appalling as they resembled those of a colossal shadow only. . . . .

At this instant, a red light flashed across the court-yard, and streaming through the open window, touched the countenance of the Indian, and passed off like the reflection of crimson drapery, suddenly illuminated by lightning; voices were heard in a distant building, and iron hoofs rattled over the broad flag-stones of the far gateway. A few brief words were interchanged, and a shot was fired; the Indian's hand was upon the bayonet again, but the sounds passed away; . . . and the prostrate governor, who had kept an anxious eye upon the heavy doors of the hall, expecting, yet scarcely daring to pray for an approaching step, was beginning to yield anew to his terrible fate—when another step was heard, and a hand was laid upon the lock. The rattling of military accoutrements was heard, as the guard stepped aside and gave a countersign to some one approaching; and then a brief and stern echo, in the tone of unqualified authority, rang along the vaulted staircase, and the word *pass!* was heard.

Yes, yes! a hand *was* now upon the lock! The light in the apartment streamed fitfully up for a moment, and flared in the breeze from the window, so as to fill the whole room with shifting shadows.

The Indian motioned impatiently with his hand toward the door, and the governor, while his heart sank within him, arose on his feet and prepared to repel the intruder, whoever he might be—but he could not speak—his voice had gone—

The door was yielding to the hurried attempts of some one fumbling about for the lock;—and voices, in clamorous dispute, were heard approaching.

The governor tried again—"Begone! begone! for God's sake!" he cried, mingling the tone of habitual command with that of entreaty, and then recovering himself, with a feeling of shame added, in his most natural and assured manner, "Begone, whoever you are, begone!"

The noise ceased. The hand was withdrawn; and step by step, with the solid and prompt tread of a strong man, a soldier, in his youth, and accustomed to obedience, the intruder was heard descending.

There was another long silence, which each seemed unwilling to interrupt, while each numbered the departing footfalls. The chamber grew dark. It was impossible longer to distinguish objects. A low conference was held between the two. Tones of angry remonstrance, horror—threats—defiance—suppressed anguish—and then all was silent again as the house of death.

The governor spoke again—in a whisper at first, and then louder—a slight motion was heard near him—and he raised his voice. In vain, and the mysterious and death-like silence he found more insupportable than all that he had yet endured. Where was his foe at that instant?—how employed?—ready perhaps to strike the bayonet through and through his heart at the very next breath! He could not endure it—no mortal could—he uttered a loud cry, and fell upon his face in convulsions. . . . .

In the morning, just as the dappled east began to redden with the new daylight, after a night of feverish and wild dreaming, the good old governor awoke exceedingly refreshed, and lay with his eyes shut, revolving the mysterious adventure of the preceding night in his mind. It was all in vain. He could remember nothing distinctly. That an apparition had been before him; that, somehow or other he had been engaged in mortal strife, he had a kind of dim and wavering, shadowy and uncertain recollection, but all else, with whom, and where, had been held the battle —all!—was gone, in the terror of the interview, and the long insensibility and agitation that succeeded. What he had dreamed appeared reality; and the real, as he strove in vain to recall the particular features, took the fantastic and shifting proportions of a dream.

MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

THERE are harps that complain to the presence of night,
To the presence of night alone—
In a near and unchangeable tone—
Like winds, full of sound, that go whispering by,
As if some immortal had stooped from the sky,
And breathed out a blessing—and flown!

Yes! harps that complain to the breezes of night,
To the breezes of night alone;
Growing fainter and fainter, as ruddy and bright
The sun rolls aloft in his drapery of light,
Like a conqueror, shaking his brilliant hair
And flourishing robe, on the edge of the air!
Burning crimson and gold
On the clouds that unfold,
Breaking onward in flame, while an ocean divides
On his right and his left—So the Thunderer rides,
When he cuts a bright path through the heaving tides
Rolling on, and erect, in a charioting throne!

Yes! strings that lie still in the gushing of day,
That awake, all alive, to the breezes of night.
There are hautboys and flutes too, forever at play
When the evening is near, and the sun is away,
Breathing out the still hymn of delight.
These strings by invisible fingers are played—
By spirits, unseen and unknown,
But thick as the stars, all this music is made;
And these flutes, alone,
In one sweet dreamy tone,
Are ever blown,
Forever and forever.
The live-long night ye hear the sound,
Like distant waters flowing round
In ringing caves, while heaven is sweet
With crowding tunes, like halls
Where fountain-music falls,
And rival minstrels meet.

Orville Dewey.

BORN in Sheffield, Mass., 1794. DIED there, 1882.

TALKS WITH THACKERAY.

[*Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D.D.* 1884.]

THACKERAY came to Washington while I was there. He gave his course of lectures on the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century." His style, especially in his earlier writings, had one quality which the critics did not seem to notice; it was not conventional, but spun out of the brain. With the power of thought to take hold of the mind, and a rich, deep, melodious voice, he contrived, without one gesture, or any apparent emotion in his delivery, to charm away an hour as pleasantly as I have ever felt it in a lecture. What he told me of his way of composing confirms me in my criticism on his style. He did not dash his pen on paper, like Walter Scott, and write off twenty pages without stopping, but, dictating to an amanuensis,—a plan which leaves the brain to work undisturbed by the pen-labor,—dictating from his chair, and often from his bed, he gave out sentence by sentence, slowly, as they were moulded in his mind.

Thackeray was sensitive about public opinion; no writer, I imagine, was ever otherwise. I remember, one morning, he was sitting in our parlor, when letters from the mail came in. They were received with some eagerness, of course, and he said, "You seem to be pleased to have letters; *I* am not."—"No?" we said.—"No. I have had letters from England this morning, and they tell me that 'Henry Esmond' is not liked."

This led to some conversation on novels and novel-writing, and I ventured to say: "How is it that not one of the English novelists has ever drawn any high or adequate character of the clergyman? Walter Scott never gave us anything beyond the respectable official. Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose is a good man, the best we have in your English fiction, but odd and amusing rather than otherwise. Then Dickens has given us Chadband and Stiggins, and you Charles Honeyman. Can you not conceive," I went on to say, "that a man, without any chance of worldly profit, for a bare stipend, giving his life to promote what you must know are the highest interests of mankind, is engaged in a noble calling, worthy of being nobly described? Or have you no examples in England to draw from?" This last sentence touched him, and I meant it should.

With considerable excitement he said, "I delivered a lecture the other

evening in your church in New York, for the Employment Society; would you let me read to you a passage from it?" Of course I said I should be very glad to hear it, and added, "I thank you for doing that." —"I don't know why you should thank me," he said; "it cost me but an hour's reading, and I got $1,500 for them. I thought I was the party obliged. But I did tell them they should have a dozen shirts made up for me, and they did it." He then went and brought his lecture, and read the passage, which told of a curate's taking him to visit a poor family in London, where he witnessed a scene of distress and of disinterestedness very striking and beautiful to see. It was a very touching description, and Thackeray nearly broke down in reading it.

AN OPTIMIST'S FAITH.

[*From the Same.*]

I SAY, and I maintain, that the constitution of the world is good, and that the constitution of human nature is good; that the laws of nature and the laws of life are ordained for good. I believe that man was made and destined by his Creator ultimately to be an adoring, holy, and happy being; that his spiritual and physical constitution was designed to lead to that end; but that end, it is manifest from the very nature of the case, can be attained only by a free struggle; and this free struggle, with its mingled success and failure, is the very story of the world. A sublime story it is, therefore. The life of men and nations has not been a floundering on through useless disorder and confusion, trial and strife, war and bloodshed; but it has been a struggling onward to an end.

This, I believe, has been the story of the world from the beginning. Before the Christian, before the Hebrew, system appeared, there was religion, worship, faith, morality, in the world, and however erring, yet always improving from age to age. Those systems are great steps in the human progress; but they are not the only steps. Moses is venerable to me. The name of Jesus is "above every name;" but my reverence for him does not require me to lose all interest in Confucius and Zoroaster, in Socrates and Plato.

In short, the world is a school; men are pupils in this school; God is its builder and ordainer. And he has raised up for its instruction sages and seers, teachers and guides; ay, martyred lives, and sacrificial toils and tears and blood, have been poured out for it. The greatest teaching, the greatest life, the most affecting, heart-regenerating sacrifice, was that

of the Christ. From him I have a clearer guidance, and a more encouraging reliance upon the help and mercy of God, than from all else. I do not say the only reliance, but the greatest.

This school of life I regard as the infant-school of eternity. The pupils, I believe, will go on forever learning. There is solemn retribution in this system,—the future must forever answer for the past; I would not have it otherwise. I must fight the battle, if I would win the prize; and for all failure, for all cowardice, for all turning aside after ease and indulgence in preference to virtue and sanctity, I must suffer; I would not have it otherwise. There is help divine offered to me, there is encouragement wise and gracious; I welcome it. There is a blessed hereafter opened to prayer and penitence and faith; I lift my hopes to that immortal life. This view of the system of things spreads for me a new light over the heavens and the earth. It is a foundation of peace and strength and happiness more to be valued, in my account, than the title-deed of all the world.

William Cullen Bryant.

BORN in Cummington, Mass., 1794. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1878.

THANATOPSIS.

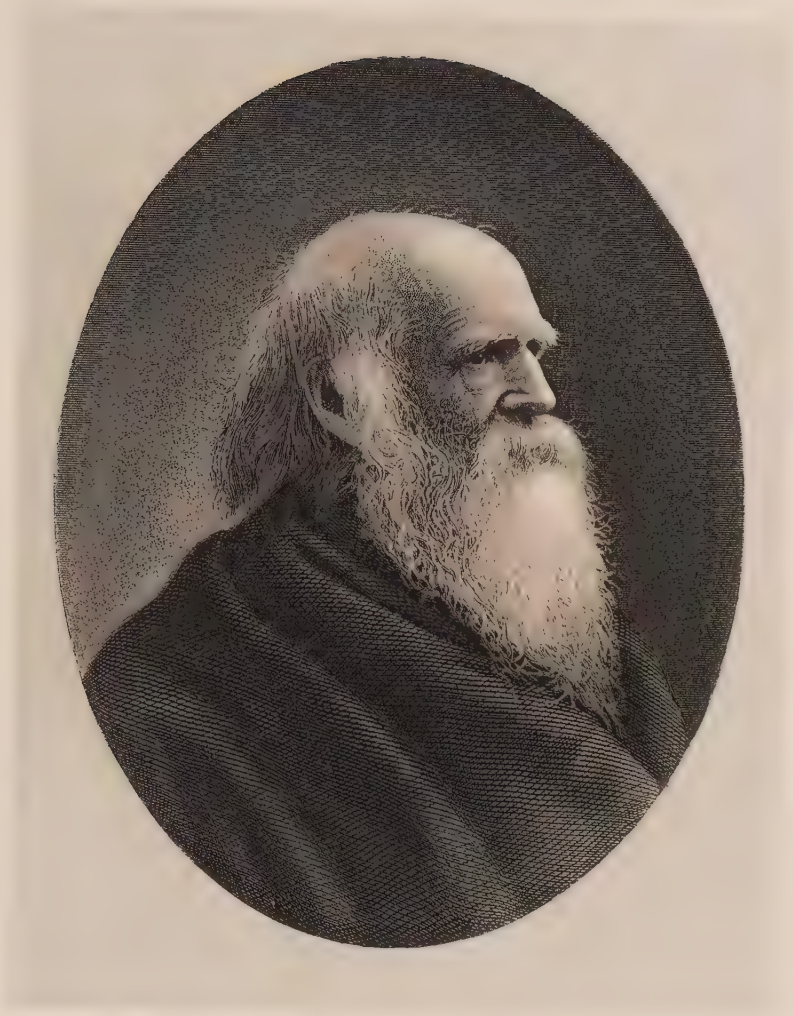
[*Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant. Edited by Parke Godwin.* 1883.]

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.—

Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train



William Cullen Bryant

Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

1811.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou has given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

1815.

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,

These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies

And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his archenemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunder-bolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

1825.

THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown; to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last:
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;

Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

1828.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

1837.

AN EVENING REVERY.

THE summer day is closed—the sun is set:
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;

Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain—
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

1840.

AMERICA.

OH mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids

Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

1846.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

1849.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarlèd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand

Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightning's smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven;
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain's side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age—
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But would'st thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite

Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

1842.

THE MAY SUN SHEDS AN AMBER LIGHT.

THE May sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small bird's mingled notes are flung;
But she, whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear;
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

1849.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
  Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
  Hear him call in his merry note:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
  Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
  Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
  One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
  Pouring boasts from his little throat:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
    Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
  Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
  Robert is singing with all his might:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
  Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
  Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

1855.

LATTER-DAY POETS.

[*From his Introduction to the "Library of Poetry and Song."* 1871.]

THERE are two tendencies by which the seekers after poetic fame in our day are apt to be misled, through both the example of others and the applause of critics. One of these is the desire to extort admiration by striking novelties of expression; and the other, the ambition to distinguish themselves by subtilties of thought, remote from the common apprehension.

With regard to the first of these I have only to say what has been often said before, that, however favorable may be the idea which this luxuriance of poetic imagery and of epithet at first gives us of the author's talent, our admiration soon exhausts itself. We feel that the thought moves heavily under its load of garments, some of which perhaps strike us as tawdry and others as ill-fitting, and we lay down the book to take it up no more.

The other mistake, if I may so call it, deserves more attention, since we find able critics speaking with high praise of passages in the poetry of the day to which the general reader is puzzled to attach a meaning. This is often the case when the words themselves seem simple enough, and keep within the range of the Saxon or household element of our language. The obscurity lies sometimes in the phrase itself, and sometimes in the recondite or remote allusion. I will not say that certain minds

are not affected by this, as others are by verses in plainer English. To the few it may be genuine poetry, although it may be a riddle to the mass of readers. I remember reading somewhere of a mathematician who was affected with a sense of sublimity by the happy solution of an algebraical or geometrical problem, and I have been assured by one who devoted himself to the science of mathematics that the phenomenon is no uncommon one. Let us beware, therefore, of assigning too narrow limits to the causes which produce the poetic exaltation of mind. The genius of those who write in this manner may be freely acknowledged, but they do not write for mankind at large.

To me it seems that one of the most important requisites for a great poet is a luminous style. The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relations of man to man. He who can present them in combinations and lights which at once affect the mind with a deep sense of their truth and beauty is the poet for his own age and the ages that succeed it. It is no disparagement either to his skill or his power that he finds them near at hand; the nearer they lie to the common track of the human intelligence, the more certain is he of the sympathy of his own generation, and of those which shall come after him. The metaphysician, the subtile thinker, the dealer in abstruse speculations, whatever his skill in versification, misapplies it when he abandons the more convenient form of prose and perplexes himself with the attempt to express his ideas in poetic numbers.

Let me say for the poets of the present day, that in one important respect they have profited by the example of their immediate predecessors; they have learned to go directly to nature for their imagery, instead of taking it from what had once been regarded as the common stock of the guild of poets. I have often had occasion to verify this remark with no less delight than surprise on meeting in recent verse new images in their untarnished lustre, like coins fresh from the mint, unworn and unsoiled by passing from pocket to pocket. It is curious, also, to observe how a certain set of hackneyed phrases, which Leigh Hunt, I believe, was the first to ridicule, and which were once used for the convenience of rounding out a line or supplying a rhyme, have disappeared from our poetry, and how our blank verse in the hands of the most popular writers has dropped its stiff Latinisms and all the awkward distortions resorted to by those who thought that by putting a sentence out of its proper shape they were writing like Milton.

Edward Robinson.

Born in Southington, Conn., 1794. Died in New York, N. Y., 1863.

THE ALLEGED SITE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

[*Biblical Researches in Palestine.* 1841.]

THAT the early Christians at Jerusalem must have had a knowledge of the places where the Lord was crucified and buried, there can be no doubt; that they erected their churches on places consecrated by miracles, and especially on Calvary and over our Lord's Sepulchre, is a more questionable position. There is at least no trace of it in the New Testament, nor in the history of the primitive church. The four Gospels, which describe so minutely the circumstances of the crucifixion and resurrection, mention the sepulchre only in general terms; and although some of them were written thirty or forty years after these events, yet they are silent as to any veneration of the sepulchre, and also as to its very existence at that time. The writers do not even make in behalf of their Lord and Master the natural appeal which Peter employs in the case of David, "that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day." The great Apostle of the Gentiles too, whose constant theme is the death and resurrection of our Lord and the glory of his cross, has not in all his writings the slightest allusion to any reverence for the *place* of these great events or the instrument of the Saviour's passion. On the contrary, the whole tenor of our Lord's teaching and that of Paul, and indeed of every part of the New Testament, was directed to draw off the minds of men from an attachment to particular times and places, and to lead the true worshippers to worship God, not merely at Jerusalem or in Mount Gerizim, but everywhere "in spirit and in truth."—The position that the Christian churches in the apostolic age were without the walls of the city, is a mere fancy springing from the similar location of the sepulchre; and still more fanciful and absurd is the assertion, that those churches, if any such there were, might have escaped destruction during the long siege by Titus.

The alleged regular succession of bishops, from the time of St. James to the reign of Adrian, is also a matter of less certainty, than is here represented. Eusebius, the only authority on the subject, lived two centuries afterwards; and says expressly, that he had been able to find no document respecting them, and wrote only from report. . .

What then after all is the amount of the testimony relative to an idol erected over the place of the resurrection, and serving to mark the spot? It is simply, that writers *ex post facto* have mentioned such an idol as

standing, not over the sepulchre known of old as being that of Christ, but *over the spot fixed upon by Constantine as that sepulchre.* Their testimony proves conclusively that an idol stood upon *that* spot; but it has no bearing to show that this spot was the true sepulchre. Eusebius, the contemporary and eye-witness, makes no mention of any tradition connected with the idol. Jerome sixty years later is the only one to ascribe it to Adrian; and Sozomen, in the middle of the fifth century is the first to remark, that the heathen erected it in the hope, that Christians who came to pay their devotions at the sepulchre, would thus have the appearance of worshipping an idol. Yet from these slender materials, the skilful pen of Chateaubriand has wrought out a statement so definite and specious, that most readers who have not had an opportunity of investigation, have probably regarded the matter as a well-established fact.

Thus then the positive proofs alleged in favor of an earlier tradition respecting the Holy Sepulchre, vanish away; and there remains only the possibility, that a fact of this nature might have been handed down in the church through the succession of bishops and other holy men. . .

But for the value of such a tradition, supposing it to have existed, we have a decisive test, in applying the same reasoning to another tradition of precisely the same character and import. The place of our Lord's ascension must have been to the first Christians in Jerusalem an object of no less interest than his sepulchre, and could not but have been equally known to them. The knowledge of it too would naturally have been handed down from century to century through the same succession of bishops and holy men. In this case, moreover, we know that such a tradition did actually exist before the age of Constantine, which pointed out the place of the ascension on the summit of the Mount of Olives. Eusebius, writing about A.D. 315, ten years or more before the journey of Helena, speaks expressly (as we have already seen), of the many Christians who came up to Jerusalem from all parts of the earth, not as of old to celebrate a festival, but to behold the accomplishment of prophecy in the desolations of the city, and to pay their adorations on the summit of the Mount of Olives, where Jesus gave his last charge to his disciples, and then ascended into heaven. Yet notwithstanding this weight of testimony, and the apparent length of time and unbroken succession through which the story had been handed down, the tradition itself is unquestionably false; since it is contradicted by the express declaration of Scripture. According to St. Luke, Jesus led out his disciples as far as to Bethany, and blessed them; and while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.—Yet Helena erected a church upon the Mount of Olives; and assuredly there could have been no tradition better accredited in respect to the Holy

Sepulchre. Indeed, the fact that no pilgrimages were made to the latter, goes strongly to show that there was no tradition respecting it whatever.

We arrive at a similar, though less decided result, in following up another parallel tradition of the same kind. The Cave of the Nativity, so called, at Bethlehem, has been pointed out as the place where Jesus was born, by a tradition which reaches back at least to the middle of the second century. At that time Justin Martyr speaks distinctly of the Saviour's birth, as having occurred in a grotto near Bethlehem. In the third century, Origen adduces it as a matter of public notoriety, so that even the heathen regarded it as the birthplace of him whom the Christians adored. Eusebius also mentions it several years before the journey of Helena; and the latter consecrated the spot by erecting over it a church. In this instance, indeed, the language of Scripture is less decisive than in respect to the place of the ascension; and the evangelist simply relates that the Virgin "brought forth her first-born son, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." But the circumstance of the Saviour's being born in a cave would certainly have not been less remarkable, than his having been laid in a manger; and it is natural to suppose that the sacred writer would not have passed it over in silence. The grotto moreover was and is at some distance from the town; and although there may be still occasional instances in Judea, where a cavern is occupied as a stable, yet this is not now, and never was, the usual practice, especially in towns and their environs. Taking into account all these circumstances,—and also the early and general tendency to invent and propagate legends of a similar character, and the prevailing custom of representing the events of the gospel-history as having taken place in grottoes,—it would seem hardly consistent with a love of simple historic truth, to attach to this tradition any much higher degree of credit, than we have shown to belong to the parallel tradition respecting the place of our Lord's ascension.

The two traditions which we have now examined, both present a much stronger case, than anything which ever has been or can be urged in behalf of the supposed Holy Sepulchre. Yet one of them at least, and probably both, have no foundation in historic truth. On this ground then, as well as on all others, the alleged site of the Sepulchre is found to be without support.

Thus in every view which I have been able to take of the question, both topographical and historical, whether on the spot or in the closet, and in spite of all my previous prepossessions, I am led irresistibly to the conclusion, that the Golgotha and the tomb now shown in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, are not upon the real places of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. The alleged discovery of them by the

aged and credulous Helena, like her discovery of the cross, may not improbably have been the work of pious fraud. It would perhaps not be doing injustice to the bishop Macarius and his clergy, if we regard the whole as a well laid and successful plan for restoring to Jerusalem its former consideration, and elevating his see to a higher degree of influence and dignity.

If it be asked, Where then are the true sites of Golgotha and the sepulchre to be sought? I must reply, that probably all search can only be in vain. We know nothing more from the Scriptures, than that they were near each other, without the gate and nigh to the city, in a frequented spot. This would favor the conclusion, that the place was probably upon a great road leading from one of the gates; and such a spot would only be found upon the western or northern sides of the city, on the roads leading towards Joppa or Damascus.

Edward Everett.

Born in Dorchester, Mass., 1794. Died in Boston, Mass., 1865.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT.

[*Oration on Literature in America.* 1824. *From Orations and Speeches by Edward Everett.* 1850-68.]

WE are summoned to new energy and zeal, by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. At a moment of deep and general agitation in the Old World, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society; to settle, and that forever, the momentous question,—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system of government.

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good, of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood, of old, who spake and wrote, who labored, fought, and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of

their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchres of the nations which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith which has been plighted, by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world.

THE "MAYFLOWER."

[*Oration at Plymouth.* 1824.—*From the Same.*]

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower* of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely sea-worthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a

colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

LAFAYETTE AND NAPOLEON.

[*Eulogy on Lafayette.* 1834.—*From the Same.*]

OF all the ancient nobility who returned to France, Lafayette and the young Count de Vaudreuil were the only individuals who refused the favors which Napoleon was eager to accord to them. Of all to whom the cross of the legion of honor was tendered, Lafayette alone had the courage to decline it. Napoleon is said to have exclaimed, when they told him that Lafayette refused the decoration, "What, will nothing satisfy that man but the chief command of the National Guard of the empire?" Yes, much less abundantly satisfied him;—the quiet possession of the poor remnants of his estate, enjoyed without sacrificing his principles.

From this life nothing could draw him. Mr. Jefferson offered him the place of governor of Louisiana, then just become a territory of the United States; but he was unwilling, by leaving France, to take a step that would look like a final abandonment of the cause of constitutional liberty on the continent of Europe. Napoleon ceased to importune him, and he lived at Lagrange, retired and unmolested, the only public man who had gone through the terrible revolution and remained in France, with a character free from every just impeachment. He entered it with a princely fortune,—in the various high offices which he had filled he had declined all compensation,—and he came out poor. He entered it in the meridian of early manhood, with a frame of iron. He came out of it, fifty years of age, his strength impaired by the hardships of his

long imprisonment. He had filled the most powerful and responsible offices; and others, still more powerful,—the dictatorship itself,—had been offered him; he was reduced to obscurity and private life. He entered the revolution with a host of ardent colleagues of the constitutional party; of those who escaped the guillotine, most had made their peace with Napoleon. Not a few of the Jacobins had taken his splendid bribes; the emigrating nobility came back in crowds, and put on his livery; fear, interest, weariness, amazement, and apathy reigned in France and in Europe; kings, emperors, armies, nations bowed at his footstool; and one man alone,—a private man, who had tasted power, and knew what he sacrificed,—who had inhabited dungeons, and knew what he risked,—who had done enough for liberty in both worlds to satisfy the utmost requisitions of her friends,—this man alone stood aloof in his honor, his independence, and his poverty. And if there is a man in this assembly that would not rather have been Lafayette to refuse, than Napoleon to bestow, his wretched gewgaws; that would not rather have been Lafayette in retirement and obscurity, and just not proscribed, than Napoleon with an emperor to hold his stirrup; if there is a man who would not have preferred the honest poverty of Lagrange to the bloody tinsel of St. Cloud; who would not rather have shared the peaceful fireside of the friend of Washington, than have spurred his triumphant courser over the crushed and blackened heaps of slain, through the fire and carnage of Marengo and Austerlitz,—that man has not an American heart in his bosom. . . . .

And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness,—to the sanctity of plighted faith,—to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, and of your Pilgrim sires was the rule of his life—*the love of liberty protected by law.*

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[*Eulogy on Mr. Adams.* 1848.—*From the Same.*]

I HAVE left untouched the great qualities of the man, the traits which form the heroism of his character, and would have made him, at all times, and in any career, a person of the highest mark and force.

These were, his lion heart, which knew not the fear of man; and his religious spirit, which feared God in all things, constantly, profoundly, and practically. A person of truer courage, physical and moral, I think, never lived. In whatever calling of life he had grown up, this trait, I am sure, would have been conspicuous. Had he been a common sailor, he would have been the first to go to the mast-head, when the topsails were flying into ribbons. He never was called to expose his life in the field, but, had his duty required it, he was a man to lead a forlorn hope, with a steady step, through a breach spouting with fire. It was his custom, at a time when personal violence towards individuals politically obnoxious was not uncommon, to walk the unwatched and desolate streets of Washington alone, and before sunrise. This may be set down to the steadiness of nerves which is shared by men of inferior tone of mind. But in his place in the House of Representatives,—in the great struggle into which he plunged, from a conscientious sense of duty, in the closing years of his life, and in the boldness and resolution with which he trod on ground never before thrown open to free discussion,—he evinced a moral courage, founded on the only true basis of moral principle, of which I know no brighter example. It was with this he warred, and with this he conquered; strong in the soundness of his honest heart, strong in the fear of God,—the last great dominant principle of his life and character.

There was the hiding of his power. There it was that he exhibited, in its true type, the sterling quality of the good old stock of which he came. Offices, and affairs, and honors, and studies, left room in his soul for *faith*. No man laid hold, with a firmer grasp, of the realities of life; but no man dwelt more steadily on the mysterious realities beyond life. He entertained a profound, I had almost said an obsolete, reverence for sacred things. The daily and systematic perusal of the Bible was an occupation with which no other duty was allowed to interfere. He attended the public offices of social worship with a constancy seldom witnessed in this busy and philosophic age. Still there was nothing austere or narrow-minded in his religion; there was no affectation of rigor in his life or manners; no unreflecting adoption of traditionary opinions in matters of belief. He remained, to the end of his days, an inquirer after truth. He regularly attended the public worship of churches widely differing from each other in doctrinal peculiarities. The daily entry of his journal, for the latter part of his life, begins with a passage extracted from Scripture, followed with his own meditation and commentary; and, thus commencing the day, there is little reason to doubt that, of his habitual reflections, as large a portion was thrown forward to the world of spirits as was retained by the passing scene.

TWO SOLDIERS.

[*Oration on the Character of Washington.* 1856.—*From the Same.*]

THERE is a splendid monumental pile in England, the most magnificent perhaps of her hundred palaces, founded in the time of Queen Anne at the public cost, to perpetuate the fame of Marlborough. The grand building, with its vast wings and spacious courts, covers seven acres and a half of land. It is approached on its various sides by twelve gates or bridges, some of them triumphal gates, in a circumference of thirteen miles, enclosing the noble park of twenty-seven hundred acres (Boston Common has forty-three), in which the castle stands, surrounded by the choicest beauties of forest and garden and fountain and lawn and stream. All that gold could buy, or the bounty of his own or foreign princes could bestow, or taste devise, or art execute, or ostentation could lavish, to perfect and adorn the all but regal structure, without and within, is there. Its saloons and its galleries, its library and its museum, among the most spacious in England for a private mansion, are filled with the rarities and wonders of ancient and modern art. Eloquent inscriptions from the most gifted pens of the age—the English by Lord Bolingbroke, the Latin, I believe, by Bishop Hoadley—set forth on triumphal arches and columns the exploits of him to whom the whole edifice and the domains which surround it are one gorgeous monument. Lest human adulation should prove unequal to the task, Nature herself has been called in to record his achievements. They have been planted, rooted in the soil. Groves and coppices, curiously disposed, represent the position, the numbers, the martial array of the hostile squadrons at Blenheim. Thus, with each returning year, Spring hangs out his triumphant banners. May's Æolian lyre sings of his victories through her gorgeous foliage; and the shrill trump of November sounds "Malbrook" through her leafless branches.

Twice in my life I have visited the magnificent residence,—not as a guest; once when its stately porticos afforded a grateful shelter from the noonday sun, and again, after thirty years' interval, when the light of a full harvest moon slept sweetly on the bank once shaded by fair Rosamond's bower,—so says tradition,—and poured its streaming bars of silver through the branches of oaks which were growing before Columbus discovered America. But to me, at noontide or in the evening, the gorgeous pile was as dreary as death, its luxurious grounds as melancholy as a church-yard. It seemed to me, not a splendid palace, but a dismal mausoleum, in which a great and blighted name lies embalmed like some old Egyptian tyrant, black and ghastly in the asphaltic contempt of ages, serving but to rescue from an enviable oblivion the career and character

of the magnificent peculator and miser and traitor to whom it is dedicated; needy in the midst of his ill-gotten millions; mean at the head of his victorious armies; despicable under the shadow of his thick-woven laurels; and poor and miserable and blind and naked amidst the lying shams of his tinsel greatness. The eloquent inscriptions in Latin and English as I strove to read them seemed to fade from arch and column, and three dreadful words of palimpsestic infamy came out in their stead, like those which caused the knees of the Chaldean tyrant to smite together, as he beheld them traced by no mortal fingers on the vaulted canopy which spread like a sky over his accursed revels; and those dreadful words were,—

Avarice, Plunder, Eternal Shame!

There is a modest private mansion on the bank of the Potomac, the abode of George Washington and Martha his beloved, his loving, faithful wife. It boasts no spacious portal nor gorgeous colonnade, nor massy elevation, nor storied tower. The porter's lodge at Blenheim Castle, nay, the marble dog-kennels were not built for the entire cost of Mount Vernon. No arch nor column, in courtly English or courtlier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his Country; he needs them not; the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls. No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior,—the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in glory and peace. While it stands the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make this pilgrimage to it as to a shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.

THE COMING OF WAR.

[*The Call to Arms.* 1861.—*From the Same.*]

I DEPRECATE war, no man more so; and, of all wars, I most deprecate a civil war. And this, if prosecuted by the South in the spirit in which she has commenced it, will be what the stern poet of the civil wars of Rome called a *bellum plusquam civile*,—a more than civil war. I deprecate, more than I can express, a war with the South. You know

my political course. Logan, the Indian chief, mournfully exclaimed, "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed at me as I passed, and said, Logan is the friend of the white men!" I have been pointed at for years as the friend of the South. For maintaining what I deemed her constitutional rights, I have suffered no small portion of obloquy, and sacrificed the favor of a large portion of the community in which I was born, and which, from my youth up, I have endeavored to to serve laboriously, dutifully, and affectionately. I was willing, while this ill-starred movement was confined to the States of the extreme South, and they abstained from further aggression, that they should go in peace.

This course I thought would retain the Border States, and bring back the seceders in a year or two, wearied and disgusted with their burdensome and perilous experiment. Such I understood to have been, in substance, the programme of the Administration. But the South has willed it otherwise. She has struck a parricidal blow at the heart of the Union; and to sustain her in this unnatural and unrighteous war is what my conscience forbids. Neither will I remain silent, and see this majestic framework of Government, the noblest political fabric ever reared by human wisdom, prostrated in the dust to gratify the disappointed ambition of a few aspiring men (for that Mr. Vice-President Stephens bravely told his fellow-citizens last November was the cause of "a great part of our troubles"), and this under cover of a sophistical interpretation of the Constitution, at war alike with common sense, with contemporary history, and the traditions of the Government; unsupported by a single authority among the framers of the Constitution, and emphatically denounced by Mr. Madison, their leader and chief.

What then remains, fellow-citizens, but that we should, without unchristian bitterness toward our misguided countrymen, meet calmly and resolutely the demands of the crisis; that we should perform the duty of good citizens with resolution and steadiness; that we should cordially support the Government of the country in the difficult position in which it is placed; that we should cheer and encourage the brave men who have obeyed its call, by a generous care of their families; and, to sum it all in one word, come weal or woe, that we should stand by the flag of the Union!

THE UNION.

[*The Causes and Conduct of the Civil War.* 1861.—*From the Same.*]

IF the South has been willing, without the shadow of a practical grievance, living under a government which the Vice-President of the Confederacy pronounced last November the most beneficent ever known, of which she has herself almost monopolized the administration, and of which the judicial and legislative departments were still within her control, to plunge into the gulf of this unholy war, when, in the name of Heaven, and on what terms, shall we ever live in peace? Do you say we can make treaties with each other as independent States? But are treaties more binding than constitutions? ratifications more sacred than oaths of allegiance? The grievance on which the South most dwells is that the North, in pursuance of a policy inaugurated by Mr. Jefferson in 1784, and sanctioned by every Southern statesman till the last ten years, claims the right, on the part of the general government, to exclude slavery from the free territory of the United States. Does she think that, when the Southern Confederacy is established, the free States will consent to the extension of slavery (even if it were physically or economically possible, which it is not) north of the Missouri line, which she recklessly repealed in 1854? No, not if the venerable Chief-Justice should live to the age of Methuselah, and pronounce a Dred Scott decision every year of his life. She now complains that the rendition of slaves is obstructed; does she think if secession prospers, that a single fugitive will ever again be surrendered from the North? No, not if she pursued with all the hosts of Pharaoh, unless she waited on the banks of the Potomac till it ran dry. The South is irritated by the indiscriminate denunciations of the Northern platform and the Northern pulpit; will they be silenced when, for the sake of forcing slavery into the Territories, she has broken up the Union, and brought upon the country the horrors of an internecine war? In a word, will not every provocation which has led to the present struggle continue to exist in tenfold force, if it should end in separation, and when, to all the existing causes of dissension which have brought on the present conflict, shall be added the indignant memory of recent sufferings, the hereditary hates to be engendered, hostile tariffs, wholesale smuggling, ruinous confiscations of property on both sides, a general exodus of slaves, the perpetual recurrence of attempts like that of John Brown, and all the thousand causes of war which will unavoidably arise, in the absence of the mediating umpirage of the Federal Constitution?

Look at other countries; interrogate history; listen to the wisdom of ages. The journalists and statesmen and novelists of England are

assuring us (no doubt from the most disinterested motives), that the rupture of the Union would be the best thing in the world for us. Did England think that the disintegrating of great states was beneficial when India rebelled, when Ireland rebelled, when Scotland rebelled? Why does she not try the experiment of bringing back the Octarchy? Spain once contained within her limits seven or eight independent kingdoms; would it promote the welfare of the country, if Castile and Aragon and Granada and Leon and the Asturias should again set up for themselves? The civilized world has clapped its hands at the union of the different governments of Italy, under one national head. Do the sages of Montgomery and Richmond really think it would be better if they should tell Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi to go about their business, and let Tuscany and the Two Sicilies, and Sardinia and Lombardy, in the favorite Southern formula, "retain each its sovereignty, freedom, and independence?" Germany broke up in the Middle Ages into three hundred and odd sovereign principalities. Do the wise men of the South, in the execrable jargon of secession, recommend to the mediortized princes to plant themselves on their reserved rights, and reassert their independence? Is it not enough to move the pity of men and angels, that, in the middle of an enlightened century, in a land so favored as ours by Providence, with everything that can promote the welfare of a people, men should be found not merely so insensible to their own blessings, and so recreant to the memory of our fathers, the sages of the constitutional, the heroes of the Revolutionary age, but so deaf to the teachings of all history, so blind to the examples of all countries, so regardless to the experience of all ages, as to believe that the happiness and peace of a family of kindred States can be promoted by the rupture of the Union that binds them together, and resolving them into rival, jealous, and hostile powers?

Deadly grave as this delusion is, its absurdity borders on the ludicrous. There is, I am aware, no end to human credulity. There are men who believe in the philosopher's stone, in perpetual motion, in squaring the circle, and in marble-top centre-tables dancing hornpipes. A flying-machine was exhibited by subscription a few years ago on Boston Common. Captain Symmes, one of the pioneers of settlement in Ohio, and his numerous followers, were persuaded that the earth is as hollow as a gourd, and that you can sail into the interior as easily as a Down-East coaster can sail into Holmes's Hole. Brigham Young believes that you can found a prosperous community, in this country and in the nineteenth century, on the basis of the most abominable corruptions of the old despotisms of Asia; but that any man, not a maniac nor a lunatic, can seriously believe that the paths of prosperity in a country like ours can lead through the bloody gates of treason and rebellion, that anarchy and chaos

can conduce to the growth of a family of republics, and an internecine secular war among ourselves give us strength and well-being at home or influence abroad, is almost enough to make one despair of virtue, freedom, and reason, and take refuge in blind chance, brute force, and stolid scepticism.

THE REBELLION.

[*Address at Gettysburg.* 1863.—*From the Same.*]

I CALL the war which the Confederates are waging against the Union a "rebellion," because it is one, and in grave matters it is best to call things by their right names. I speak of it as a crime, because the Constitution of the United States so regards it, and puts "rebellion" on a par with "invasion." The constitution and law, not only of England, but of every civilized country, regard them in the same light; or rather they consider the rebel in arms as far worse than the alien enemy. To levy war against the United States is the constitutional definition of treason, and that crime is by every civilized government regarded as the highest which citizen or subject can commit. Not content with the sanctions of human justice, of all the crimes against the law of the land it is singled out for the denunciations of religion. The litanies in every church in Christendom whose ritual embraces that office, as far as I am aware, from the metropolitan cathedrals of Europe to the humblest missionary chapel in the islands of the sea, concur with the Church of England in imploring the Sovereign of the universe, by the most awful adjurations which the heart of man can conceive or his tongue utter, to deliver us from "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion." And reason good; for while a rebellion against tyranny—a rebellion designed, after prostrating arbitrary power, to establish free government on the basis of justice and truth—is an enterprise on which good men and angels may look with complacency, an unprovoked rebellion of ambitious men against a beneficent government, for the purpose—the avowed purpose—of establishing, extending, and perpetuating any form of injustice and wrong, is an imitation on earth of that first foul revolt of "the Infernal Serpent," against which the Supreme Majesty of heaven sent forth the armed myriads of his angels, and clothed the right arm of his Son with the three-bolted thunders of omnipotence.

Caroline Howard Gilman.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1794. Died in Washington, D. C., 1888.

THE COLONEL'S CLOTHES.

[*Recollections of a Southern Matron.* 1867.]

EVERY man has some peculiar taste or preference, and, I think, though papa dressed with great elegance, his was a decided love of his old clothes; his garments, like his friends, became dearer to him from their wear and tear in his service, and they were deposited successively in his dressing-room, though mamma thought them quite unfit for him. He averred that he required his old hunting-suits for accidents; his summer jackets and vests, though faded, were the coolest in the world; his worm-eaten but warm *roque'aure* was admirable for riding about the fields, etc. In vain mamma represented the economy of cutting up some for the boys, and giving others to the servants; he would not consent, nor part with articles in which he said he felt at home. Often did mamma remonstrate against the dressing-room's looking like a haberdasher's shop; often did she take down a coat, hold it up to the light, and show him perforations that would have honored New Orleans or Waterloo; often, while Chloe was flogging the pantaloons, which ungallantly kicked in return, did she declare that it was a sin and a shame for her master to have such things in the house; still the anti-cherubic shapes accumulated on the nails and hooks, and were even considered as of sufficient importance to be preserved from the fire at the burning of Roseland.

Our little circle about this time was animated by a visit from a peddler. As soon as he was perceived crossing the lawn with a large basket on his arm, and a bundle slung across a stick on his shoulder, a stir commenced in the house. Mamma assumed an air of importance and responsibility; I felt a pleasurable excitement; Chloe's and Flora's eyes twinkled with expectation; while, from different quarters, the house servants entered, standing with eyes and mouth silently open, as the peddler, after depositing his basket and deliberately untying his bundle, offered his goods to our inspection. He was a stout man, with a dark complexion, pitted with the small-pox, and spoke in a foreign accent. I confess that I yielded myself to the pleasure of purchasing some gewgaws, which I afterward gave to Flora, while mamma looked at the glass and plated ware.

"Ver sheap," said the peddler, following her eye, and taking up a pair of glass pitchers; "only two dollar—sheap as dirt. If te lady hash any old closhes, it is petter as money."

Mamma took the pitchers in her hand with an inquisitorial air, balanced them, knocked them with her small knuckles—they rang as clear as a bell—examined the glass—there was not a flaw in it. Chloe went through the same process; they looked significantly at each other, nodded, set the pitchers on the slab, and gave a little approbatory cough.

"They are certainly very cheap," said mamma.

"They is, for true, my mistress," said Chloe, with solemnity, "and more handsomer than Mrs. Whitney's that she gin six dollars for at Charleston."

"Chloe," said mamma, "were not those pantaloons you were shaking to-day quite shrunk and worn out?"

"Yes, ma'am," said she; "and they don't fit nohow. The last time the colonel wore them he seemed quite *onrestless*."

"Just step up," said her mistress, "and bring them down; but stay—what did you say was the price of these candlesticks, sir?"

"Tish only von dollars; but tish more cheaper for te old closhes. If te lady will get te old closhes, I will put in te pellows and te prush, and it ish more sheaper, too."

Chloe and mamma looked at each other, and raised their eyebrows.

"I will just step up and see those pantaloons," said mamma, in a consulting tone. "It will be a mercy to the colonel to clear out some of that rubbish. I am confident he can never wear the pantaloons again; they are rubbed in the knees, and require seating, and he never *will* wear seated pantaloons. These things are unusually cheap, and the colonel told me lately we were in want of a few little matters of this sort." Thus saying, with a significant whisper to me to watch the peddler, she disappeared with Chloe.

They soon returned, Chloe bearing a variety of garments, for mamma had taken the important *premier pas*. The pantaloons were first produced. The peddler took them in his hand, which flew up like an empty scale, to show how light they were; he held them up to the sun, and a half contemptuous smile crossed his lips; then shaking his head, he threw them down beside his basket. A drab overcoat was next inspected, and was also thrown aside with a doubtful expression.

"Mr. Peddler," said mamma, in a very soft tone, "you must allow me a fair price; these are excellent articles."

"Oh, ver fair," said he, "but te closhes ish not ver goot; te closhesman is not going to give me noting for dish," and he laid a waistcoat on the other two articles.

Mamma and Chloe had by this time reached the depths of the basket, and, with sympathetic exclamations, arranged several articles on the slab.

"You will let me have these pitchers," said mamma, with a look of concentrated resolution, "for that very nice pair of pantaloons."

The peddler gave a short whistle expressive of contempt, shook his head, and said, "Tish not possibles. I will give two pisher and von prush for te pantaloon and waistcoat."

Mamma and Chloe glanced at each other and at me; I was absorbed in my own bargains, and said, carelessly, that the pitchers were perfect beauties. Chloe pushed one pitcher a little forward, mamma pushed the other on a parallel line, then poised a decanter, and again applied her delicate knuckles for the test. That, too, rang out the musical, unbroken sound, so dear to the housewife's ear, and, with a pair of plated candlesticks, was deposited on the table. The peddler took up the drab overcoat.

"Te closhesman's give noting for dish."

Mamma looked disconcerted. The expression of her face implied the fear that the peddler would not even accept it as a gift. Chloe and she held a whispering consultation. At this moment Binah came in with little Patsey, who, seeing the articles on the slab, pointed with her dimpled fingers, and said her only words,

"Pretty! pretty!"

At the same moment, Lafayette and Venus, the two little novices in furniture-rubbing, exclaimed,

"Ki! if dem ting an't shine too much!"

These opinions made the turning-point in mamma's mind, though coming from such insignificant sources.

"So they are pretty, my darling," said mamma to Patsey; and then, turning to the peddler, she asked him what he would give in exchange for the pantaloons, the waistcoat, and the coat.

The peddler set aside two decanters, one pitcher, the plated candlesticks, and a hearth-brush.

"Tish ver goot pargains for te lady," said he.

Mamma gained courage.

"I cannot think of letting you have all these things without something more. You must at least throw in that little tray," and she looked at a small scarlet one, worth perhaps a quarter of a dollar.

The peddler hesitated, and held it up so that the morning sun shone on its bright hues.

"I shall not make a bargain without *that*," said mamma, resolutely. The peddler sighed, and laying it with the selected articles said,

"Tish ver great pargains for te lady."

Mamma smiled triumphantly, and the peddler, tying up his bundle and slinging his stick, departed with an air of humility.

Papa's voice was soon heard, as usual, before he was seen.

"Rub down Beauty, Mark, and tell Diggory to call out the hounds."

There was a slight embarrassment in mamma's manner when he entered, mingled with the same quantity of bravado. He nodded to her, tapped me on the head with his riding-whip, gave Patsey a kiss as she stretched out her arms to him, tossed her in the air, and, returning her to her nurse, was passing on.

"Do stop, colonel," said mamma, "and admire my bargains. See this cut glass and plate that we have been wishing for, to save our best set."

"What, this trash?" said he, pausing a moment at the table—"blown glass and washed brass! Who has been fooling you?"

"Colonel," said mamma, coloring highly, "how can you—"

"I cannot stop a minute, now, wife," said he. "Jones and Ferguson are for a hunt to-day! They are waiting at Drake's corner. It looks like falling weather, and my old drab will come in well to-day."

Mamma looked frightened, and he passed on up-stairs. He was one of those gentlemen who keep a house alive, as the phrase is, whether in merriment or the contrary, and we were always prepared to search for his hat, or whip, or slippers, which he was confident he put in their places, but which, by some miracle, were often in opposite directions. Our greatest trial, however, was with mamma's and his spectacles, for they had four pairs between them—far-sighted and near-sighted. There were, indeed, *optical* delusions practised with them; for when papa wanted his, they were hidden behind some pickle-jar; and when mamma had carefully placed hers in her key-basket, they were generally found in one of papa's various pockets; when a distant object was to be seen, he was sure to mount the near-sighted, and cry "Pshaw!" and if a splinter was to be taken out, nothing could be found but the far-sighted ones, and he said something worse: sometimes all four pairs were missing, and such a scampering ensued!

We now heard a great outcry up-stairs. "Wife! Chloe! Cornelia! come and find my drab coat!" We looked at each other in dismay, but papa was not a man for delay, and we obeyed his summons.

"Wife," said he, beating aside the externals of man that hung about his dressing-room, "where is my old drab coat?"

Mamma swallowed as if a dry artichoke was in her throat, as she said, slowly, "Why, colonel, you know you had not worn that coat for months, and as you have another one, and a *roquelaure*, and the coat was full of moth-holes, I exchanged it with the peddler for cut glass and plate."

"Cut devils!" said papa, who liked to soften an oath by combinations; "it was worth twenty dollars—yes, more, because I felt at home in it. I hate new coats as I do—"

"But, colonel," interrupted mamma, "you did not see the scarlet tray, and the—"

"Scarlet nonsense," shouted papa; "I believe, if they could, women would sell their husbands to those rascally peddlers!"

Beauty and the hounds were now pronounced ready. I followed papa to the piazza, and heard his wrath rolling off as he cantered away.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

SHE bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
That in our church-yard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
'Twas near her sister's mound:
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart—
Oh, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years.

Thomas Corwin.

BORN in Bourbon Co., Ky., 1794. DIED in Washington, D. C., 1865.

OREGON AND THE COMPROMISE BILL.

[*From a Speech on the Oregon Compromise Bill. U. S. Senate, 24 July,* 1848.]

ALL over the world the air is vocal with the shouts of men made free. What does it all mean? It means that they have been redeemed from political servitude; and in God's name I ask, if it be a boon to mankind to be free from political servitude, must it not be accepted as a matter of some gratulation that they have been relieved from personal servitude—absolute subjection to the arbitrary power of others? What do we say of them? I am not speaking of the propriety of this thing; it may be all wrong, and these poor fellows in Paris, who have stout hands and willing hearts, anxious to earn their bread, may be very unreasonable in fighting for it. It may be all wrong to cut off the head of a king, or send him across the Channel. It may be highly improper and foolish in Austria to send away Metternich, and say, "We will look into this business ourselves." According to the doctrine preached in these halls—in free America—instead of sending shouts of gratulation across the water to these people, we should send to them groans and commiseration for their folly, calling on them to beware how they take this business into their own hands—informing them that universal liberty is a curse; that as one man is born with a right to govern an empire, he and his posterity must continue to exercise that power, because in this case it is not exactly *partus sequitur ventrem*, but *partus sequitur patrem*—that is all the difference. The crown follows the father! Under your law, the chain follows the mother!

Sir, we may, we ought, to remember, that it *was* law in this country in 1776, that kings had a right to rule us—did rule us. George III. said then, "*partus sequitur patrem*," my son inherits my crown, "he follows the condition of the father," "he is born to be your ruler;" your fathers said, this is not true, this shall be law no longer. Let us look for a moment at the doings of that good old time, 1776. Then, sir, our fathers, being oppressed, lifted up their hands and appealed to the God of justice, the common Father of all men, to deliver them and their posterity from that law, which proclaimed that "kings were born to rule." They (the men of 1776) did not believe that one man was born "booted and spurred" to ride another. And if, as they said, no man was born to rule another, did it not follow, that no man could rightfully be born to serve another? Sir, in those days, Virginia and Virginia's

sons, Washington and Jefferson, had as little respect for that maxim, *partus sequitur ventrem*, as for that other cognate dogma, "Kings are born to rule." I infer from our history, sir, that the men of that day were sincere men, earnest, honest men, that they meant what they said. From their declaration, "*All* men are *born* equally free," I infer, that, in their judgments, no man, by the law of his nature, was born to be a slave; and, therefore, he ought not by any other law to be born a slave. I think this maxim of kings being born to rule, and others being born only to serve, are both of the same family, and ought to have gone down to the same place whence I imagine they came, long ago, together. I do not think that your *partus sequitur ventrem* had much quarter shown it at Yorktown on a certain day you may remember. I think that when the lion of England crawled in the dust, beneath the talons of your eagles, and Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington, that maxim, that a man is born to rule, went down, not to be seen among us again forever; and I think that *partus sequitur ventrem*, in the estimation of all sensible men, should have disappeared along with it. So the men of that day thought. . . . .

Mr. President, these men, when they spoke of slavery and its extension, did not get up some hybrid sort of "compromise," and consult some supreme court. They declared slavery an evil, a wrong, a prejudice to free colonies, a social mischief, and a political evil; and if these were denied, they replied, "These truths are self-evident." And from the judgments of men they appealed to no earthly court; they took an appeal "to the Supreme Judge of the World." When I am asked to extend to this new empire of ours, now in its infancy, an institution which they pronounced an evil to all communities; when I refuse to agree with some here whose judgments I revere, and whose motives I know to be pure, I can only say, I stand where our fathers stood of old, I am sustained in my position by the men who founded the first system of rational liberty on earth. With them by my side, I can afford to differ from those here whom I respect. With such authority for my conduct, I can cheerfully encounter the frowns of some, the scorn of all; I can turn to the fathers of such, and be comforted. They knew what was best for an infant people just struggling into existence. If their opinions are worth anything—if the opinions of the venerated men are to be considered as authority—I ask Southern gentlemen what they mean when they ask me to extend slavery to the distant shores of the Pacific ocean, and the slave trade between Maryland and Virginia and that almost unknown country? . . . .

I remember what was said by the Senator from Virginia the other day. It is a truth, that when the Constitution of the United States was made, South Carolina and Georgia refused to come into the Union unless

the slave trade should be continued for twenty years; and the North agreed that they would vote to continue the slave trade for twenty years; yes, voted that this new Republic should engage in piracy and murder at the will of two States! So the history reads; and the condition of the agreement was, that those two States should agree to some arrangement about navigation laws! I do not blame South Carolina and Georgia for this transaction any more than I do those Northern States who shared in it. But suppose the question were now presented here by any one, whether we should adopt the foreign slave trade and continue it for twenty years, would not the whole land turn pale with horror, that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a citizen of a free community, a Senator of the United States, should dare to propose the adoption of a system that has been denominated piracy and murder, and is by law punished by death all over Christendom? What did they do then? They had the power to prohibit it; but at the command of these two States, they allowed that to be introduced into the Constitution, to which much of slavery now existing in our land is clearly to be traced. For who can doubt that, but for that woful bargain, slavery would by this time have disappeared from all the States then in the Union, with one or two exceptions? The number of slaves in the United States at this period was about six hundred thousand; it is now three millions. And just as you extend the area of slavery, so you multiply the difficulties which lie in the way of its extermination. It had been infinitely better that day that South Carolina and Georgia had remained out of the Union for a while, rather than that the Constitution should have been made to sanction the slave trade for twenty years. The dissolution of the old Confederation would have been nothing in comparison with that recognition of piracy and murder. I can conceive of nothing in the dark record of man's enormities, from the death of Abel down to this hour, so horrible as that of stealing people from their own home, and making them and their posterity slaves forever. It is a crime which we know has been visited with such signal punishment in the history of nations as to warrant the belief that Heaven itself had interfered to avenge the wrongs of earth. . . . .

I know that this is a peculiar institution; and I doubt not that in the hands of such gentlemen as talk about it here, it may be made very attractive. It may be a very agreeable sight to behold a large company of dependents, kindly treated by a benevolent master, and to trace the manifestations of gratitude which they exhibit. But in my eyes a much more grateful spectacle would be that of a patriarch in the same neighborhood, with his dependents all around him, invested with all the attributes of freedom bestowed upon them by the common Father, in whose sight all are alike precious! It is, indeed, a "very peculiar" institution.

According to the account of the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Davis], this institution exhibits all that is most amiable and beautiful in our nature. That Senator drew a picture of an old, gray-headed negro woman, exhausting the kindness of her heart upon the white child she had nursed. This is true; and it shows the good master and the grateful servant. But, sir, all are not such as these. The Senator concealed the other side of the picture; and it was only revealed to us by the quick apprehension of the Senator from Florida [Mr. Westcott], who wanted the power to send a patrol all over the country to prevent the slaves from rising to upturn the order of society! I had almost believed, after hearing the beautiful, romantic, sentimental, narration of the Senator from Mississippi, that God had, indeed, as he said, made this people in Africa to come over here and wait upon us, till the Senator from Florida waked me up to a recollection of the old doctrines of Washington and Jefferson, by assuring us that wherever that patriarchal institution existed, a rigid police should be maintained in order to prevent the uprising of the slave. Sir, it is indeed a peculiar institution. I know many good men, who, as masters, honor human nature by the kindness, equity, and moderation of their rule and government of their slaves; but put a bad man, as sometimes happens, as often happens, in possession of uncontrolled dominion over another, black or white, and *then* wrongs follow that make angels weep. It is, sir, a troublesome institution; it requires too much law, too much force, to keep up social and domestic security; therefore I do not wish to extend it to these new and as yet feeble Territories. . . . .

I am called on to lay the foundations of society over a vast extent of country. If this work is done wisely now, ages unborn shall bless us, and we shall have done in our day what experience approved and duty demanded. If this work shall be carelessly or badly done, countless millions that shall inherit that vast region will hereafter remember our folly as their curse; our names and deeds, instead of praises, shall only call forth execration and reproach. In the conflict of present opinions, I have listened patiently to all. Finding myself opposed to some with whom I have rarely ever differed before, I have doubted myself, re-examined my conclusions, reconsidered all the arguments on either side, and I still am obliged to adhere to my first impressions, I may say my long-cherished opinions. If I part company with some here, whom I habitually respect, I still find with me the men of the past, whom the nations venerated. I stand upon the Ordinance of 1787. There the path is marked by the blood of the Revolution. I stand in company with the "men of '87," their locks wet with the mists of the Jordan over which they passed, their garments purple with the waters of the Red Sea through which they led us of old to this land of promise.

With them to point the way, however dark the present, Hope shines upon the future, and, discerning their footprints in my path, I shall tread it with unfaltering trust.

THE CITIZEN'S DUTY.

[*From a Speech on Current Political Issues. Ironton, Ohio,* 19 *August,* 1859.]

LET those gentlemen who consider themselves quite too respectable and decent to mingle in our elections, remember that God Almighty will hold them responsible for the manner in which they discharge their duty as voters. That right and privilege is not given to them for their benefit, or to be used at their pleasure, but for my benefit, for your benefit, and for the benefit of the thirty millions of people in the United States. If one sees an unworthy man go to the polls and take possession of the Government, and he will not prevent it, if there be such a thing as future responsibility—as we all believe—that man will have something to answer for upon that final day when all of us must account for our acts.

Do you suppose that the old men who published that Declaration of Independence, which gave birth to your national existence, for the maintenance of which they appealed to the God of nations, approve of this neglect? They felt their own weakness, they, acting upon the commonly accepted principles of human reason, felt that they would perish in the conflict into which they were then about to enter; and at last, as poor feeble man always does when he feels he has nothing to lean upon but his own arm, he goes to the Almighty for help in that hour of trouble. They appealed to Him, and He answered well in the day of their trial; and all the struggles they endured, all the blood they shed, all the pains and privations they suffered, were simply to end in just one thing—in communicating to every rational free man equal power to govern the nation. That office they communicated to you—the voting people of the country. Did they suppose—could they have believed that the people of this country, the respectable people of the land, would so scorn the great and priceless estate which they left them, as that they would not attend to appointing the agents to take care of it, but that some mercenary spirit was to take care of them. . . . .

Don't let us blame our Presidents so much! Don't let us anathematize the men we have elected to these offices of State, too much! Let us abuse the people who elected them. They are to blame for wrongs

done, if any have been done. If you elect a judge, and he does not attend at court, and if an innocent man is hung because he was not there to try him, what do you with him? You take him to Columbus and impeach him. He is removed from office, and the brand of disgrace and ignominy is placed upon his brow. But you can be absent from elections, and let unworthy men be elected to office. You don't like some party or other. The judge might say he did not like his associate; he did not like to sit near him—he had not a very sweet breath. I tell you, sirs, that is quite as valid as many of the excuses that men make for staying away from elections.

Henry Ware, Jr.

Born in Hingham, Mass., 1794. Died at Framingham, Mass., 1843.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE INNER LIFE.

[*On the Formation of the Christian Character.* 1831.]

YOUR outward life should be but the manifestation and expression of the temper which prevails within, the acting-out of the sentiments which abide there; so that all who see you may understand, without your saying it in words, how supreme with you is the authority of conscience, how reverent your attachment to truth, how sacred your adherence to duty; how full of good-will to men, and how devoutly submissive to God, the habitual tenor of your mind. Your spontaneous, unconstrained action, flowing without effort from your feelings, amid the events of every day, should be the unavoidable expression of a spirit imbued with high and heavenward desires; so, that, as in the case of the Apostles, those who saw them "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus," it may in like manner be obvious that you have learned of that Holy Teacher. And this may be without any obtrusive display on your part, without asking for observation, without either saying or hinting, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord." The reign of a good principle in the soul carries its own evidence in the life, just as that of a good government is visible on the face of society. A man of a disinterested and pious mind bears the signature of it in his whole deportment. His Lord's mark is on his forehead. We may say of his inward principle, which an Apostle has called "Christ formed within us," as was said of Christ himself during his beneficent ministry;—It "cannot be hid." There is an atmosphere of excellence about such a

man, which gives savor of his goodness to all who approach, and through which the internal light of his soul beams out upon all observers. Consequently, if you allow yourself in a deportment inconsistent with Christian uprightness, propriety, and charity, you are guilty of bringing contradiction and disgrace on the principles which you profess; you expose yourself to the charge of hypocritically maintaining truths to which you do not conform yourself. You dishonor your religion by causing it to appear unequal to that dominion over the human character which it claims to exert. All men know that, if "the salvation reigned within," it would regulate the movements of the life as surely as the internal motions of the watch are indicated on its face; if the hands point wrong, they know, without looking further, that there is disorder within. That disorder they will attribute either to the incapacity of the principle, or to your unfaithfulness in applying it. But, what is of far greater importance, the holy and unerring judgment of God will ascribe it to the single cause of your own unfaithfulness; and for all your wanderings from Christian constancy, and all the consequent dishonor to the Christian name, you must bear the shame and reproach in the final day of account.

Maria Gowen Brooks.

Born about 1795, Medford, Mass. Died in Matanzas, Cuba, 1845.

DEATH OF ALTHEËTOR.

[*Zóphiël; or, The Bride of Seven. By Maria del Occidente.* 1833.—*Edited by Z. B. Gustafson.* 1879.]

SHE hides her face upon her couch, that there
She may not see him die. No groan!—she springs,
Frantic between a hope-beam and despair,
And twines her long hair round him as he sings.

Then thus: "O being, who unseen but near
Art hovering now, behold and pity me!
For love, hope, beauty, music, all that's dear,
Look—look on me, and spare my agony!

"Spirit! in mercy, make not me the cause,
The hateful cause, of this kind being's death!
In pity kill me first! He lives! he draws—
Thou will not blast?—he draws his harmless breath!"

Still lives Altheĕtor; still unguarded strays
One hand o'er his fallen lyre; but all his soul
Is lost,—given up: he fain would turn to gaze,
But cannot turn, so twined. Now all that stole

Through every vein, and thrilled each separate nerve,
Himself could not have told, all wound and clasped
In her white arms and hair. Ah! can they serve
To save him? "What a sea of sweets!" he gasped;

But 'twas delight: sound, fragrance, all were breathing.
Still swelled the transport: "Let me look—and thank,"
He sighs, celestial smiles his lip inwreathing:
"I die—but ask no more," he said, and sank—

Still by her arms supported—lower—lower—
As by soft sleep oppressed: so calm, so fair,
He rested on the purple tapestried floor,
It seemed an angel lay reposing there.

THE MATES.

[*From the Same.*]

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness: these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,—
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,—
Suffers, recoils; then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends, and sips the nearest draught.

---

your obedient servant,
Maria Brooks.

SONG OF EGLA.

[*From the Same.*]

DAY in melting purple dying,
Blossoms all around me sighing,
Fragrance from the lilies straying,
Zephyr with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress:
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come ere night around me darken:
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee.
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent:
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure:
Let the shining ore lie darkling;
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;
Gifts and gold are nought to me:
I would only look on thee;

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone unfriended breast.

Absent still? Ah, come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once, in caution, I could fly thee.
Now I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

THE WIDOW WERTHER.

[*Idomen; or, the Vale of Yumuri.* 1843.]

IN the course of the theatric entertainment, I looked a moment towards the box of Lord D——e, and saw him who had appeared to me like a deity, on earth, surrounded by gay, trifling ladies, who kept him in continual conversation.

I dared not take another glance; when I returned, I was too ill to sup, and retired to my pillow, reflecting on the next day's purpose.

Alone in the darkness of the night, and disturbed only by the sound of carriages returning at intervals from scenes of festivity, I lay endeavoring to be calm, and to silence those doubts which conscience continually presented.

Words like these came to my mind:—What tie have I to the earth, save that only of my child?—him I cannot benefit, even though I strive to remain. At best, I am weak; if I droop continually, at last, what shall I become? a burden, a burden? alas!—even now, what am I else? If I live in misery like this, reason must ultimately forsake me. How terrible for poor little Arvon, who has looked on me only as a being loving and beloved! How very far more terrible to look upon a maniac;—upon one, perhaps, even loathsome, than to see me only in memory;—(as he knew me, oh, my friend, when you first took him on your knee!) children are soon taught to bend their minds to new objects. Arvon, even now, can bear my absence; he has learned to like what is around him; and if there be kindness on earth, he will find friends better than I! No! no! he shall never see his mother an object for other feelings than those of love!

Towards morning I slept from exhaustion; at nine, I arose to breakfast with Marian, and afterwards retired to write.

My purpose had now become fixed, and despite of the night I had passed, my appearance, though pale, was calm to those around me; but if the soul which now warms me be eternal, the remembrance of that day, so calm to those around, will continue to the latest eternity.

I first wrote separate letters to Arlington and to Marian, beseeching, for the sake of compassion, and as they valued their own futurity, to conceal from my son the manner of my death. I then wrote to Pharamond, told him that I was ill, and that I felt I should never see him more. I then recommended little Arvon to his care, and besought him to petition our uncle, Llewellyn Lloyde, in favor of my orphan boy, as soon as he should return to the beautiful river, and find me no longer on earth.

To write these letters seemed a duty, but it was a terrible one. I know not what death I may die, but no greater pain, I am sure, upon earth, can be suffered. To swallow the poison, when compared with it, was as a trifle.

I next looked over a small trunk of papers. From time to time they had been saved, when my imagination was under the influence of a strong but vague hope that I should, one day or other, be loved and renowned; and live longer than my natural life, in the history of the country of my forefathers, and that where I first beheld the light. No

mortal, I said, shall smile at the fancies of lonely Idomen!—and the few long preserved papers were burned at the same taper, where I had just sealed, with black, my letters of death.

(Here Madame Burleigh shuddered, and again exclaimed:—You have bid me, my friend, speak truth to you, even as to God!—I know not why, but what I felt in burning these papers, in resigning this vague hope—this indescribable illusion, caused me a pain even greater and more sickening than the certainty of leaving life, and my child. Yet love for Ethelwald was stronger even than this hope or illusion, for it forced me to resign a flattering possibility which, from childhood, had mingled with my reveries.)

At five o'clock, instead of appearing at dinner, I lay exhausted on my bed. Marian was kindness itself; she knew not what I had been doing, but imagined that I suffered because Ethelwald had not come in the morning. With her own hands, she brought me nourishment—soup, light wafers, and jelly of the beautiful apples of Montreal. In the evening she remained at home, with some intimate friends of her selection, and came frequently to my room. Perceiving that I slept not, she brought her companions to my bedside, determined that my own regrets should be lost in the charms of conversation.

Despite of my heaviness of heart I perceived her delicate attentions, and felt for her esteem and gratitude.

In the morning I breakfasted in bed. Appetite I had none, but I swallowed, to give me strength, an uncooked egg and some jelly, and promised at five, to be present in the drawing-room. My earthly affairs seemed concluded, and I strove to give to friendship the last day of my existence, in a world where it is often sought in vain.

When the day was nearly spent, I arose, called forth all the strength that remained to me, bathed carefully, dressed myself in white, and succeeded in braiding with my trembling hands the hair, which your praises, oh, friend of my retreat, first taught me to value at P——d; and when Marian saw me, she placed in it a few dark leaves of a laurel, cultivated in a lower apartment of her home. I had once looked for laurels more lasting.

("Idomen," I returned, "let thy hopes continue! If heaven has planted laurels in thy reach, thou hast now a friend, whose humble power may, at least, help thee to gather them!" She looked at me an instant, and proceeded:)

The saloon of Marian overlooked the street; there the family party had assembled before descending to the dining-room. On entering, I found them at the windows, and went to look with the rest. Ethelwald was walking down the snow-covered pavement, together with a young man of exquisite beauty, though of a style entirely different from his

own. The last was like an animated statue of brown marble; the first like a celestial visitant.

The stranger was a Thespian of uncommon personal endowments. Within the walls of Quebec, good scenic representations were seldom enjoyed, and every lover of the elegant arts caressed and entertained the present visitor.

Ethelwald looked up towards our windows with a smile, which, to see, was worth a whole year of common happiness! with a smile that should have healed and consoled, but my heart was closely grasped by the strong hard hand of despair.

At table, remarks were made on the two that had walked together; on the favorite Thespian, and on him who lately had been favored by the governor or viceroy of the province. Another guest came in at the dessert, and added that a certain lady of wealth and beauty was evidently making endeavors to gain the heart of Ethelwald. To her, and to every one beside, it was a wonder that he had lived so long in quiet, on the banks of his native river.

I spoke not a word on the subject; but I heard enough to determine me, even if I had not before been resolved.

The whole party were again going to the theatre, and Marian would not leave me at home. I know not why it was, but I felt no reluctance in going, although shrinking as before from every arm that supported me.

How potent, yet how complicated and indefinite, are the varying motives of the soul! to ourselves how unaccountable! to the world how utterly inexplicable!

The taking of means not to see another morning had all day absorbed every energy. Yet I spent at the theatre the eve of my meditated death, and even the scene represented is still impressed upon my memory.

H——n, the Thespian visitor, had chosen for his appearance the part of Kotzebue's Rolla, and the light dress of a Peruvian chief displayed to full advantage the grace and symmetry of his figure. His hair was wild and thick, his eye dark and piercing. A white tunic fell to the knee, and was confined lightly round the waist with a cincture of gold and serpent skin. A small golden sun shone at his breast, and another on each shoulder. His fine neck was bare; and his finished limbs, except their bracelets, bore nothing but a thin silken covering, which seemed, in closeness and color, like the skin of a warrior of Potosi.

Ethelwald, I knew, was present, and admiring also the fine form of the mimic Peruvian; but I dared not look towards the place where he sat, for fear of a prying glance from the lady who would fain abridge his liberty.

We retired, when the tragedy was over, and at ten I sat at the supper

table with Arlington and Marian, who said she thought me recovering, and that she hoped soon to see me restored to spirits. To spirits, I replied, I indeed hope soon to be restored. Something whispered to my heart, at that moment, "take heed lest those spirits be evil."

At eleven I retired to my room, with the intent to do my last earthly deed.

When carefully bathed in the waters of the river I loved, when my hair was combed and parted, when I had put upon my feet, which I thought would never wander more, white slippers and hose of Cuba, I folded about me a white morning robe, just washed, by a laundress of Canada, in the waters of the Ladaüanna. May my weary soul, I said, be washed and made free from stain, even as I now endeavor to throw from this material form every particle of soil or pollution!

To finish this last toilette, now made for my mother earth, I went and looked sadly in the mirror of my chamber. The expression of my own eyes was too dreadful to be contemplated; I turned away and shuddered

Papers and a pencil were always kept near in my hours of solitude; I wrote and sealed a brief letter to him whose visits once seemed to me like those of a messenger from heaven.

It was now past midnight; the letters I had written were placed beneath the pillow of my bed; and I held in my hand the same large phial filled with black juice of the poppy which had been procured at *Trois Rivieres.*

All was ready. I heard a carriage stop at the opposite hotel, and found myself involuntarily at the window.

A few dim lights were still burning, and as the door opened, I saw a figure, which I knew to be Ethelwald; and it appeared to me that he turned and looked a moment towards my room.

Three days have passed, I exclaimed, and he has not come, though so near! Yet, even if he still regards me, how can I wish to be a cloud to his brilliant days?

No! I will die, while there is still a hope that he loves me!—at this a thousand thoughts were poured like a flood into my soul. I remembered the scenes at N——t. I contrasted the sweetness of his breath—of the kiss which seemed so warm and true, with the black fetid draught, which, even as I held it in my hand, my sense shrank from inhaling. The soft mystic warmth which had seemed to encircle his beauty, came to my mind in contrast with the coldness of my own bed of death. I returned from the window, knelt down by the pillow I had smoothed, and earnestly repeated this prayer to heaven.

"Creator of suns and of systems, thou who beholdest thousands of worlds at a glance, yet regardest the sparrow and her brood, father

who carest for the pains of an insect, look down upon her who implores thee!

"If the death I seek be permitted, oh, take me to some other state of being. Purify me, as thou wilt, with suffering, but make me, at last, not unworthy.

"If the deed I would do be a crime, deign to interpose thine omnipotence!

"Author of daily miracles, which seem, to the eyes of mortals, but the mere workings of nature, regard me at this crisis! Thou who canst only punish to perfect, save me from too deeply offending. If to swallow this poison be a deed beyond forgiveness, act secretly but surely upon the conduits of my blood, and withold its effect from the heart I now lay bare to thee.

"Creator, thou who knowest me better than I have wisdom to know myself, if punishment be needful, give me strength to endure it. If I die in sin, requite not that sin upon the innocent!

"Giver of life, protect thou my child upon this earth, and, when it be time, send him gently beyond the bourne of mortality."

When these words were pronounced to the supreme director of men and more perfect angels, I swallowed the contents of the phial; rinsed carefully my mouth and hands, passed a handkerchief of white lawn over my head and beneath my chin (as if done to the newly expired), and tied it closely near the temple. I then lay gently down, held to my nostrils a handkerchief wet with water of the orange flower, and expected my last earthly sleep.

To my utter astonishment, no heaviness or stupor came over me. I lay perfectly at ease, wooing, as it were, the slumbers of death. But instead of the expected sleep, I felt a light pleasing sensation; my bed seemed as if rocked with a gentle motion; and thoughts circled through my brain in a manner vague and confused, but pleasant in their nature and impression.

I know not how long this delirium continued, or whether I slept at all; but when daylight appeared through the windows, I felt myself still alive and sick, as at my first voyage on the ocean.

The wants and necessities of these forms of matter are more imperious while on earth, than even the cravings of the soul. Till the hour for breakfast, I lay violently ill, and could think of nothing else save preserving my bed and dress unsoiled from the black profuse ejection.

At nine o'clock Marian came in. My dress, my looks, and the odor of the draught I had swallowed, told her, at once, what had been done. I asked her, as a friend, to conceal the discovery she had made. Marian consented, but first exacted from me an assurance that I had no more poison in my chamber.

From the first, she had loved to watch the course of my feelings, subjected entirely, as they were, to the power of a passion, by every one spoken of with pleasure; by every modern person deemed romantic; to every heart known a little; but felt, in its excess, by few.

The curiosity of her whose care saved my life was now more excited than before; and with feelings like those awakened by a tragedy of Schiller, she left me sleepy from exhaustion and flew to prepare restoratives.

In the course of that very morning came Ethelwald;—had I died he would have been called to look upon me!—he was told that I lay slightly indisposed; and another evening had come, ere Marian let me know of his visit. Exhausted as I was, a lively regret took possession of my soul; for, had I known he was beneath the roof, I would have seen him, even as I lay, and told to him the cause of my suffering.

But destiny had differently ordained; and Marian, perhaps, while her kindness saved me from death—(for even the effect of the poison must have killed without her care and gentleness;)—Marian, perhaps, was commissioned to separate my days from those of him I loved, even as darkness at the beginning of the world was separated from light and animation.

Carefully nursed and nourished, in three days I was able to rise; but the vivid regret I had felt, at not seeing once more, when he came, the bright being whose estrangement made life insupportable, was succeeded by a despair more dull and heavy than before.

Joshua Reed Giddings.

BORN in Athens, Penn., 1795. DIED in Montreal, Canada, 1864.

A DEMAND FOR SOUTHERN CONSISTENCY.

[*Speech on a Bill to pay for a Fugitive Slave. U. S. H. of R.*, 13 *May*, 1848.]

AT the very moment we are thus called on to legislate for the support of slavery in Maryland and in the other slave States, we are told that we have no power whatever over that institution; that it is so far beyond our control, that we must not even discuss its merits. Now, sir, I desire that Southern gentlemen shall take some position, and that they shall remain in it at least during this session of Congress. If we have jurisdiction of slavery in the States, let Southern men admit the fact, and let us at once abolish it from our Union, and wipe out the foul

blot that has so long disgraced our national character. If we have not jurisdiction of it, why are we called on to legislate for its support? If it be a State institution, why is it constantly dragged into the discussions of this Hall? Why are we called on to take jurisdiction of it? Why are its burdens sought to be cast upon the people of the free States? Why are we to participate in its crimes? A year or two since, we were not permitted to speak our views in regard to slavery, for the reason, as Southern gentlemen then said, that we had no power over it; to-day they ask us to legislate for its benefit. Yes, sir; it is an established fact, and history will record it, that we are now legislating upon the rights of a master to his slave in Maryland: not at the instance of Northern members—no; the bill was reported by a gentleman from South Carolina, and we Northern men sit here with all becoming gravity and solemnly enter into an investigation of this man's right to the body of his fellow-man in that State. I repeat, sir, we have jurisdiction of this subject, or we have not. I am willing to leave the selection of either horn of this dilemma to Southern men. They may take their choice; but let them choose one or the other. Let us know where to find them. I have at all times denied that we have any constitutional powers in relation to this institution. But if we have the constitutional right to legislate on the subject, and to appropriate the treasure of the nation in the manner proposed, then, sir, let us change the form of the bill before us, and give the two hundred and eighty dollars which it appropriates to the slave instead of the master. That proposition would be much more consonant to my feelings, and is equally within our power, and much nearer our duty. I would go further, and would grant fifty or a hundred dollars to each slave who shall escape from his master, as a bounty for his energy, and to begin the world with. But Southern men will start back with horror at this proposition. Yet, sir, if we are to appropriate the money of our people on this subject, I insist that the appropriation shall be for the promotion of freedom, and not of slavery. I repeat that I am willing Southern members should choose either position. They may give us jurisdiction of slavery, or they may retain it in their several States. But if they place it in our hands, then I propose at once to abolish it, to strike it from existence. But, sir, I tell Southern gentlemen that we will not take jurisdiction of it to-day, and deny that we have any power over it to-morrow. We will not face to the right, to the left, and to the right-about, at the bidding of the slave power.

William Buell Sprague.

Born in Andover, Conn, 1795. Died at Flushing, N. Y., 1876.

ROBERT HALL AND JOHN FOSTER.

[*Visits to European Celebrities.* 1855.]

I REACHED Bristol some time on Saturday, and the most important point which I had to settle on my arrival was, whether Mr. Hall was in town, and would preach the next day. I had two introductory letters to him—one from Rowland Hill, and one from an intimate friend of his in London, to whom I knew he was under great obligations; so that I felt tolerably strong in calling, as I did, Saturday night, to pay my respects to him; and yet, had I known as much before as I did afterwards, of his extreme aversion to seeing company, I scarcely think I should have had the courage to seek an introduction to him. He received me courteously, but told me that he was suffering extreme pain, as, indeed, he had been during the greater part of his life. He was rather shabbily dressed; but with such a commanding person and countenance as he had, he could well afford to be; for it must have been a singular eye that would have been detained by his dress, let it have been what it might. His face has been made so familiar to everybody by numerous engraved likenesses, that it would be needless to attempt to describe it; and yet the most perfect portrait of him that I have seen is not so perfect but that the original, as it has always lain in my memory, casts it into the shade. Having ascertained that he would preach the next morning, I took my leave of him, promising, however, to see him again at his house, early in the week.

I went the next morning to Broadmead Chapel, to hear him preach. It was, by no means, a large building; nor was the congregation, in point of numbers, anything like what I had expected; though I understood it was select, and had in it an unusual proportion of intelligent men. One of the tutors in the Baptist Theological Academy at Bristol performed the introductory services, and it was not till they were singing the second time, that Mr. Hall walked into the pulpit. His gait was slow and majestic; and if I had known nothing of him before, I should have needed nobody to assure me that he was some extraordinary personage. He rose and announced his text in the most unpretending manner that can be imagined, and in so low a tone that I found it difficult to understand him. For several minutes there was no material improvement in his style of elocution—he kept pulling the leaves of his Bible, as if he were a book-binder, engaged in taking a book to pieces; and his eyes

were steadfastly fixed in one direction, as if his whole audience were gathered into one corner of the room. I said to myself—"If this is Robert Hall in England, I greatly prefer to meet him as I can in America; for I had rather read his writings, than merely hear his unintelligible whispers." Presently, however, the scene began to change; and his voice, though still low, became distinctly audible. For the first fifteen or twenty minutes, he said nothing which would have led me to inquire who he was, if I had not known; for the last twenty-five or thirty, it seemed to me that he said scarcely anything that could have been said by another man. It was like an impetuous mountain torrent in a still night. There was not the semblance of parade—nothing that betrayed the least thought of being eloquent, but there was a power of thought, a grace and beauty, and yet force, of expression, a facility of commanding the best language, without apparently thinking of the language at all, combined with a countenance all glowing from the fire within, which constituted a fascination that was to me perfectly irresistible. As he advanced to the close of his discourse, the effect upon my nervous system was like the discharge of artillery; and though I was completely wrapt with wonder and admiration, I was not sorry when he said—"Let us pray." I shall, perhaps, be less suspected of extravagance in this statement, when I say that Robert Hall's own people regarded this as an extraordinary performance; and one of his intelligent hearers told me that I might have heard him for years, and not have chanced to hear so fine a sermon.

At the close of the service, observing that Mr. Hall passed into the vestry from which I had seen him come, I ventured, after a moment, to step in and pay my respects to him; and I found him stretched out upon two or three chairs, with his pipe already in his mouth; and I was assured that he always smoked up to the last moment before going into the pulpit. He introduced me to several of his friends, and especially to a Dr. Stock, who was just at that time a good deal talked about for his having recently renounced Unitarianism. He requested me to come and see him the next day, and said he should beg me to go home with him then, but that he was so much exhausted after preaching, as to be unfit for any conversation.

When I called upon him after dinner, on Monday, I found him lying down upon chairs, and literally writhing in agony. After a few minutes, he called to his wife for his accustomed opiate, laudanum, and took three hundred drops, and after a short time, poured out as much more, and drank it as if it had been water. I found that he had made arrangements to take me to the house of a friend to pass the evening, where there was to be a small party, and among them the celebrated John Foster. This was to me an evening of great interest. Foster was there, and he and Hall bore the chief part in the conversation, each rendering

the other more brilliant. Foster expressed to me the opinion that Hall was unquestionably the greatest preacher in the world; and Hall told me that Foster was the best model of an ancient philosopher now extant. Foster was a tall, stately, and somewhat rough-looking man, given to saying weighty, and sometimes witty things; and though he was, on the whole, a remarkably fine talker, he was certainly greatly inferior both in fluency and in brilliancy to Hall.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1795. DIED there, 1820.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

[*Composed in* 1819.—*The Culprit Fay, and Other Poems.* 1847.]

I.

'TIS the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;

And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charméd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup;
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;

S. Rowan Drake

He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade ;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away:—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass
Of spice-wood and of sassafras ;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air.
He looked around and calmly spoke ;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

VII.

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark,
Thou has broke thine elfin chain,
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high,
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment.
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettle's stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell ;

Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede ;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be :

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land,
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might,
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away,
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye ;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must re-illume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy ;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence ! to the water-side, away ! "

X.

The goblin marked his monarch well ;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,

And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour,
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake ;
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood ;
And now he thrids the bramble bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leapt the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back ;
He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist ;
He lashed her sides with an osier thong ;
And now through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XI.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream,
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones ;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans ;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river dew.

XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From sea-silk beds in their coral caves ;
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste ;
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailéd shrimp or the prickly prong.
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab,
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings—
They cut the wave with the living oar
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

XIV.

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong,
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling ;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide ;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side ;
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw ;
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
He strikes around, but his blows are vain ;
Hopeless is the unequal fight,
Fairy! naught is left but flight.

XV.

He turned him round and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again ;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet,

But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise ;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
Oh! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree ;
—Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore ;
He blessed the force of the charméd line,
And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine,
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

XVI.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel leaf and the henbane bud ;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb lint he stanched the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low,
It cooled the heat of his burning brow,
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
As he drank the juice of the calamus root ;
And now he treads the fatal shore,
As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite :
'Tis the middle wane of night,
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot wheels of light ;
And vain are the spells of fairy-land,
He must work with a human hand.

XVIII.

He cast a saddened look around,
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple muscle shell;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.

She was as lovely a pleasure boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within;
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm blue deep.

XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave;
They had no power above the wave,
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She wimpled about in the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
And momently athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And patter the water about the boat;
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX.

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim:
Around him were the goblin train—
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropped his paddle blade,
And held his colen goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprung above the waters blue.
Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged him in the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright

The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there ;
He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII.

A moment and its lustre fell,
But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell,
A droplet of its sparkling dew—
Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—
Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII.

He turns, and lo ! on either side
The ripples on his path divide ;
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float ;
They swim around with smile and song ;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along,
Toward the beach of speckled sand ;
And, as he lightly leaped to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gayly kissed each little hand,
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

XXIV.

A moment stayed the fairy there ;
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer,
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew ;
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till lessening far through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven :
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,

And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
Till lost in the shades of fading night,
So rose from earth the lovely Fay—
So vanished, far in heaven away!
* * * * * * *
Up, Fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour,
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies—
Up! thy charméd armor don,
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance, which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katy-did forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone,
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground,
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,

When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the nettle shaft through air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier ouphe
Some hunter sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past,
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast,
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast,
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade;
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare,
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;
Howling the misty spectres flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,

The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spherèd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
O ! it was sweet in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even,
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven !
But the Elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way,
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the Fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle rein ;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.
Its spiral columns gleaming bright
Were streamers of the northern light ;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush,
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But oh ! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
She seemed to the entrancèd Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light ;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar ;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue ;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
And they leapt with smiles, for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face;
Long with his butterfly cloak she played;
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told in accents low
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
And "O sweet spirit of earth," she cried,
"Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide
In the land of everlasting light!
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam!
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbéd moon!
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
Their harps are of the umber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love,
For he thought upon her looks so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek.
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye;

But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his reverie,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven and earth beside.

XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy knight,
To do my sentence-task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain,
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now."
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condensed a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there,
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud;
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wane and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away, he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur smoke,
And quenched is its rayless beam,

And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its trail behind
The elfin gallops along,
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays.
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

* * * * * * *

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither—hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again,
With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry elf his call has made,
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!

The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the Fays are gone.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,

Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Daniel Pierce Thompson.

Born in Charlestown, Mass., 1795. Died at Montpelier, Vt., 1868.

DEFENCE OF A SUBTERRANEAN STRONGHOLD.

[*The Green Mountain Boys.* 1840.]

IN a few moments Captain Hendee, who, nearly ready to sink under the fatigues of the day, had retired to the inner room in the interval of quiet which followed the repulse of the enemy at the western entrance, had made his appearance. A glance at the ceiling, now visibly shaking in two different places under the rapidly progressing operations of the foe above, enabled him, with the hasty intimations just imparted by his daughter, to comprehend at once the situation of both besiegers and besieged.

"This is a strait to which I both feared and expected we should be finally reduced," he remarked coolly, after a momentary pause, "but let no man despair; I have been in situations more hopeless than this, and yet escaped."

"We can at least sell our lives dearly," responded Selden.

"True," replied the old veteran thoughtfully, "even in the method of defence which I see, from your arrangement, you propose to adopt,—that of shooting the assailants as they attempt to enter the breaches that they may make. But will you be able thus to repel them long? Every foot of this earthy covering, which now protects us from their bullets, may be removed, or beat in upon us, before we can bring our guns to bear upon them with effect. And every surrounding tree-top will, by that time, conceal a foe, ready to send us death from above; while fire-brands and combustibles will be hurled down upon us by those remaining on the ground. And if we retreat into our narrow passages, as we must, the same game will follow us there."

"All these hazards, Captain Hendee," replied the young leader, "I am fully aware we may encounter. But what other mode of defence can we adopt?—A sally from the western entrance, which is now doubtless closely guarded by the enemy, with the expectation that we shall soon be driven to make it, must prove fatal to all who shall attempt it; while the entrance at the other end of the passage is blocked up by a red mass of burning ruins. What other expedient, then, is left for us."

"I had thought of one," said Captain Hendee, with some hesitation. "I had thought of one, as our last resort, in an emergency like this. It may not be without risk to ourselves, I am aware, but," he continued, with fiercely flashing eyes, "but it must be swift destruction to the accursed gang above, who are thirsting for our blood!"

"In the name of heaven, declare it, then!" eagerly cried Selden, casting an uneasy glance at some fresh demonstrations of the progress of the foe in the covering above.

"I will—here, this way," replied the former, as, stepping across the room, he opened the concealed recess in the wall, and disclosed the widow's magazine to the wondering gaze of Selden and his men, who, ignorant of its existence, did not at once understand the nature of its contents, or perceive the old gentleman's object in displaying it. "There!" he added, significantly pointing to the heads of the casks thus brought to view, "there, that explains my plan."

"How? What do those barrels contain?" rapidly demanded Selden, with the very expression of doubt, surprise, and alarm.

"Gunpowder!" was the emphatic reply.

"Good God! Captain Hendee, do you consider our case so desperate, that, Sampson-like, we should all perish with our foes?"

"It does not follow that we shall perish with them. I have seen somewhat of the operation of exploding mines, and cannot believe that the effects in the proposed one can reach far into that winding passage,

to the further end of which, if thought safer than the inner room, we can all repair."

"I'll be blest if I don't think the old thrash-the-devil is about right, Captain Selden," exclaimed Pete Jones, leaping about, and snapping his fingers in great glee. "Jest place them in that corner beyond the fire there, and it must be a sort of powder that I'm not acquainted with, if it turns at a right angle very far into that passage after mischief. Well, now, the Lord be thanked for putting this into your noddle, old friend. I had about agreed to say gone dogs for us all, but now I can see a considerable sprinkling of hope through them barrels of thunder yonder."

"And you, Mrs. Story, whose stake is the greatest in the result," said Selden, turning to the widow, after hastily running his eye over the different parts of the room, as if calculating the probable extent to which the explosion would affect the earth laterally,—what do you say to the measure?"

"I don't know—I don't know," replied the distressed mother, who had been mutely listening to the startling proposition, in a sort of wild amazement. "The work of the element will be terrific—perhaps fatal to us—but the work of the exasperated foe, unless thus destroyed, will be, I fear, for all we can do, no less dreadful. I leave it to you, and may God direct the course which shall be for our good," she added, with a shudder.

"It is a fearful experiment, but it shall be tried," said the young leader, turning away to begin the required arrangement.

At that instant a large fragment of earth was suddenly ruptured from the ceiling, and fell heavily to the floor, scattering dirt in every direction around, and disclosing in the place from which it had been detached, the point of a huge sharpened stake, protruding several inches into the room; while the wild and exultant shouting of the foe above, as the stake was drawn up, and the redoubled fury with which they renewed their exertions, all loudly warned our band that there was no time to be lost in preparing for the execution of their purpose.

"Clear the room, instantly!" cried Selden, in low, but startling accents, "back! back! every man of you, but Jones, to the further end of the passage—no remonstrance—no offers!" he continued, as urging them with drawn sword from the room, several began to persuade him to permit them to incur the hazard of exploding the fatal mine, "not a word! the match shall be applied by my own hand."

As soon as the room was fairly cleared, Selden turned, and, with rapid steps proceeded to the recess, drew forth the barrels, and, carrying them to the corner opposite to the entrance of the inner passage, placed them firmly, and pulled out the bungs, allowing a quantity of the powder to run out from each on to the ground. He then laid a small, continuous

train of dry powder, extending from the barrels across the room into the entrance in question; while the scout, by his orders, after having removed the lights to a safe distance, wet a cartridge from the contents of his canteen, and hastily converted it into a slow match, to apply to end of the train.

"There! now leave the rest to me, Jones; take care of yourself, and see that the passage is kept clear for my retreat," said the leader, receiving a torch which was brought him by the other, and taking his station to await the fearful moment of firing the train.

The enemy, in the mean time, were making rapid progress. Two breaches were already made through the earth into the room, and these, as was evinced by the almost constant falling of heavy masses of dirt, were every moment widening; while from the trampling of feet, all gathering up to the spot, the mingled shouts, curses, and commands of the infuriated gang and their leaders, it was obvious that an attempt to descend was about to be made. At this moment, they seemed to perceive that the besieged had deserted their room, and retreated further into the earth. Grown madly desperate by being already so long baffled and doubly infuriated by the discovery that their intended victims had still a further refuge, they were now heard hastily throwing aside their tools and resuming their arms, preparatory to entering the breach to follow up the pursuit, little dreaming, in the hellish joy of their anticipated revenge, that the torch was even then suspended over the train, and waiting only their first movement, to send them, in an instant, with all the passions of fiends raging in their bosoms, unannealed into the presence of their God. But while the foe-trampled earth was jarring to the hideous tumult above, the silence of death prevailed through the hushed vaults beneath. The agitated mother was breathing hurried ejaculations over her clasped children. And near her might be seen the huddling forms of her shuddering female companions, with their fair hands tightly compressed over both ears and eyes, as if to shut out from their recoiling senses the noise of the now momentarily expected explosion; while the men in the dark passage beyond, stood motionless and silent, listening in the attitude of intensely excited expectation for the awful denouement. Selden, in the mean while, hesitating between his fears that the train would get disturbed by the entrance of the foe into the room, and his anxiety to have the band gather over, or so closely around it, as to bring them all within the reach of the explosion, still held the torch suspended in his extended hand over the train, now lowering the point of the low flickering brand nearly to a contact with the powder, at some indication of the expected descent, and now hastily withdrawing it, as other and less decisive sounds reached his ear. His hesitation, however, was soon ended: at that instant, a loud yell at the

western entrance, and the sounds of thickly-trampling feet that followed, told him that the enemy had forced the barrier at the end of that passage, and were rushing into the room; while another hurrah from the tories above, and the heavy, and quickly repeated jar of feet striking upon the floor, which accompanied it, further announced that the latter were beginning to leap down the breaches to join the former in the assault. At this critical instant, and before the mingled war-cry of the savage and tory had died away in the echoing vaults beyond him, the young leader applied the brand to the fuse, and rapidly retreated along the passage towards his friends. Having reached the curtained recess containing the women and children, and here encountering Captain Hendee and Jones, he turned round, and with them awaited, with palpitating heart and suspended breath, the fearful result. With the low, hissing sound of the slowly burning match, came a cry of horror from the scrambling foe, over whose minds, now for the first time, seemed to flash the dreadful truth. But too late. The next instant, with a concussion that almost threw Selden and his companions from their feet, the earth yawned and opened along the passage overhead nearly to the spot where they stood; when through the long vibrating chasm, was displayed to their appalled vision, the broad space of tree-covered earth over and around the room beyond, leaping, in disrupturing masses, into the air, along with the diverging column of fiercely shooting smoke and flame, in which were seen, commingling with rocks, earth, and the limbs and trunks of uprooted and swiftly revolving trees, a score of human forms, wildly throwing out their arms, as if for aid, and distending their mouths with unheard screeches, as, with blackened and distorted features, and dissevering limbs, they were borne upwards with amazing force in the flaming mass to the heavens. The chasm slowly closed over the astounded but unharmed band, and shut out from their reeling senses the deafening din that was breaking in crashing thunders above. A momentary stillness ensued; when the returning shower of ruins came thundering to the earth; after which, all again relapsed into a death-like and unbroken silence.

John Pendleton Kennedy.

BORN in Baltimore, Md., 1795. DIED at Newport, R. I., 1870.

IN THE FREEBOOTER'S CAMP.

[*Horse-Shoe Robinson.* 1835.—*Revised Edition.* 1852.]

IT was near midnight when Black Jack, having prepared some faggots of pitch-pine, and selected three or four of the best marksmen, left the bivouac to look for deer. Habershaw himself, though lazy and inordinately impressed with a sense of his own dignity, and now confused with liquor, could not resist the attraction of this sport. He accordingly, not long after the others had departed, took a rifle, and, attended by his bull-dog, whom he never parted from on any occasion, slowly followed in the direction chosen by the hunters.

Those in advance had scarcely walked along the margin of the river a mile before they lighted their faggots, and began to beat the neighboring thickets; and their search was not protracted many minutes when the light of their torches was thrown full upon the eyes of a buck. A shot from one of the marksmen told with unerring precision in the forehead of the animal.

The report and the light brought the corpulent captain into the neighborhood. He had almost walked himself out of breath; and, as he did not very well preserve his perpendicularity, or a straight line of march, he had several times been tripped up by the roots of trees, or by rocks and briers in his path. Exhausted, at length, and puzzled by the stupefaction of his own brain, as well as by the surrounding darkness, he sat down at the foot of a tree, determined to wait the return of the hunting party. His faithful and congenial "Beauty," not less pursy and short-winded than himself, and not more savage or surly in disposition, now couched upon his haunches immediately between his master's legs; and here this pair of beastly friends remained, silent and mutually soothed by their own companionship. During this interval the person who bore the fire, followed by one of the marksmen, crept slowly onward to the vicinity of the spot where the captain had seated himself. The lapse of time had proved too much for Habershaw's vigilance, and he had, at length, with his head resting against the trunk of the tree, fallen into a drunken slumber. The short crack of a rifle at hand, and the yell of his dog awakened him. He started upon his feet with sudden surprise, and stepping one pace forward, stumbled and fell over the dead body of his favorite Beauty, who lay beneath him weltering in blood. The shot was followed by a rush of the hunter up to the spot; it was Gideon Blake.

John P. Kennedy

"Buck or doe, it is my shot!" cried Gideon, as he halted immediately beside Habershaw.

"May all the devils blast you, Gideon Blake!" thundered out the incensed captain. "You have sought my life, you murdering wolf, and your bullet has killed Beauty."

"I shot at the eyes of what I thought a deer," returned Blake. "You were a fool, Hugh Habershaw, to bring a dog into such a place."

"My poor dog! my brave dog! Beauty was worth ten thousand such bastard villains as you! And to have him killed! May the devil feast upon your soul this night, Gideon Blake! Go! and account for your wickedness. Take that, snake! tiger! black-hearted whig and rebel! and be thankful that you didn't come to your end by the help of hemp!" and in this gust of passion he struck his knife into the bosom of the trooper, who groaned, staggered, and fell.

At this moment the person bearing the fire, hearing the groan of his comrade, rushed up to the spot and seized Habershaw's arm, just as the monster was raising it over the fallen man to repeat the blow.

"Damn him! see what he has done!" exclaimed the captain, as he lifted up the dead body of the dog so as to show in the light the wound inflicted by the ball between the eyes; "this poor, faithful, dumb beast, was worth a hundred such hell-hounds as he!"

"I am murdered," said the wounded man; "I am murdered in cold blood."

The noise at this place brought together the rest of the hunters, who were now returning with the buck thrown across a horse that had been led by one of the party. Blake's wound was examined by them, and some linen applied to staunch the blood. The man had fainted, but it was not ascertained whether the stab was mortal. Habershaw stood sullenly looking on during the examination, and, finding that life had not instantly fled, he coolly wiped his knife and restored it to his girdle.

"The fellow has no idea of dying," he said with a visible concern, "and has got no more than he deserves. He will live to be hung yet. Take him to quarters."

"Make a hurdle for him," said one of the by-standers, and, accordingly, two men cut a few branches from the neighboring wood, and twisting them together, soon constructed a litter upon which they were able to bear the body of the wounded hunter to the rendezvous. The others, scarcely uttering a word as they marched along, followed slowly with the buck, and in half an hour the troop was once more assembled under the chestnut.

For a time there was a sullen and discontented silence amongst the whole crew, that was only broken by the groans of the wounded trooper. Occasionally there was a slight outburst of sedition from several of the

troop, as a sharper scream, indicating some sudden increase of pain, from Gideon Blake, assailed their ears. Then there were low and muttered curses pronounced by Habershaw, in a tone that showed his apprehension of some vengeance against himself; and these imprecations were mingled with hints of the disloyalty of the trooper, and charges of a pretended purpose to betray his fellow-soldiers, evidently insinuated by the captain to excuse his act of violence. Then he approached the sick man and felt his pulse, and examined his wound, and pronounced the hurt to be trifling. "It will do him good," he said, with affected unconcern, "and teach him to be more true to his comrades hereafter." But still the fate of the man was manifestly doubtful, and the rising exasperation of the troop became every instant more open. Alarmed and faint-hearted at these symptoms of discontent, Habershaw at last called the men into a circle and made them a speech, in which he expressed his sorrow for the act he had committed, endeavored to excuse himself by the plea of passion at the loss of his dog, and, finally, perceiving that these excuses did not satisfy his hearers, acknowledged his drunken condition and his unconsciousness of the deed he had done until the horrible consequences of it were before his eyes. Here Peppercorn interposed in his favor, alleging that he had examined the wound, and that, in his opinion, the trooper's life was not in danger.

"And as the captain is sorry for it, lads," he concluded, "why, what is to be done but let the thing drop? So, if there's another canteen in the squad, we will wet our whistles, boys, and go to sleep."

This appeal was effectual, and was followed by a hearty cheer. So, draining the dregs of the last flask, this debauched company retired to rest—Habershaw sneaking away from them with a heart loaded with malice and revenge.

A few men were employed, for a short time, in burying the bodies of the troopers who were killed in the fray; and, excepting the guard, who busied themselves in skinning the buck and broiling some choice slices before the fire, and in watching the prisoners, or attending upon their sick comrade, all were sunk into silence if not repose.

THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURE OF HORSE-SHOE AND ANDY.

[*From the Same.*]

"WHO should come in, this morning, just after my husband had cleverly got away on his horse, but a young cock-a-whoop ensign, that belongs to Ninety-Six, and four great Scotchmen with him,

all in red coats; they had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again. And who but they! Here they were, swaggering all about my house—and calling for this—and calling for that—as if they owned the fee-simple of everything on the plantation And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horse Shoe, to see them run out in the yard, and catch up my chickens and ducks, and kill as many as they could string about them—and I not daring to say a word: though I did give them a piece of my mind, too."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the sergeant eagerly.

"Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew," answered the dame.

"And then, the filthy, toping rioters—" she continued, exalting her voice.

"What arms have you in the house?" asked Robinson, without heeding the dame's rising anger.

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John.—They must call for drink, too, and turn my house, of a Sunday morning, into a tavern."

"They took the route towards Ninety-Six, you said, Mistress Ramsay?"

"Yes,—they went straight forward upon the road. But, look you, Mr. Horse Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?"

"Isn't there an old field, about a mile from this, on that road?" inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts.

"There is," replied the dame; "with the old school-house upon it."

"A lop-sided, rickety log-cabin in the middle of the field. Am I right, good woman?"

"Yes."

"And nobody lives in it? It has no door to it?"

"There ha'n't been anybody in it these seven years."

"I know the place very well," said the sergeant, thoughtfully; "there is woods just on this side of it."

"That's true," replied the dame: "but what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"How long before this rain began was it that they quitted this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both—and the powder-horn and bullets."

"As you say, Mr. Horse Shoe," answered the dame, as she turned round to leave the room; "but I am sure I can't suspicion what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the sergeant.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horse Shoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son, and, almost immediately afterwards, a sturdy boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age entered the apartment, his clothes dripping with rain. He modestly and shyly seated himself on a chair near the door, with his soaked hat flapping down over a face full of freckles, and not less rife with the expression of an open, dauntless hardihood of character.

"How would you like a scrummage, Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse Shoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy, "if you will tell me what to do."

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horse Shoe?" said the mother, with the tears starting instantly into her eyes. "You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger?"

"Bless your soul, Mrs. Ramsay, there ar'n't no danger about it! Don't take on so. It's a thing that is either done at a blow, or not done,—and there's an end of it. I want the lad only to bring home the prisoners for me, after I have took them."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in these wars—God protect him!—and you men don't know how a mother's heart yearns for her children in these times. I cannot give another," she added, as she threw her arms over the shoulders of the youth and drew him to her bosom.

"Oh! it ain't nothing," said Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "It's only snapping of a pistol, mother,—pooh! If I'm not afraid, you oughtn't to be."

"I give you my honor, Mistress Ramsay," said Robinson, "that I will bring or send your son safe back in one hour; and that he sha'n't be put in any sort of danger whatsomedever: come, that's a good woman!"

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Robinson?" asked the matron, wiping away a tear. "You wouldn't mock the sufferings of a weak woman in such a thing as this?"

"On the honesty of a sodger, ma'am," replied Horse Shoe, "the lad shall be in no danger, as I said before—whatsomedever."

"Then I will say no more," answered the mother. "But Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you."

Horse Shoe now loaded the fire-arms, and having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. Even on this occasion, serious as it might be deemed, the sergeant did not depart without giving some manifestation of that light-heartedness which no difficulties ever seemed to have the power to conquer. He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said

with an encouraging laugh, "Andy and me will teach them, Mistress Ramsay, Pat's point of war—we will *surround* the ragamuffins."

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse Shoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter, "you must get up behind me. Turn the lock of your pistol down," he continued, as the boy sprang upon the horse's rump, "and cover it with the flap of your jacket, to keep the rain off. It won't do to hang fire at such a time as this."

The lad did as he was directed, and Horse Shoe, having secured his rifle in the same way, put his horse up to a gallop, and took the road in the direction that had been pursued by the soldiers.

As soon as our adventurers had gained a wood, at the distance of about half a mile, the sergeant relaxed his speed, and advanced at a pace a little above a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have got rather a ticklish sort of a job before us, so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these thieving villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on, and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here, and the little log hut in the middle of it; and it was natural to suppose that they had just got about near that hut, when this rain came up; and then, it was the most supposable case in the world, that they would naturally go into it, as the driest place they could find. So now, you see, it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along, until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field, and then, if there is no one on the look-out, we will open our first trench; you know what that means, Andy?"

"It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them," replied Andrew.

"Pretty exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down, and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward, as if I had a whole troop at my heels, and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes, I understand," said the boy eagerly.

"No, you don't," replied Horse Shoe, "but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I get at them onawares, they'll be mighty apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow, like fine fellows, for quarter. And, thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out 'stand fast,' as if I was speaking to my own men, and when you hear that, you must come up full tilt, because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets, as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen: and when

you have done that, why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of fire-arms—that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off—do you take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend."

"Oh! yes," replied the lad, "and I'll do what you want, and more too, may be, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain* Robinson,—remember, Andy, you must call me captain, in the hearing of these Scotsmen."

"I'll not forget that neither," answered Andrew.

By the time that these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous forlorn hope, as it may fitly be called, had arrived at the place which Horse Shoe Robinson had designated for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field, and it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be, when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel. Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of his young companion might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and, in a few seconds, abruptly reined up his steed, in the very door-way of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end, and, in the corner near the door, were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself one pace inside of the door, was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time—

"Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house, and wait orders. I demand the surrender of all here," he said, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot."

"Leap to your arms," cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside of the house. "Why do you stand?"

"I don't want to do you or your men any harm, young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, "but, by my father's son, I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll if you raise a hand at this moment."

Both parties now stood, for a brief space, eyeing each other in a fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of doubt and irresolution visible on the countenances of the soldiers, as they surveyed the broad proportions, and met the stern glance of the sergeant, whilst the delay, also, began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now

appearing, most unexpectedly to Robinson, at the door of the hut. "Come on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face to the field.

"Keep them outside of the door—stand fast," cried the doughty sergeant, with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of the boy. "Sir, you see that it's not worth while fighting five to one; and I should be sorry to be the death of any of your brave fellows; so, take my advice, and surrender to the Continental Congress and this scrap of its army which I command."

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name, and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said:—

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise, and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage, and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging party under my command."

"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant. "Never doubt me, sir. Right hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion of merriment; and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse Shoe to the Ensign, "your sword, and whatever else you mought have about you of the ammunitions of war!"

The officer delivered up his sword and a pair of pocket pistols.

As Horse Shoe received these tokens of victory, he asked, with a lambent smile, and what he intended to be an elegant and condescending composure, "Your name, sir, if I mought take the freedom?"

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of his Majesty's seventy-first regiment of light infantry."

"Ensign, your sarvent," added Horse Shoe, still preserving this unusual exhibition of politeness. "You have defended your post like an old sodger, although you ha'n't much beard on your chin; but, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out, now, and form yourselves in line at the door. I'll engage my men shall do you no harm; they are of a marciful breed."

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command, and came to the door, they were stricken with equal astonishment and mortification to find, in place of the detachment of cavalry which they expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of some to resist the authority that now controlled them; and

sundry glances were exchanged, which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this, than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and, at the same instant, gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces, and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you, all five, safe away from this here house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it."

"You have my word," said the Ensign. "Lead on."

"By your leave, my pretty gentleman, you will lead, and I'll follow," replied Horse Shoe. "It may be a new piece of drill to you; but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honor."

"As you please, sir," answered the Ensign. "Where do you take us to?"

"You will march back by the road you came," said the sergeant.

Finding the conqueror determined to execute summary martial law upon the first who should mutiny, the prisoners submitted, and marched in double file from the hut back towards Ramsay's—Horse Shoe, with Captain Peter's bridle dangling over his arm, and his gallant young auxiliary Andrew, laden with double the burden of Robinson Crusoe (having all the fire-arms packed upon his shoulders), bringing up the rear. In this order victors and vanquished returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said the sergeant, as he halted the prisoners at the door; "and, what's more, I have brought home a young sodger that's worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms, and unheeding anything else in the present perturbation of her feelings. "I feared ill would come of it; but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely, Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horse Shoe; "but he did excellent service. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay; I should never have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. In these drumming and fifing times the babies suck in quarrel with their mother's milk. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there was men to fight them with, that's all!"

A SKETCH OF WILLIAM WIRT.

[*Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt.* 1849. *Revised Edition.* 1850.]

IN the prime of his life, Mr. Wirt was remarked for his personal beauty. With a tall figure, ample chest and erect carriage, there was no great appearance of muscular strength, but a conspicuous ease and grace of motion. His head was large, and in good proportion to his frame; the features of his face strongly defined. A large nose, thin and accurately formed lips, a chin whose breadth gave to his countenance an approximation to the square rather than the oval outline—clear, dark blue eyes, looking out beneath brows of widest compass, and the whole surmounted by an expanded and majestic forehead—imparted dignity and intellectual prominence to a physiognomy which the sculptor delighted to study. A curled, crisp and vigorous growth of hair—in his latter days almost white—clustered upon his front, and gave an agreeable effect to the outline of his head and face.

Towards the close of his life, severe study and the infirmities of his constitution had made a visible trace upon his exterior. He lost somewhat of his firm and perpendicular port; his complexion became sallow; his eye faded into a lighter blue, though it grew even kindlier in expression.

His letters sufficiently indicate the character of his manners. They were gentle, courteous and winning. His voice was clear and sweet, and variously modulated by an ear of the finest musical perception. His laugh, never boisterous, was sly, short, and full of the gayety of his temper. Few men ever had a keener insight of the ludicrous. It never escaped him, however little he might be on the watch for it. Sterne, for this reason, amused him above all other authors in light literature. The quiet humor of "Tristram Shandy," and those exquisite drolleries which lie in ambush in every page, were the most familiar recollections of his reading. Many of them may be found covertly lurking through his letters.

His conversation was exceedingly attractive. It seldom fell into discourse, but played with all kinds of amusing topics. It was suggestive, provoking thought in others, and fortifying them with opportunity to contribute somewhat to the purpose, from their own reflection or memory. No man was more free from that odious habit of endeavoring to say "smart things," which sometimes misleads even persons of good repute for social talent.

Wirt's playfulness was contagious. It made his friends forget the time which was running by, and even the good cheer of a convivial meeting. An amusing evidence of this occurred in Baltimore, before he

became a resident of that city. He was returning one night, about ten o'clock, to his lodgings from a visit, when his friend Meredith met him in the street, and invited him to join a little family party at his house, at supper. Wirt, either doubtful whether his friend was in earnest,—for the character of the intercourse between them often rendered this a difficult point to determine,—or struck with the incongruity of his challenge to a supper, when he was about retiring to his bed, answered Meredith's invitation in a jocular way, saying, "Yes, I'll come, and I'll give you enough of it." On Meredith's return home, he found there Dr. Pattison, —who was then a resident of Baltimore, now a distinguished physician of Philadelphia,—and detained him to supper. Wirt had not come when the party sat down to table, and Meredith had ceased to expect him, when, near the conclusion of the supper, he made his appearance. He took his seat, ate very moderately and drank less. The supper was removed, and Wirt gave an intimation to the ladies who were present, that, as it was bedtime, they had better retire. They obeyed; and Meredith, the Doctor, and Wirt found themselves sitting at the table alone. The cloth was drawn, and a small residuum of a decanter of Scotch whiskey, perhaps, was the only drinkable before them. That remained untouched, and was finally taken away. A snuff-box was placed on the table, and the party, as Meredith and Doctor Pattison supposed, was about to break up, it being after midnight. But Wirt was in excellent mood for conversation, and gave full play to all his resources. He took snuff freely, told stories of a lively cast, mooted questions of science of the gravest as well as the lightest import, provoked jocular discussions, and, in short, raised his comrades to a key of enjoyment as high as his own. No one thought of the hour. They were eventually aroused to a consideration of the time they had spent over their solitary snuff-box, by the entrance of the servant and the opening of the shutters, which disclosed to them the broad daylight. Wirt had premeditated this adventure, and was greatly amused at his success, when he found his companions expressing their amazement at this unconscious lapse of the night. . . . .

He delighted in old remembrances of pleasant persons and things, meditating on the good he had observed in character, and charitably passing over the bad. "In the whole of my intercourse with him," said a gentleman who knew him well, "I never heard a remark fall from his lips that was tainted with bad feeling. His heart appeared to have his memory in keeping, and though his sarcastic observation sometimes induced him to pour forth sallies lively and severe, there was always some redeeming praise to shield the breast from the dart he aimed at. He would not, for worlds, have purchased a smile at the expense of the feelings of a friend."

James Gates Percival.

Born in Berlin, Conn., 1795. Died at Hazel Green, Wis., 1856.

THE CORAL GROVE.

[*Poetical Works. Collection of* 1859.]

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

SONNET.

IF on the clustering curls of thy dark hair,
And the pure arching of thy polished brow,
We only gaze, we fondly dream that thou
Art one of those bright ministers who bear,
Along the cloudless bosom of the air,
Sweet, solemn words, to which our spirits bow,
With such a holy smile thou lookest now,
And art so soft and delicately fair.

A veil of tender light is mantling o'er thee;
Around thy opening lips young loves are playing;
And crowds of youths, in passionate thought delaying,

Pause, as thou movest by them, to adore thee;
mm By many a sudden blush and tear betraying
How the heart trembles, when it bends before thee.

NEW ENGLAND.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast!
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here;—our unchained feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;
With hearts unbent, high, steady, brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn when first they stood
On Bunker's height!
And fearless stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight:
O, 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of liberty
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed:
All, who the wreath of freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of the vine
Are blessed.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand:
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land:
They still shall find, our lives are given
To die for home;—and leant on Heaven
Our hand.

IN EXITU.

WIFE! I am dying,
Life is departing;
Soon I must leave thee,
Soon I am gone.
O, wilt thou weep me
When I have left thee?
O, wilt thou weep me
When I am gone?

If I have ever
Wronged thee or grieved thee,
O now forgive me,
Ere I am gone!
Sadly I rue it,—
Thou wilt forget it;
O then forgive me,
Ere I am gone!

Darkness is round me,
Dimly I see thee;
Life is just closing,
Soon I am gone.
O, thou wilt weep me,
Truly wilt weep me,—
Yes, thou wilt weep me,
When I am gone.

William Hickling Prescott.

Born in Salem, Mass., 1796. Died in Boston, Mass., 1859.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF TEZCUCO.

[*History of the Conquest of Mexico.* 1843.]

THE first measure of Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to his dominions, was a general amnesty. It was his maxim "that a monarch might punish, but revenge was unworthy of him." In the present instance he was averse even to punish, and not only freely pardoned his rebel nobles, but conferred on some, who had most deeply offended, posts of honor and confidence. Such conduct was doubtless politic, especially as their alienation was owing, probably, much more to fear of the usurper than to any disaffection towards himself. But there are some acts of policy which a magnanimous spirit only can execute.

The restored monarch next set about repairing the damages sustained under the late misrule, and reviving, or rather remodelling, the various departments of government. He framed a concise, but comprehensive, code of laws, so well suited, it was thought, to the exigencies of the times, that it was adopted as their own by the two other members of the triple alliance. It was written in blood, and entitled the author to be called the Draco rather than "the Solon of Anahuac," as he is fondly styled by his admirers. Humanity is one of the best fruits of refinement. It is only with increasing civilization that the legislator studies to economize human suffering, even for the guilty; to devise penalties not so much by way of punishment for the past as of reformation for the future.

He divided the burden of government among a number of departments, as the council of war, the council of finance, the council of justice. This last was a court of supreme authority, both in civil and criminal matters, receiving appeals from the lower tribunals of the provinces, which were obliged to make a full report, every four months, or eighty days, of their own proceedings to this higher judicature. In all these bodies, a certain number of citizens were allowed to have seats with the nobles and professional dignitaries. There was, however, another body, a council of state, for aiding the king in the despatch of business, and advising him in matters of importance, which was drawn altogether from the highest order of chiefs. It consisted of fourteen members; and they had seats provided for them at the royal table.

Lastly, there was an extraordinary tribunal, called the council of music, but which, differing from the import of its name, was devoted to

the encouragement of science and art. Works on astronomy, chronology, history, or any other science, were required to be submitted to its judgment, before they could be made public. This censorial power was of some moment, at least with regard to the historical department, where the wilful perversion of truth was made a capital offence by the bloody code of Nezahualcoyotl. Yet a Tezcucan author must have been a bungler, who could not elude a conviction under the cloudy veil of hieroglyphics. This body, which was drawn from the best-instructed persons in the kingdom, with little regard to rank, had supervision of all the productions of art, and of the nicer fabrics. It decided on the qualifications of the professors in the various branches of science, on the fidelity of their instructions to their pupils, the deficiency of which was severely punished, and it instituted examinations of these latter. In short, it was a general board of education for the country. On stated days, historical compositions, and poems treating of moral or traditional topics, were recited before it by their authors. Seats were provided for the three crowned heads of the empire, who deliberated with the other members on the respective merits of the pieces, and distributed prizes of value to the successful competitors. . . . .

The influence of this academy must have been most propitious to the capital, which became the nursery not only of such sciences as could be compassed by the scholarship of the period, but of various useful and ornamental arts. Its historians, orators, and poets were celebrated throughout the country. Its archives, for which accommodations were provided in the royal palace, were stored with the records of primitive ages. Its idiom, more polished than the Mexican, was, indeed, the purest of all the Nahuatlac dialects, and continued, long after the Conquest, to be that in which the best productions of the native races were composed. Tezcuco claimed the glory of being the Athens of the Western world.

Among the most illustrious of her bards was the emperor himself,—for the Tezcucan writers claim this title for their chief, as head of the imperial alliance. He doubtless appeared as a competitor before that very academy where he so often sat as a critic. Many of his odes descended to a late generation, and are still preserved, perhaps, in some of the dusty repositories of Mexico or Spain. The historian Ixtlilxochitl has left a translation, in Castilian, of one of the poems of his royal ancestor. It is not easy to render his version into corresponding English rhyme, without the perfume of the original escaping in this double filtration. They remind one of the rich breathings of Spanish-Arab poetry, in which an ardent imagination is tempered by a not unpleasing and moral melancholy. But, though sufficiently florid in diction, they are generally free from the meretricious ornaments and hyperbole with

Wm. H. Prescott—

which the minstrelsy of the East is usually tainted. They turn on the vanities and mutability of human life,—a topic very natural for a monarch who had himself experienced the strangest mutations of fortune. There is mingled in the lament of the Tezcucan bard, however, an Epicurean philosophy, which seeks relief from the fears of the future in the joys of the present. "Banish care," he says: "if there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest life must also have an end. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and sing thy songs in praise of the all-powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fadeth away. Rejoice in the green freshness of thy spring; for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain; when the sceptre shall pass from thy hands, thy servants shall wander desolate in thy courts, thy sons, and the sons of thy nobles, shall drink the dregs of distress, and all the pomp of thy victories and triumphs shall live only in their recollection. Yet the remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us, its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow. Then gather the fairest flowers from thy gardens, to bind round thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish."

But the hours of the Tezcucan monarch were not all passed in idle dalliance with the Muse, nor in the sober contemplations of philosophy, as at a later period. In the freshness of youth and early manhood he led the allied armies in their annual expeditions, which were certain to result in a wider extent of territory to the empire. In the intervals of peace he fostered those productive arts which are the surest sources of public prosperity. He encouraged agriculture above all; and there was scarcely a spot so rude, or a steep so inaccessible, as not to confess the power of cultivation. The land was covered with a busy population, and towns and cities sprang up in places since deserted or dwindled into miserable villages.

From resources thus enlarged by conquest and domestic industry, the monarch drew the means for the large consumption of his own numerous household, and for the costly works which he executed for the convenience and embellishment of the capital. He filled it with stately edifices for his nobles, whose constant attendance he was anxious to secure at his court. He erected a magnificent pile of buildings which might serve both for a royal residence and for the public offices. It extended, from east to west, twelve hundred and thirty-four yards, and from north to south, nine hundred and seventy-eight. It was encompassed by a wall of unburnt bricks and cement, six feet wide and nine high for one-half of the circumference, and fifteen feet high for the other half. Within this enclosure were two courts. The outer one was used as the great

market-place of the city, and continued to be so until long after the Conquest,—if, indeed, it is not now. The interior court was surrounded by the council-chambers and halls of justice. There were also accommodations there for the foreign ambassadors; and a spacious saloon, with apartments opening into it, for men of science and poets, who pursued their studies in this retreat or met together to hold converse under its marble porticoes. In this quarter, also, were kept the public archives, which fared better under the Indian dynasty than they have since under their European successors.

Adjoining this court were the apartments of the king, including those for the royal harem, as liberally supplied with beauties as that of an Eastern sultan. Their walls were incrusted with alabasters and richly-tinted stucco, or hung with gorgeous tapestries of variegated feather-work. They led through long arcades, and through intricate labyrinths of shrubbery, into gardens where baths and sparkling fountains were overshadowed by tall groves of cedar and cypress. The basins of water were well stocked with fish of various kinds, and the aviaries with birds glowing in all the gaudy plumage of the tropics. Many birds and animals which could not be obtained alive were represented in gold and silver so skilfully as to have furnished the great naturalist Hernandez with models for his work.

Accommodations on a princely scale were provided for the sovereigns of Mexico and Tlacopan when they visited the court. The whole of this lordly pile contained three hundred apartments, some of them fifty yards square. The height of the building is not mentioned. It was probably not great, but supplied the requisite room by the immense extent of ground which it covered. The interior was doubtless constructed of light materials, especially of the rich woods which, in that country, are remarkable, when polished, for the brilliancy and variety of their colors. That the more solid materials of stone and stucco were also liberally employed is proved by the remains at the present day; remains which have furnished an inexhaustible quarry for the churches and other edifices since erected by the Spaniards on the site of the ancient city.

We are not informed of the time occupied in building this palace. But two hundred thousand workmen, it is said, were employed on it. However this may be, it is certain that the Tezcucan monarchs, like those of Asia and ancient Egypt, had the control of immense masses of men, and would sometimes turn the whole population of a conquered city, including the women, into the public works. The most gigantic monuments of architecture which the world has witnessed would never have been reared by the hands of freemen.

Adjoining the palace were buildings for the king's children, who, by

his various wives, amounted to no less than sixty sons and fifty daughters. Here they were instructed in all the exercises and accomplishments suited to their station; comprehending, what would scarcely find a place in a royal education on the other side of the Atlantic, the arts of working in metals, jewelry, and feather-mosaic. Once in every four months, the whole household, not excepting the youngest, and including all the officers and attendants on the king's person, assembled in a grand saloon of the palace, to listen to a discourse from an orator, probably one of the priesthood. The princes, on this occasion, were all dressed in *nequen*, the coarsest manufacture of the country. The preacher began by enlarging on the obligations of morality and of respect for the gods, especially important in persons whose rank gave such additional weight to example. He occasionally seasoned his homily with a pertinent application to his audience, if any member of it had been guilty of a notorious delinquency. From this wholesome admonition the monarch himself was not exempted, and the orator boldly reminded him of his paramount duty to show respect for his own laws. The king, so far from taking umbrage, received the lesson with humility; and the audience, we are assured, were often melted into tears by the eloquence of the preacher. This curious scene may remind one of similar usages in the Asiatic and Egyptian despotisms, where the sovereign occasionally condescended to stoop from his pride of place and allow his memory to be refreshed with the conviction of his own mortality. It soothed the feelings of the subject to find himself thus placed, though but for a moment, on a level with his king; while it cost little to the latter, who was removed too far from his people to suffer anything by this short-lived familiarity. It is probable that such an act of public humiliation would have found less favor with a prince less absolute.

Nezahualcoyotl's fondness for magnificence was shown in his numerous villas, which were embellished with all that could make a rural retreat delightful. His favorite residence was Tezcotzinco, a conical hill about two leagues from the capitol. It was laid out in terraces, or hanging gardens, having a flight of steps five hundred and twenty in number, many of them hewn in the natural porphyry. In the garden on the summit was a reservoir of water, fed by an aqueduct that was carried over hill and valley, for several miles, on huge buttresses of masonry. A large rock stood in the midst of this basin, sculptured with the hieroglyphics representing the years of Nezahualcoyotl's reign and his principal achievements in each. On a lower level were three other reservoirs, in each of which stood a marble statue of a woman, emblematic of the three states of the empire. Another tank contained a winged lion (?), cut out of the solid rock, bearing in its mouth the portrait of the emperor. His likeness had been executed in gold, wood,

feather-work, and stone; but this was the only one which pleased him.

From these copious basins the water was distributed in numerous channels through the gardens, or was made to tumble over the rocks in cascades, shedding refreshing dews on the flowers and odoriferous shrubs below. In the depths of this fragrant wilderness, marble porticoes and pavilions were erected, and baths excavated in the solid porphyry, which are still shown by the ignorant natives as the "Baths of Montezuma!" The visitor descended by steps cut in the living stone and polished so bright as to reflect like mirrors. Towards the base of the hill, in the midst of cedar groves, whose gigantic branches threw a refreshing coolness over the verdure in the sultriest seasons of the year, rose the royal villa, with its light arcades and airy halls, drinking in the sweet perfumes of the gardens. Here the monarch often retired, to throw off the burden of state and refresh his wearied spirits in the society of his favorite wives, reposing during the noontide heats in the embowering shades of his paradise, or mingling, in the cool of the evening, in their festive sports and dances. Here he entertained his imperial brothers of Mexico and Tlacopan, and followed the hardier pleasures of the chase in the noble woods that stretched for miles around his villa, flourishing in all their primeval majesty. Here, too, he often repaired in the latter days of his life, when age had tempered ambition and cooled the ardor of his blood, to pursue in solitude the studies of philosophy and gather wisdom from meditation.

The extraordinary accounts of the Tezcucan architecture are confirmed, in the main, by the relics which still cover the hill of Tezcotzinco or are half buried beneath its surface. They attract little attention, indeed, in the country, where their true history has long since passed into oblivion; while the traveller whose curiosity leads him to the spot speculates on their probable origin, and, as he stumbles over the huge fragments of sculptured porphyry and granite, refers them to the primitive races who spread their colossal architecture over the country long before the coming of the Acolhuans and the Aztecs.

The Tezcucan princes were used to entertain a great number of concubines. They had but one lawful wife, to whose issue the crown descended. Nezahualcoyotl remained unmarried to a late period. He was disappointed in an early attachment, as the princess who had been educated in privacy to be the partner of his throne gave her hand to another. The injured monarch submitted the affair to the proper tribunal. The parties, however, were proved to have been ignorant of the destination of the lady, and the court, with an independence which reflects equal honor on the judges who could give and the monarch who could receive the sentence, acquitted the young couple. This sad story is sadly contrasted by the following.

The king devoured his chagrin in the solitude of his beautiful villa of Tezcotzinco, or sought to divert it by travelling. On one of his journeys he was hospitably entertained by a potent vassal, the old lord of Tepechpan, who, to do his sovereign more honor, caused him to be attended at the banquet by a noble maiden, betrothed to himself, and who, after the fashion of the country, had been educated under his own roof. She was of the blood royal of Mexico, and nearly related, moreover, to the Tezcucan monarch. The latter, who had all the amorous temperament of the South, was captivated by the grace and personal charms of the youthful Hebe, and conceived a violent passion for her. He did not disclose it to any one, however, but, on his return home, resolved to gratify it, though at the expense of his own honor, by sweeping away the only obstacle which stood in his path.

He accordingly sent an order to the chief of Tepechpan to take command of an expedition set on foot against the Tlascalans. At the same time he instructed two Tezcucan chiefs to keep near the person of the old lord, and bring him into the thickest of the fight, where he might lose his life. He assured them this had been forfeited by a great crime, but that, from regard for his vassal's past services, he was willing to cover up his disgrace by an honorable death.

The veteran, who had long lived in retirement on his estates, saw himself with astonishment called so suddenly and needlessly into action, for which so many younger men were better fitted. He suspected the cause, and, in a farewell entertainment to his friends, uttered a presentiment of his sad destiny. His predictions were too soon verified; and a few weeks placed the hand of his virgin bride at her own disposal.

Nezahualcoyotl did not think it prudent to break his passion publicly to the princess so soon after the death of his victim. He opened a correspondence with her through a female relative, and expressed his deep sympathy for her loss. At the same time, he tendered the best consolation in his power, by an offer of his heart and hand. Her former lover had been too well stricken in years for the maiden to remain long inconsolable. She was not aware of the perfidious plot against his life; and, after a decent time, she was ready to comply with her duty, by placing herself at the disposal of her royal kinsman.

It was arranged by the king, in order to give a more natural aspect to the affair and prevent all suspicion of the unworthy part he had acted, that the princess should present herself in his grounds at Tezcotzinco, to witness some public ceremony there. Nezahualcoyotl was standing in a balcony of the palace when she appeared, and inquired, as if struck with her beauty for the first time, "who the lovely young creature was in his gardens." When his courtiers had acquainted him with her name and rank, he ordered her to be conducted to the palace, that she might

receive the attentions due to her station. The interview was soon followed by a public declaration of his passion; and the marriage was celebrated not long after, with great pomp, in the presence of his court, and of his brother monarchs of Mexico and Tlacopan.

This story, which furnishes so obvious a counterpart to that of David and Uriah, is told with great circumstantiality, both by the king's son and grandson, from whose narratives Ixtlilxochitl derived it. They stigmatize the action as the basest in their great ancestor's life. It is indeed too base not to leave an indelible stain on any character, however pure in other respects, and exalted.

The king was strict in the execution of his laws, though his natural disposition led him to temper justice with mercy. Many anecdotes are told of the benevolent interest he took in the concerns of his subjects, and of his anxiety to detect and reward merit, even in the most humble. It was common for him to ramble among them in disguise, like the celebrated caliph in the "Arabian Nights," mingling freely in conversation, and ascertaining their actual condition with his own eyes.

On one such occasion, when attended only by a single lord, he met with a boy who was gathering sticks in a field for fuel. He inquired of him "why he did not go into the neighboring forest, where he would find a plenty of them." To which the lad answered, "It was the king's wood, and he would punish him with death if he trespassed there." The royal forests were very extensive in Tezcuco, and were guarded by laws full as severe as those of the Norman tyrants in England. "What kind of man is your king?" asked the monarch, willing to learn the effect of these prohibitions on his own popularity. "A very hard man," answered the boy, "who denies his people what God has given them." Nezahualcoyotl urged him not to mind such arbitrary laws, but to glean his sticks in the forest, as there was no one present who would betray him. But the boy sturdily refused, bluntly accusing the disguised king, at the same time, of being a traitor, and of wishing to bring him into trouble.

Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to the palace, ordered the child and his parents to be summoned before him. They received the orders with astonishment, but, on entering the presence, the boy at once recognized the person with whom he had discoursed so unceremoniously, and he was filled with consternation. The good-natured monarch, however, relieved his apprehensions, by thanking him for the lesson he had given him, and, at the same time, commended his respect for the laws, and praised his parents for the manner in which they had trained their son. He then dismissed the parties with a liberal largess, and afterwards mitigated the severity of the forest laws, so as to allow persons to gather any wood they might find on the ground, if they did not meddle with the standing timber.

Another adventure is told of him, with a poor woodman and his wife, who had brought their little load of billets for sale to the market-place of Tezcuco. The man was bitterly lamenting his hard lot, and the difficulty with which he earned a wretched subsistence, while the master of the palace before which they were standing lived an idle life, without toil, and with all the luxuries in the world at his command.

He was going on in his complaints, when the good woman stopped him, by reminding him he might be overheard. He was so, by Nezahualcoyotl himself, who, standing screened from observation at a latticed window which overlooked the market, was amusing himself, as he was wont, with observing the common people chaffering in the square. He immediately ordered the querulous couple into his presence. They appeared trembling and conscience-struck before him. The king gravely inquired what they had said. As they answered him truly, he told them they should reflect that, if he had great treasures at his command, he had still greater calls for them; that, far from leading an easy life, he was oppressed with the whole burden of government; and concluded by admonishing them "to be more cautious in future, as walls had ears." He then ordered his officers to bring a quantity of cloth and a generous supply of cacao (the coin of the country), and dismissed them. "Go," said he; "with the little you now have, you will be rich; while, with all my riches, I shall still be poor."

It was not his passion to hoard. He dispensed his revenues munificently, seeking out poor but meritorious objects on whom to bestow them. He was particularly mindful of disabled soldiers, and those who had in any way sustained loss in the public service, and, in case of their death, extended assistance to their surviving families. Open mendicity was a thing he would never tolerate, but chastised it with exemplary rigor.

It would be incredible that a man of the enlarged mind and endowments of Nezahualcoyotl should acquiesce in the sordid superstitions of his countrymen, and still more in the sanguinary rites borrowed by them from the Aztecs. In truth, his humane temper shrunk from these cruel ceremonies, and he strenuously endeavored to recall his people to the more pure and simple worship of the ancient Toltecs. A circumstance produced a temporary change in his conduct.

He had been married some years to the wife he had so unrighteously obtained, but was not blessed with issue. The priests represented that it was owing to his neglect of the gods of his country, and that his only remedy was to propitiate them by human sacrifice. The king reluctantly consented, and the altars once more smoked with the blood of slaughtered captives. But it was all in vain; and he indignantly exclaimed, "These idols of wood and stone can neither hear nor feel; much less could they make the heavens, and the earth, and man, the lord of it.

These must be the work of the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, on whom alone I must rely for consolation and support.

He then withdrew to his rural palace of Tezcotzinco, where he remained forty days, fasting and praying at stated hours, and offering up no other sacrifice than the sweet incense of copal, and aromatic herbs and gums. At the expiration of this time, he is said to have been comforted by a vision assuring him of the success of his petition. At all events, such proved to be the fact; and this was followed by the cheering intelligence of the triumph of his arms in a quarter where he had lately experienced some humiliating reverses.

Greatly strengthened in his former religious convictions, he now openly professed his faith, and was more earnest to wean his subjects from their degrading superstitions and to substitute nobler and more spiritual conceptions of the Deity. He built a temple in the usual pyramidal form, and on the summit a tower nine stories high, to represent the nine heavens; a tenth was surmounted by a roof painted black, and profusely gilded with stars, on the outside, and incrusted with metals and precious stones within. He dedicated this to "*the unknown God, the Cause of causes.*" It seems probable, from the emblem on the tower, as well as from the complexion of his verses, as we shall see, that he mingled with his reverence for the Supreme the astral worship which existed among the Toltecs. Various musical instruments were placed on the top of the tower, and the sound of them, accompanied by the ringing of a sonorous metal struck by a mallet, summoned the worshippers to prayers, at regular seasons. No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the "invisible God;" and the people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood, or any other sacrifices than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet-scented gums.

The remainder of his days was chiefly spent in his delicious solitudes of Tezcotzinco, where he devoted himself to astronomical and, probably, astrological studies, and to meditation on his immortal destiny,—giving utterance to his feelings in songs, or rather hymns, of much solemnity and pathos. An extract from one of these will convey some idea of his religious speculations. The pensive tenderness of the verses quoted in a preceding page is deepened here into a mournful, and even gloomy, coloring; while the wounded spirit, instead of seeking relief in the convivial sallies of a young and buoyant temperament, turns for consolation to the world beyond the grave:

"All things on earth have their term, and, in the most joyous career of their vanity and splendor, their strength fails, and they sink into the dust. All the round world is but a sepulchre; and there is nothing which lives on its surface that shall not be hidden and entombed beneath it. Rivers, torrents, and streams move onward to their destination.

Not one flows back to its pleasant source. They rush onward, hastening to bury themselves in the deep bosom of the ocean. The things of yesterday are no more to-day; and the things of to-day shall cease, perhaps, on the morrow. The cemetery is full of the loathsome dust of bodies once quickened by living souls, who occupied thrones, presided over assemblies, marshalled armies, subdued provinces, arrogated to themselves worship, were puffed up with vainglorious pomp, and power, and empire.

"But these glories have all passed away, like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat of Popocatepetl, with no other memorial of their existence than the record on the page of the chronicler.

"The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful,—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has befallen them shall happen to us, and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects,—*let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal and corruption cannot come.* The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the Sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars." The mystic import of the last sentence seems to point to that superstition respecting the mansions of the Sun, which forms so beautiful a contrast to the dark features of the Aztec mythology.

At length, about the year 1470, Nezahualcoyotl, full of years and honors, felt himself drawing near his end. Almost half a century had elapsed since he mounted the throne of Tezcuco. He had found his kingdom dismembered by faction and bowed to the dust beneath the yoke of a foreign tyrant. He had broken that yoke; had breathed new life into the nation, renewed its ancient institutions, extended wide its domain; had seen it flourishing in all the activity of trade and agriculture, gathering strength from its enlarged resources, and daily advancing higher and higher in the great march of civilization. All this he had seen, and might fairly attribute no small portion of it to his own wise and beneficent rule. His long and glorious day was now drawing to its close; and he contemplated the event with the same serenity which he had shown under the clouds of its morning and in its meridian splendor.

A short time before his death, he gathered around him those of his children in whom he most confided, his chief counsellors, the ambassadors of Mexico and Tlacopan, and his little son, the heir to the crown, his only offspring by the queen. He was then not eight years old, but had already given, as far as so tender a blossom might, the rich promise of future excellence.

After tenderly embracing the child, the dying monarch threw over him the robes of sovereignty. He then gave audience to the ambassa-

dors, and, when they had retired, made the boy repeat the substance of the conversation. He followed this by such counsels as were suited to his comprehension, and which, when remembered through the long vista of after-years, would serve as lights to guide him in his government of the kingdom. He besought him not to neglect the worship of "the unknown God," regretting that he himself had been unworthy to know him, and intimating his conviction that the time would come when he should be known and worshipped throughout the land.

He next addressed himself to that one of his sons in whom he placed the greatest trust, and whom he had selected as the guardian of the realm. "From this hour," said he to him, "you will fill the place that I have filled, of father to this child; you will teach him to live as he ought; and by your counsels he will rule over the empire. Stand in his place, and be his guide, till he shall be of age to govern for himself." Then, turning to his other children, he admonished them to live united with one another, and to show all loyalty to their prince, who, though a child, already manifested a discretion far above his years. "Be true to him," he added, "and he will maintain you in your rights and dignities."

Feeling his end approaching, he exclaimed, "Do not bewail me with idle lamentations. But sing the song of gladness, and show a courageous spirit, that the nations I have subdued may not believe you disheartened, but may feel that each one of you is strong enough to keep them in obedience!" The undaunted spirit of the monarch shone forth even in the agonies of death. That stout heart, however, melted, as he took leave of his children and friends, weeping tenderly over them, while he bade each a last adieu. When they had withdrawn, he ordered the officers of the palace to allow no one to enter it again. Soon after, he expired, in the seventy-second year of his age, and the forty-third of his reign.

Thus died the greatest monarch, and, if one foul blot could be effaced, perhaps the best, who ever sat upon an Indian throne. His character is delineated with tolerable impartiality by his kinsman, the Tezcucan chronicler: "He was wise, valiant, liberal; and, when we consider the magnanimity of his soul, the grandeur and success of his enterprises, his deep policy, as well as daring, we must admit him to have far surpassed every other prince and captain of this New World. He had few failings himself, and rigorously punished those of others. He preferred the public to his private interest; was most charitable in his nature, often buying articles, at double their worth, of poor and honest persons, and giving them away again to the sick and infirm. In seasons of scarcity he was particularly bountiful, remitting the taxes of his vassals, and supplying their wants from the royal granaries. He put no faith in the

idolatrous worship of the country. He was well instructed in moral science, and sought, above all things, to obtain light for knowing the true God. He believed in one God only, the Creator of heaven and earth, by whom we have our being, who never revealed himself to us in human form, nor in any other; with whom the souls of the virtuous are to dwell after death, while the wicked will suffer pains unspeakable. He invoked the Most High, as 'He by whom we live,' and 'Who has all things in himself.' He recognized the Sun for his father, and the Earth for his mother. He taught his children not to confide in idols, and only to conform to the outward worship of them from deference to public opinion. If he could not entirely abolish human sacrifices, derived from the Aztecs, he at least restricted them to slaves and captives."

NOCHE TRISTE, OR "THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT."

[*From the Same.*]

THERE was no longer any question as to the expediency of evacuating the capital. The only doubt was as to the time of doing so, and the route. The Spanish commander called a council of officers to deliberate on these matters. It was his purpose to retreat on Tlascala, and in that capital to decide, according to circumstances, on his future operations. After some discussion, they agreed on the causeway of Tlacopan as the avenue by which to leave the city. It would, indeed, take them back by a circuitous route, considerably longer than either of those by which they had approached the capital. But, for that reason, it would be less likely to be guarded, as least suspected; and the causeway itself, being shorter than either of the other entrances, would sooner place the army in comparative security on the main-land. . . .

The general's first care was to provide for the safe transportation of the treasure. Many of the common soldiers had converted their share of the prize, as we have seen, into gold chains, collars, or other ornaments, which they easily carried about their persons. But the royal fifth, together with that of Cortés himself, and much of the rich booty of the principal cavaliers, had been converted into bars and wedges of solid gold, and deposited in one of the strong apartments of the palace. Cortés delivered the share belonging to the crown to the royal officers, assigning them one of the strongest horses, and a guard of Castilian soldiers, to transport it. Still, much of the treasure, belonging both to the crown and to individuals, was necessarily abandoned, from the want of adequate means of conveyance. The metal lay scattered in shining heaps along

the floor, exciting the cupidity of the soldiers. "Take what you will of it," said Cortés to his men. "Better you should have it, than these Mexican hounds. But be careful not to overload yourselves. He travels safest in the dark night who travels lightest." His own more wary followers took heed to his counsel, helping themselves to a few articles of least bulk, though, it might be, of greatest value. But the troops of Narvaez, pining for riches of which they had heard so much and hitherto seen so little, showed no such discretion. To them it seemed as if the very mines of Mexico were turned up before them, and, rushing on the treacherous spoil, they greedily loaded themselves with as much of it, not merely as they could accommodate about their persons, but as they could stow away in wallets, boxes, or any other means of conveyance at their disposal.

Cortés next arranged the order of march. The van, composed of two hundred Spanish foot, he placed under the command of the valiant Gonzalo de Sandoval, supported by Diego de Ordaz, Francisco de Lujo, and about twenty other cavaliers. The rear-guard, constituting the strength of the infantry, was intrusted to Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon. The general himself took charge of the "battle," or centre, in which went the baggage, some of the heavy guns, most of which, however, remained in the rear, the treasure, and the prisoners. These consisted of a son and two daughters of Montezuma, Cacama, the deposed lord of Tezcuco, and several other nobles, whom Cortés retained as important pledges in his future negotiations with the enemy. The Tlascalans were distributed pretty equally among the three divisions; and Cortés had under his immediate command a hundred picked soldiers, his own veterans most attached to his service, who, with Cristóval de Olid, Francisco de Morla, Alonso de Avila, and two or three other cavaliers, formed a select corps, to act wherever occasion might require.

The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canals in the causeway. This was given in charge to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and time was short.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of the night. The gates were

thrown open, and on the first of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage.

The night was cloudy, and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, added to the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, as, indeed, it had been since the fall of Montezuma. Steadily, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlacopan, which so lately had resounded with the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence; and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse, or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been hottest. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of ebon lustre through the obscurity of night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shadowy forms of their foe lurking in ambush and ready to spring on them. But it was only fancy; and the city slept undisturbed even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horses and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage-trains. At length, a lighter space beyond the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was emerging on the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not all asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach, which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels, who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm, and fled, rousing their countrymen by their cries. The priests, keeping their night-watch on the summit of the *teocallis*, instantly caught the tidings and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war-god sent forth those solemn tones, which, heard only in seasons of calamity, vibrated through every corner of the capital. The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its strength, and, riding across, was followed by his little body of chivalry, his infantry, and Tlascalan allies, who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortés and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition-wagons, and a part of the artillery. But before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a plashing noise, as of many oars. Then came a few stones and arrows striking at random

among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment faster and more furious, till they thickened into a terrible tempest, while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war-cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake!

The Spaniards pushed steadily on through this arrowy sleet, though the barbarians, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon their ranks. But the Christians, anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self-preservation. The cavaliers, spurring forward their steeds, shook off their assailants and rode over their prostrate bodies, while the men on foot with their good swords or the butts of their pieces drove them headlong again down the sides of the dyke.

But the advance of several thousand men, marching, probably, on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty abreast, necessarily required much time, and the leading files had already reached the second breach in the causeway before those in the rear had entirely traversed the first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage, smarting all the while under unintermitting volleys from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening. Sorely distressed, the van-guard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge. At length the last of the army had crossed, and Magarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise the ponderous framework. But it stuck fast in the sides of the dike. In vain they strained every nerve. The weight of so many men and horses, and above all of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timbers so firmly in the stones and earth that it was beyond their power to dislodge them. Still they labored amidst a torrent of missiles, until, many of them slain, and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

The tidings soon spread from man to man, and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended than a cry of despair arose, which for a moment drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat were cut off. Scarcely hope was left. The only hope was in such desperate exertions as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger produced intense selfishness. Each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward, he trampled down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it were friend or foe. The leading files, urged on by the rear, were crowded on the brink of the gulf. Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeded in swimming their horses across. Others failed, and some, who reached the opposite bank, being overturned in the ascent, rolled headlong with their steeds into the lake. The infantry followed pell-mell, heaped promiscuously on one another, frequently pierced by the shafts or struck down by the war-clubs of the Aztecs; while many an unfortunate victim

was dragged half stunned on board their canoes, to be reserved for a protracted but more dreadful death.

The carnage raged fearfully along the length of the causeway. Its shadowy bulk presented a mark of sufficient distinctness for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes along-side, with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christians, until both came rolling down the side of the causeway together. But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice. The struggle was long and deadly. The Mexicans were recognized by their white cotton tunics, which showed faint through the darkness. Above the combatants rose a wild and discordant clamor, in which horrid shouts of vengeance were mingled with groans of agony, with invocations of the saints and the blessed Virgin, and with the screams of women; for there were several women, both natives and Spaniards, who had accompanied the Christian camp. Among these, one named Maria de Estrada is particularly noticed for the courage she displayed, battling with broadsword and target like the stanchest of the warriors.

The opening in the causeway, meanwhile, was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it, ammunition-wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses, till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually formed, by which those in the rear were enabled to clamber to the other side. Cortés, it is said, found a place that was fordable, where, halting, with the water up to his saddle-girths, he endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar, and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed forwards with a few trusty cavaliers, who remained near his person, to the van; but not before he had seen his favorite page, Juan de Salazar, struck down, a corpse, by his side. Here he found Sandoval and his companions, halting before the third and last breach, endeavoring to cheer on their followers to surmount it. But their resolution faltered. It was wide and deep; though the passage was not so closely beset by the enemy as the preceding ones. The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could, some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to the manes and tails of the struggling animals. Those fared best, as the general had predicted, who travelled lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches who, weighed down by the fatal gold which they loved so well, were buried with it in the salt floods of the lake. Cortés, with his gallant comrades, Olid, Morla, Sandoval, and some few others, still kept in the advance, leading his broken remnant

off the fatal causeway. The din of battle lessened in the distance; when the rumor reached them that the rear-guard would be wholly overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation; but the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses' bridles, they galloped back to the theatre of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thick of the *mêlée* on the opposite bank.

The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene which had been shrouded in the obscurity of night. The dark masses of combatants, stretching along the dike, were seen struggling for mastery, until the very causeway on which they stood appeared to tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake; while the bosom of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened by canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and bludgeons, armed with blades of "volcanic glass," gleamed in the morning light.

The cavaliers found Alvarado unhorsed, and defending himself with a poor handful of followers against an overwhelming tide of the enemy. His good steed, which had borne him through many a hard fight, had fallen under him. He was himself wounded in several places, and was striving in vain to rally his scattered column, which was driven to the verge of the canal by the fury of the enemy, then in possession of the whole rear of the causeway, where they were reinforced every hour by fresh combatants from the city. The artillery in the earlier part of the engagement had not been idle, and its iron shower, sweeping along the dike, had mowed down the assailants by hundreds. But nothing could resist their impetuosity. The front ranks, pushed on by those behind, were at length forced up to the pieces, and, pouring over them like a torrent, overthrew men and guns in one general ruin. The resolute charge of the Spanish cavaliers, who had now arrived, created a temporary check, and gave time for their countrymen to make a feeble rally. But they were speedily borne down by the returning flood. Cortés and his companions were compelled to plunge again into the lake,—though all did not escape. Alvarado stood on the brink for a moment, hesitating what to do. Unhorsed as he was, to throw himself into the water, in the face of the hostile canoes that now swarmed around the opening, afforded but a desperate chance of safety. He had but a second for thought. He was a man of powerful frame, and despair gave him unnatural energy. Setting his long lance firmly on the wreck which strewed the bottom of the lake, he sprang forward with all his might, and cleared the wide gap at a leap! Aztecs and Tlascalans gazed in stupid amazement, exclaiming, as they beheld the incredible feat, "This

is truly the *Tonatiuh*,—the child of the Sun!" The breadth of the opening is not given. But it was so great that the valorous Captain Diaz, who well remembered the place, says the leap was impossible to any man. Other contemporaries, however, do not discredit the story. It was, beyond doubt, matter of popular belief at the time; it is to this day familiarly known to every inhabitant of the capital; and the name of the *Salto de Alvarado*, "Alvarado's Leap," given to the spot, still commemorates an exploit which rivalled those of the demi-gods of Grecian fable.

Cortés and his companions now rode forward to the front, where the troops, in a loose, disorderly manner, were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle-ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had their enemy pursued with the same ferocity with which he had fought, would, in their crippled condition, have been cut off, probably, to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village, or suburbs, it might be called, of Popotla.

The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed, and, sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery, all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply of glorious war, forever lost. Cortés, as he looked wistfully on their thin and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the Conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears, which trickled down, revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul. . . . .

The loss sustained by the Spaniards on this fatal night, like every other event in the history of the Conquest, is reported with the greatest discrepancy. If we believe Cortés' own letter, it did not exceed one hundred and fifty Spaniards and two thousand Indians. But the general's bulletins, while they do full justice to the difficulties to be overcome and the importance of the results, are less scrupulous in stating the extent either of his means or of his losses. Thoan Cano, one of the cavaliers present, estimates the slain at eleven hundred and seventy Spaniards

and eight thousand allies. But this is a greater number than we have allowed for the whole army. Perhaps we may come nearest the truth by taking the computation of Gomara, who was the chaplain of Cortés, and who had free access, doubtless, not only to the general's papers, but to other authentic sources of information. According to him, the number of Christians killed and missing was four hundred and fifty, and that of natives four thousand. This, with the loss sustained in the conflicts of the previous week, may have reduced the former to something more than a third, and the latter to a fourth, or perhaps fifth, of the original force with which they entered the capital. The brunt of the action fell on the rear-guard, few of whom escaped. It was formed chiefly of the soldiers of Narvaez, who fell the victims, in some measure, of their cupidity. Forty-six of the cavalry were cut off, which with previous losses reduced the number in this branch of the service to twenty-three, and some of these in very poor condition. The greater part of the treasure, the baggage, the general's papers, including his accounts, and a minute diary of transactions since leaving Cuba,—which, to posterity at least, would have been of more worth than the gold,—had been swallowed up by the waters. The ammunition, the beautiful little train of artillery with which Cortés had entered the city, were all gone. Not a musket even remained, the men having thrown them away, eager to disencumber themselves of all that might retard their escape on that disastrous night. Nothing, in short, of their military apparatus was left, but their swords, their crippled cavalry, and a few damaged cross-bows, to assert the superiority of the European over the barbarian.

The prisoners, including, as already noticed, the children of Montezuma and the cacique of Tezcuco, all perished by the hands of their ignorant countrymen, it is said, in the indiscriminate fury of the assault. There were, also, some persons of consideration among the Spaniards whose names were inscribed on the same bloody roll of slaughter. Such was Francisco de Morla, who fell by the side of Cortés on returning with him to the rescue. But the greatest loss was that of Juan Velasquez de Leon, who, with Alvarado, had command of the rear. It was the post of danger on that night, and he fell, bravely defending it, at an early part of the retreat. He was an excellent officer, possessed of many knightly qualities, though somewhat haughty in his bearing, being one of the best-connected cavaliers in the army. The near relation of the governor of Cuba, he looked coldly, at first, on the pretensions of Cortés; but, whether from a conviction that the latter had been wronged, or from personal preference, he afterwards attached himself zealously to his leader's interests. The general requited this with a generous confidence, assigning him, as we have seen, a separate and independent command, where misconduct, or even a mistake, would have been fatal to

the expedition. Valasquez proved himself worthy of the trust; and there was no cavalier in the army, with the exception, perhaps, of Sandoval and Alvarado, whose loss would have been so deeply deplored by the commander. Such were the disastrous results of this terrible passage of the causeway; more disastrous than those occasioned by any other reverse which has stained the Spanish arms in the New World; and which have branded the night on which it happened, in the national annals, with the name of the *noche triste*, "the sad or melancholy night."

A BANQUET OF THE DEAD.

[*History of the Conquest of Peru.* 1847.]

THE wealth displayed by the Peruvian princes was only that which each had amassed individually for himself. He owed nothing to inheritance from his predecessors. On the decease of an Inca, his palaces were abandoned; all his treasures, except what were employed in his obsequies, his furniture and apparel, were suffered to remain as he left them, and his mansions, save one, were closed up forever. The new sovereign was to provide himself with everything new for his royal state. The reason of this was the popular belief that the soul of the departed monarch would return after a time to re-animate his body on earth; and they wished that he should find everything to which he had been used in life prepared for his reception.

When an Inca died, or, to use his own language, "was called home to the mansions of his father, the Sun," his obsequies were celebrated with great pomp and solemnity. The bowels were taken from the body and deposited in the temple of Tampu, about five leagues from the capital. A quantity of his plate and jewels was buried with them, and a number of his attendants and favorite concubines, amounting sometimes, it is said, to a thousand, were immolated on his tomb. Some of them showed the natural repugnance to the sacrifice occasionally manifested by the victims of a similar superstition in India. But these were probably the menials and more humble attendants; since the women have been known, in more than one instance, to lay violent hands on themselves, when restrained from testifying their fidelity by this act of conjugal martyrdom. This melancholy ceremony was followed by a general mourning throughout the empire. At stated intervals, for a year, the people assembled to renew the expressions of their sorrow; processions were made, displaying the banner of the departed monarch; bards and minstrels were appointed to chronicle his achievements, and

their songs continued to be rehearsed at high festivals in the presence of the reigning monarch,—thus stimulating the living by the glorious example of the dead.

The body of the deceased Inca was skilfully embalmed, and removed to the great temple of the Sun at Cuzco. There the Peruvian sovereign, on entering the awful sanctuary, might behold the effigies of his royal ancestors, ranged in opposite files,—the men on the right, and their queens on the left, of the great luminary which blazed in refulgent gold on the walls of the temple. The bodies, clothed in the princely attire which they had been accustomed to wear, were placed on chairs of gold, and sat with their heads inclined downward, their hands placidly crossed over their bosoms, their countenances exhibiting their natural dusky hue,—less liable to change than the fresher coloring of a European complexion,—and their hair of raven black, or silvered over with age, according to the period at which they died! It seemed like a company of solemn worshippers fixed in devotion,—so true were the forms and lineaments to life. The Peruvians were as successful as the Egyptians in the miserable attempt to perpetuate the existence of the body beyond the limits assigned to it by nature.

They cherished a still stranger illusion in the attentions which they continued to pay to these insensible remains, as if they were instinct with life. One of the houses belonging to a deceased Inca was kept open and occupied by his guard and attendants, with all the state appropriate to royalty. On certain festivals, the revered bodies of the sovereigns were brought out with great ceremony into the public square of the capital. Invitations were sent by the captains of the guard of the respective Incas to the different nobles and officers of the court; and entertainments were provided in the names of their masters, which displayed all the profuse magnificence of their treasures,—and "such a display," says an ancient chronicler, "was there in the great square of Cuzco, on this occasion, of gold and silver plate and jewels, as no other city in the world ever witnessed." The banquet was served by the menials of the respective households, and the guests partook of the melancholy cheer in the presence of the royal phantom with the same attention to the forms of courtly etiquette as if the living monarch had presided!

THE CONQUISTADORES.

[*From the Same.*]

GOLD was ever floating before their distempered vision, and the name of *Castilla del Oro*, Golden Castile, the most unhealthy and unprofitable region of the Isthmus, held out a bright promise to the unfortunate settler, who too frequently, instead of gold, found there only his grave.

In this realm of enchantment, all the accessaries served to maintain the illusion. The simple natives, with their defenceless bodies and rude weapons, were no match for the European warrior armed to the teeth in mail. The odds were as great as those found in any legend of chivalry, where the lance of the good knight overturned hundreds at a touch. The perils that lay in the discoverer's path, and the sufferings he had to sustain, were scarcely inferior to those that beset the knight-errant. Hunger and thirst and fatigue, the deadly effluvia of the morass with its swarms of venomous insects, the cold of mountain snows, and the scorching sun of the tropics, these were the lot of every cavalier who came to seek his fortunes in the New World. It was the reality of romance. The life of the Spanish adventurer was one chapter more—and not the least remarkable—in the chronicles of knight-errantry.

The character of the warrior took on somewhat of the exaggerated coloring shed over his exploits. Proud and vain-glorious, swelled with lofty anticipations of his destiny and an invincible confidence in his own resources, no danger could appall and no toil could tire him. The greater the danger, indeed, the higher the charm; for his soul revelled in excitement, and the enterprise without peril wanted that spur of romance which was necessary to rouse his energies into action. Yet in the motives of action, meaner influences were strangely mingled with the loftier, the temporal with the spiritual. Gold was the incentive and the recompense, and in the pursuit of it his inflexible nature rarely hesitated as to the means. His courage was sullied with cruelty, the cruelty that flowed equally—strange as it may seem—from his avarice and his religion; religion as it was understood in that age,—the religion of the Crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to Heaven, and the conversion of those who survived amply atoned for the foulest offences. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the Inquisitor at home, and of the Crusader

abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached peace upon earth and good will towards man!

What a contrast did these children of Southern Europe present to the Anglo-Saxon races who scattered themselves along the great northern division of the Western hemisphere! For the principle of action with these latter was not avarice, nor the more specious pretext of proselytism; but independence,—independence religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of frugality and toil. They asked nothing from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labor. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path and beckoned them onwards through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of their social polity. They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brow, till it took deep root in the land and sent up its branches high towards the heavens; while the communities of the neighboring continent, shooting up into the sudden splendors of a tropical vegetation, exhibited, even in their prime, the sure symptoms of decay.

It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonize them. Thus, the northern section was consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly, industrious habits found an ample field for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now Protestant America!

EXECUTION OF EGMONT AND HOORNE.

[*History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* 1855.]

ON the second of June, 1568, a body of three thousand men was ordered to Ghent to escort the Counts Egmont and Hoorne to Brussels. No resistance was offered, although the presence of the Spaniards caused a great sensation among the inhabitants of the place, who too well foreboded the fate of their beloved lord.

The nobles, each accompanied by two officers, were put into separate

chariots. They were guarded by twenty companies of pikemen and arquebusiers; and a detachment of lancers, among whom was a body of the duke's own horse, rode in the van, while another of equal strength protected the rear. Under this strong escort they moved slowly towards Brussels. One night they halted at Dendermonde, and towards evening, on the fourth of the month, entered the capital. As the martial array defiled through its streets, there was no one, however stout-hearted he might be, says an eye-witness, who could behold the funeral pomp of the procession, and listen to the strains of melancholy music, without a feeling of sickness at his heart.

The prisoners were at once conducted to the *Brod-huys*, or "Bread-house," usually known as the *Maison du Roi*,—that venerable pile in the market-place of Brussels, still visited by every traveller for its curious architecture, and yet more as the last resting-place of the Flemish lords. Here they were lodged in separate rooms, small, dark, and uncomfortable, and scantily provided with furniture. Nearly the whole of the force which had escorted them to Brussels was established in the great square, to defeat any attempt at a rescue. But none was made; and the night passed away without disturbance, except what was occasioned by the sound of busy workmen employed in constructing a scaffold for the scene of execution on the following day.

On the afternoon of the fourth, the duke of Alva had sent for Martin Rithovius, bishop of Ypres; and, communicating to him the sentence of the nobles, he requested the prelate to visit the prisoners, acquaint them with their fate, and prepare them for their execution on the following day. The bishop, an excellent man, and the personal friend of Egmont, was astounded by the tidings. He threw himself at Alva's feet, imploring mercy for the prisoners, and, if he could not spare their lives, beseeching him at least to grant them more time for preparation. But Alva sternly rebuked the prelate, saying that he had been summoned, not to thwart the execution of the law, but to console the prisoners and enable them to die like Christians. The bishop, finding his entreaties useless, rose and addressed himself to his melancholy mission.

It was near midnight when he entered Egmont's apartment, where he found the poor nobleman, whose strength had been already reduced by confinement, and who was wearied by the fatigue of the journey, buried in slumber. It is said that the two lords, when summoned to Brussels, had indulged the vain hope that it was to inform them of the conclusion of their trial and their acquittal! However this may be, Egmont seems to have been but ill prepared for the dreadful tidings he received. He turned deadly pale as he listened to the bishop, and exclaimed, with deep emotion, "It is a terrible sentence. Little did I imagine that any offence I had committed against God or the king could merit such pun-

ishment. It is not death that I fear. Death is the common lot of all. But I shrink from dishonor. Yet I may hope that my sufferings will so far expiate my offences that my innocent family will not be involved in my ruin by the confiscation of my property. Thus much, at least, I think I may claim in consideration of my past services." Then, after a pause, he added, "Since my death is the will of God and his majesty, I will try to meet it with patience." He asked the bishop if there were no hope. On being answered, "None whatever," he resolved to devote himself at once to preparing for the solemn change.

He rose from his couch, and hastily dressed himself. He then made his confession to the prelate, and desired that mass might be said, and the sacrament administered to him. This was done with great solemnity, and Egmont received the communion in the most devout manner, manifesting the greatest contrition for his sins. He next inquired of the bishop to what prayer he could best have recourse to sustain him in this trying hour. The prelate recommended to him that prayer which our Saviour had commended to his disciples. The advice pleased the count, who earnestly engaged in his devotions. But a host of tender recollections crowded on his mind, and the images of his wife and children drew his thoughts in another direction, till the kind expostulations of the prelate again restored him to himself.

Egmont asked whether it would be well to say anything on the scaffold for the edification of the people. But the bishop discouraged him, saying that he would be imperfectly heard, and that the people, in their present excitement, would be apt to misinterpret what he said to their own prejudice.

Having attended to his spiritual concerns, Egmont called for writing materials, and wrote a letter to his wife, whom he had not seen during his long confinement; and to her he now bade a tender farewell. He then addressed another letter, written in French, in a few brief and touching sentences, to the king,—which fortunately has been preserved to us. "This morning," he says, "I have been made acquainted with the sentence which it has pleased your majesty to pass upon me. And although it has never been my intent to do aught against the person or the service of your majesty, or against our true, ancient, and Catholic faith, yet I receive in patience what it has pleased God to send me. If during these troubles I have counselled or permitted aught which might seem otherwise, I have done so from a sincere regard for the service of God and your majesty, and from what I believed the necessity of the times. Wherefore I pray your majesty to pardon it, and for the sake of my past services to take pity on my poor wife, my children, and my servants. In this trust, I commend myself to the mercy of God." The letter is dated Brussels, "on the point of death," June 5th, 1568.

Having time still left, the count made a fair copy of the two letters, and gave them to the bishop, entreating him to deliver them according to their destination. He accompanied that to Philip with a ring, to be given at the same to the monarch. It was of great value, and, as it had been the gift of Philip himself during the count's late visit to Madrid, it might soften the heart of the king by reminding him of happier days, when he had looked with an eye of favor on his unhappy vassal.

Having completed all his arrangements, Egmont became impatient for the hour of his departure; and he expressed the hope that there would be no unnecessary delay. At ten in the morning the soldiers appeared who were to conduct him to the scaffold. They brought with them cords, as usual, to bind the prisoner's hands. But Egmont remonstrated, and showed that he had, himself, cut off the collar of his doublet and shirt, in order to facilitate the stroke of the executioner. This he did to convince them that he meditated no resistance; and on his promising that he would attempt none, they consented to his remaining with his hands unbound.

Egmont was dressed in a crimson damask robe, over which was a Spanish mantle fringed with gold. His breeches were of black silk, and his hat, of the same material, was garnished with white and sable plumes. In his hand, which, as we have seen, remained free, he held a white handkerchief. On his way to the place of execution he was accompanied by Julian de Romero, *maître de camp*, by the captain, Salinas, who had charge of the fortress of Ghent, and by the bishop of Ypres. As the procession moved slowly forward, the count repeated some portion of the fifty-first Psalm,—"Have mercy on me, O God!"—in which the good prelate joined with him. In the centre of the square, on the spot where so much of the best blood of the Netherlands had been shed, stood the scaffold, covered with black cloth. On it were two velvet cushions with a small table, shrouded likewise in black, and supporting a silver crucifix. At the corners of the platform were two poles, pointed at the end with steel, intimating the purpose for which they were intended.

In front of the scaffold was the provost of the court, mounted on horseback, and bearing the red wand of office in his hand. The executioner remained, as usual, below the platform, screened from view, that he might not, by his presence before it was necessary, outrage the feelings of the prisoners. The troops, who had been under arms all night, were drawn up around in order of battle; and strong bodies of arquebusiers were posted in the great avenues which led to the square. The space left open by the soldiery was speedily occupied by a crowd of eager spectators. Others thronged the roofs and windows of the buildings that surrounded the market-place, some of which, still stand-

ing at the present day, show, by their quaint and venerable architecture, that they must have looked down on the tragic scene we are now depicting.

It was indeed a gloomy day for Brussels,—so long the residence of the two nobles, where their forms were as familiar and where they were held in as much love and honor as in any of their own provinces. All business was suspended. The shops were closed. The bells tolled in all the churches. An air of gloom, as of some impending calamity, settled on the city. "It seemed," says one residing there at the time, "as if the day of judgment were at hand!"

As the procession slowly passed through the ranks of the soldiers, Egmont saluted the officers—some of them his ancient companions—with such a sweet and dignified composure in his manner as was long remembered by those who saw it. And few even of the Spaniards could refrain from tears as they took their last look at the gallant noble who was to perish by so miserable an end.

With a steady step he mounted the scaffold, and, as he crossed it, gave utterance to the vain wish that, instead of meeting such a fate, he had been allowed to die in the service of his king and country. He quickly, however, turned to other thoughts, and, kneeling on one of the cushions, with the bishop beside him on the other, he was soon engaged earnestly in prayer. With his eyes raised towards heaven with a look of unutterable sadness, he prayed so fervently and loud as to be distinctly heard by the spectators. The prelate, much affected, put into his hands the silver crucifix, which Egmont repeatedly kissed; after which, having received absolution for the last time, he rose and made a sign to the bishop to retire. He then stripped off his mantle and robe; and, again kneeling, he drew a silk cap, which he had brought for the purpose, over his eyes, and, repeating the words, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he calmly awaited the stroke of the executioner.

The low sounds of lamentation which from time to time had been heard among the populace were now hushed into silence, as the minister of justice, appearing on the platform, approached his victim and with a single blow of the sword severed the head from the body. A cry of horror rose from the multitude, and some, frantic with grief, broke through the ranks of the soldiers and wildly dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood that streamed from the scaffold, treasuring them up, says the chronicler, as precious memorials of love and incitements to vengeance. The head was then set on one of the poles at the end of the platform, while a mantle thrown over the mutilated trunk hid it from the public gaze.

It was near noon when orders were sent to lead forth the remaining prisoner to execution. It had been assigned to the curate of La Chapelle

to acquaint Count Hoorne with his fate. That nobleman received the awful tidings with less patience than was shown by his friend. He gave way to a burst of indignation at the cruelty and injustice of the sentence. It was a poor requital, he said, for eight-and-twenty years of faithful service to his sovereign. Yet, he added, he was not sorry to be released from a life of such incessant fatigue. For some time he refused to confess, saying he had done enough in the way of confession. When urged not to throw away the few precious moments that were left to him, he at length consented.

The count was dressed in a plain suit of black, and wore a Milanese cap upon his head. He was, at this time, about fifty years of age. He was tall, with handsome features, and altogether of a commanding presence. His form was erect, and as he passed with a steady step through the files of soldiers, on his way to the place of execution, he frankly saluted those of his acquaintance whom he saw among the spectators. His look had in it less of sorrow than of indignation, like that of one conscious of enduring wrong. He was spared one pang, in his last hour, which had filled Egmont's cup with bitterness; though, like him, he had a wife, he was to leave no orphan family to mourn him.

As he trod the scaffold, the apparatus of death seemed to have no power to move him. He still repeated the declaration that, "often as he had offended his Maker, he had never, to his knowledge, committed any offence against the king." When his eyes fell on the bloody shroud that enveloped the remains of Egmont, he inquired if it were the body of his friend. Being answered in the affirmative, he made some remark in Castilian, not understood. He then prayed for a few moments, but in so low a tone that the words were not caught by the by-standers, and, rising, he asked pardon of those around if he had ever offended any of them, and earnestly besought their prayers. Then, without further delay, he knelt down, and, repeating the words, "*In manus tuas, Domine*," he submitted himself to his fate.

His bloody head was set up opposite to that of his fellow-sufferer. For three hours these ghastly trophies remained exposed to the gaze of the multitude. They were then taken down, and, with the bodies, placed in leaden coffins, which were straightway removed,—that containing the remains of Egmont to the convent of Santa Clara, and that of Hoorne to the ancient church of Ste. Gudule. To these places, especially to Santa Clara, the people now flocked, as to the shrine of a martyr. They threw themselves on the coffin, kissing it and bedewing it with their tears, as if it had contained the relics of some murdered saint; while many of them, taking little heed of the presence of informers, breathed vows of vengeance, some even swearing not to trim

either hair or beard till these vows were executed. The government seems to have thought it prudent to take no notice of this burst of popular feeling. But a funeral hatchment, blazoned with the arms of Egmont, which, as usual after the master's death, had been fixed by his domestics on the gates of his mansion, was ordered to be instantly removed,—no doubt, as tending to keep alive the popular excitement. The bodies were not allowed to remain long in their temporary places of deposit, but were transported to the family residences of the two lords in the country, and laid in the vaults of their ancestors.

Thus by the hand of the common executioner perished these two unfortunate noblemen, who, by their rank, possessions, and personal characters, were the most illustrious victims that could have been selected in the Netherlands. Both had early enjoyed the favor of Charles the Fifth, and both had been intrusted by Philip with some of the highest offices in the state. Philip de Montmorency, Count Hoorne, the elder of the two, came of the ancient house of Montmorency in France. Besides filling the high post of Admiral of the Low Countries, he was made governor of the provinces of Gueldres and Zutphen, was a councillor of state, and was created by the emperor a knight of the Golden Fleece. His fortune was greatly inferior to that of Count Egmont; yet its confiscation afforded a supply by no means unwelcome to the needy exchequer of the duke of Alva.

However nearly on a footing they might be in many respects, Hoorne was altogether eclipsed by his friend in military renown. Lamoral, Count Egmont, inherited through his mother, the most beautiful woman of her time, the title of prince of Gavre,—a place on the Scheldt, not far from Ghent. He preferred, however, the more modest title of Count of Egmont, which came to him by the father's side, from ancestors who had reigned over the duchy of Gueldres. The uncommon promise which he early gave served with his high position, to recommend him to the notice of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in 1544, honored by his presence Egmont's nuptials with Sabina, countess-palatine of Bavaria. In 1546, when scarcely twenty-four years of age, he was admitted to the order of the Golden Fleece,—and, by a singular coincidence, on the same day on which that dignity was bestowed on the man destined to become his mortal foe, the duke of Alva. Philip, on his accession, raised him to the dignity of a councillor of state, and made him governor of the important provinces of Artois and Flanders.

But every other title to distinction faded away before that derived from those two victories which left the deepest stain on the French arms that they had received since the defeat of Pavia. "I have seen," said the French ambassador, who witnessed the execution of Egmont, "I have seen the head of that man fall who twice caused France to tremble."

George Catlin.

Born in Wilkesbarre, Penn., 1796. Died in Jersey City, N. J., 1872.

A PAINTER AMONG THE INDIANS.

[*Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians.* 1841.]

PERHAPS nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my brush. The art of portrait-painting was a subject entirely new to them, and, of course, unthought of; and my appearance here has commenced a new era in the arcana of medicine or mystery. Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two principal chiefs. This was done without having awakened the curiosity of the villagers, as they had heard nothing of what was going on, and even the chiefs themselves seemed to be ignorant of my designs, until the pictures were completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation; and, when finished, it was exceedingly amusing to see them mutually recognizing each other's likeness, and assuring each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of these pressed their hand over their mouths awhile in dead silence (a custom amongst most tribes, when anything surprises them very much); looking attentively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and colors with which these unaccountable effects had been produced.

They then walked up to me in the most gentle manner, taking me in turn by the hand with a firm grip; with head and eyes inclined downwards, and in a tone a little above a whisper, pronounced the words, "te-ho-pe-nee Wash-ee!" and walked off. . . . .

That moment conferred an honor on me, which you as yet do not understand. I took the degree (not of Doctor of Laws, nor Bachelor of Arts) of Master of Arts—of mysteries—of magic, and of hocus-pocus. I was recognized in that short sentence as a "great medicine white man;" and since that time, have been regularly installed medicine or mystery, which is the most honorable degree that could be conferred upon me here; and I now hold a place amongst the most eminent and envied personages, the doctors and conjurati of this titled community. . . . .

After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, and they had returned to their wigwams, and deliberately seated themselves by their respective firesides, and silently smoked a pipe or two (according to an universal custom), they gradually began to tell what had taken place; and at length crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open,

throngea their lodges; and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glistening eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to see what was going on within. An hour or more passed in this way, and the soft and silken throng continually increased, until some hundreds of them were clung, and piled about my wigwam like a swarm of bees hanging on the front and sides of their hive.

During this time, not a man made his appearance about the premises —after a while, however, they could be seen, folded in their robes, gradually siding up towards the lodge, with a silly look upon their faces, which confessed at once that curiosity was leading them reluctantly, where their pride checked and forbade them to go. The rush soon after became general, and the chiefs and medicine-men took possession of my room, placing soldiers (braves with spears in their hands) at the door, admitting no one, but such as were allowed by the chiefs, to come in.

Monsieur Kipp (the agent of the Fur Company, who has lived here eight years, and to whom, for his politeness and hospitality, I am much indebted) at this time took a seat with the chiefs, and speaking their language fluently, he explained to them my views and the objects for which I was painting these portraits; and also expounded to them the manner in which they were made,—at which they seemed all to be very much pleased. The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the crowds who were assembled around the house, became imperative, and they were held up together over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognize their chiefs. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had heard no way of accounting for them, was novel and really laughable. The likenesses were instantly recognized, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelping; some were stamping off in the jarring dance—others were singing, and others again were crying—hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears frightfully into the ground, and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams. . . . .

I stepped forth, and was instantly hemmed in in the throng. Women were gaping and gazing—and warriors and braves were offering me their hands—whilst little boys and girls, by dozens, were struggling through the crowd to touch me with the ends of their fingers; and whilst I was engaged, from the waist upwards, in fending off the throng and shaking hands, my legs were assailed (not unlike the nibbling of little fish, when I have been standing in deep water) by children, who were creeping between the legs of the by-standers for the curiosity or honor of touching me with the end of their finger. The eager curiosity and expression of

astonishment with which they gazed upon me, plainly showed that they looked upon me as some strange and unaccountable being. They pronounced me the greatest medicine-man in the world; for they said I had made living beings,—they said they could see their chiefs alive in two places—those that I had made were a little alive—they could see their eyes move—could see them smile and laugh, and that if they could laugh they could certainly speak, if they should try, and they must therefore have some life in them.

The squaws generally agreed that they had discovered life enough in them to render my medicine too great for the Mandans; saying that such an operation could not be performed without taking away from the original something of his existence, which I put in the picture, and they could see it move, could see it stir. This curtailing of the natural existence, for the purpose of instilling life into the secondary one, they decided to be an useless and destructive operation, and one which was calculated to do great mischief in their happy community; and they commenced a mournful and doleful chaunt against me, crying and weeping bitterly through the village, proclaiming me a most "dangerous man; one who could make living persons by looking at them; and at the same time, could, as a matter of course, destroy life in the same way, if I chose. That my medicine was dangerous to their lives, and that I must leave the village immediately. That bad luck would happen to those whom I painted—that I was to take a part of the existence of those whom I painted, and carry it home with me amongst the white people, and that when they died they would never sleep quiet in their graves."

In this way the women and some old quack medicine-men together had succeeded in raising an opposition against me; and the reasons they assigned were so plausible and so exactly suited for their superstitious feelings that they completely succeeded in exciting fears and a general panic in the minds of a number of chiefs who had agreed to sit for their portraits, and my operations were, of course, for several days completely at a stand. A grave council was held on the subject from day to day, and there seemed great difficulty in deciding what was to be done with me and the dangerous art which I was practising; and which had far exceeded their original expectations. I finally got admittance to their sacred conclave, and assured them, that I was but a man like themselves, —that my art had no medicine or mystery about it, but could be learned by any of them if they would practise it as long as I had—that my intentions towards them were of the most friendly kind, and that in the country where I lived, brave men never allowed their squaws to frighten them with their foolish whims and stories. They all immediately arose, shook me by the hand, and dressed themselves for their pictures. After

this, there was no further difficulty about sitting; all were ready to be painted,—the squaws were silent, and my painting-room a continual resort for the chiefs, and braves, and medicine-men; where they waited with impatience for the completion of each one's picture,—that they could decide as to the likeness as it came from under the brush; that they could laugh, and yell, and sing a new song, and smoke a fresh pipe to the health and success of him who had just been safely delivered from the hands of the "white medicine." . . . .

I was waited upon in due form and ceremony by the medicine-men, who received me upon the old adage, "*similis simili gaudet.*" I was invited to a feast, and they presented me a she-shee-quoi, or a doctor's rattle, and also a magical wand, or a doctor's staff, strung with claws of the grizzly bear, with hoofs of the antelope—with ermine—with wild sage and bats' wings—and perfumed withal with the choice and savory odor of the pole-cat—a dog was sacrificed and hung by the legs over my wigwam, and I was therefore and thereby initiated into (and countenanced in the practice of) the arcana of medicine or mystery, and considered a Fellow of the Extraordinary Society of Conjurati.

Since this signal success and good fortune in my operations, things have gone on very pleasantly, and I have had a great deal of amusement. Some altercation has taken place, however, amongst the chiefs and braves, with regard to standing or rank, of which they are exceedingly jealous, and they must sit (if at all) in regular order, according to that rank; the trouble is all settled at last, however, and I have had no want of subjects, though a great many have become again alarmed, and are unwilling to sit, for fear, as some say, that they will die prematurely if painted; and, as others say, that if they are painted, the picture will live after they are dead, and they cannot sleep quiet in their graves.

I have had several most remarkable occurrences in my painting-room, of this kind, which have made me some everlasting enemies here; though the minds and feelings of the chiefs and medicine-men have not been affected by them. There have been three or four instances where proud and aspiring young men have been in my lodge, and after gazing at the portraits of the head chief across the room (which sits looking them in the eyes), have raised their hands before their faces and walked around to the side of the lodge, on the right or left, from whence to take a long and fair side-look at the chief, instead of staring him full in the face (which is a most unpardonable offence in all Indian tribes); and after having got in that position, and cast their eyes again upon the portrait which was yet looking them full in the face, have thrown their robes over their heads and bolted out of the wigwam, filled equally with astonishment and indignation; averring, as they always will in a sullen mood, that they "saw the eyes move,"—that as they walked around the

room "the eyes of the portrait followed them." With these unfortunate gentlemen, repeated efforts have been made by the traders, and also by the chiefs and doctors, who understand the illusion, to convince them of their error, by explaining the mystery; but they will not hear to any explanation whatever, saying, that "what they see with their eyes is always evidence enough for them;" "that they always believe their own eyes sooner than a hundred tongues," and all efforts to get them a second time to my room, or into my company in any place, have proved entirely unsuccessful.

I had trouble brewing also the other day, from another source; one of the "medicines" commenced howling and haranguing around my domicile, amongst the throng that was outside, proclaiming that all who were inside and being painted were fools and would soon die; and very materially affecting thereby my popularity. I however sent for him, and called him in the next morning, when I was alone, having only the interpreter with me; telling him that I had had my eye upon him for several days, and had been so well pleased with his looks, that I had taken great pains to find out his history, which had been explained by all as one of a most extraordinary kind, and his character and standing in his tribe as worthy of my particular notice; and that I had several days since resolved that as soon as I had practised my hand long enough upon the others, to get the stiffness out of it (after paddling my canoe so far as I had) and make it to work easily and successfully, I would begin on his portrait, which I was then prepared to commence on that day, and that I felt as if I could do him justice. He shook me by the hand, giving me the "Doctor's grip," and beckoned me to sit down, which I did, and we smoked a pipe together. After this was over, he told me, that "he had no inimical feelings towards me, although he had been telling the chiefs that they were all fools, and all would die who had their portraits painted—that although he had set the old women and children all crying, and even made some of the young warriors tremble, yet he had no unfriendly feelings towards me, nor any fear or dread of my art." "I know you are a good man (said he), I know you will do no harm to any one; your medicine is great and you are a great 'medicine-man.' I would like to see myself very well, and so would all of the chiefs; but they have all been many days in this medicine-house, and they all know me well, and they have not asked me to come in and be made alive with paints—my friend, I am glad that my people have told you who I am—my heart is glad—I will go to my wigwam and eat, and in a little while I will come, and you may go to work;"—another pipe was lit and smoked, and he got up and went off. I prepared my canvas and palette, and whistled away the time until twelve o'clock, before he made his appearance; having used the whole of the fore-part of the

day at his toilette, arranging his dress and ornamenting his body for his picture.

At that hour then, bedaubed and streaked with paints of various colors, with bears' grease and charcoal, with medicine-pipes in his hands and foxes' tails attached to his heels, entered Mah-to-he-hah (the old bear), with a train of his own profession, who seated themselves around him; and also a number of boys, whom it was requested should remain with him, and whom I supposed it possible might have been pupils, whom he was instructing in the mysteries of *materia medica* and *hoca poca*. He took his position in the middle of the room, waving his eagle calumets in each hand, and singing his medicine-song which he sings over his dying patient, looking me full in the face until I completed his picture, which I painted at full length. His vanity has been completely gratified in the operation; he lies for hours together, day after day, in my room, in front of his picture, gazing intensely upon it; lights my pipe for me while I am painting—shakes hands with me a dozen times on each day, and talks of me, and enlarges upon my medicine virtues and my talents wherever he goes; so that this new difficulty is now removed, and instead of preaching against me, he is one of my strongest and most enthusiastic friends and aids in the country.

Sarah Josepha Hale.

BORN in Newport, N. H., 1795. DIED in Philadelphia, Penn., 1879.

IT SNOWS.

[*Woman's Record.* 1852.]

"IT snows!" cries the School-boy—"hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift, as the wing of a swallow, he's out
And his playmates have answered his call:
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,—
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of Nature, are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;

While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate:
And nearer, and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame—
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the Traveller—"Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared—
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see;
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with their babes at her knee.
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power.

"It snows!" cries the Belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquest, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away;
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,
That world has a fountain ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow—"Oh God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows—
'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor, when it snows!

John Gorham Palfrey.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1796. DIED at Cambridge, Mass., 1881.

THE GREAT AWAKENING.

[*A Compendious History of New England.* 1866–73.]

A PORTION of the people of New England deplored the departure of what was in their estimation a sort of golden age. Thoughtful and religious men looked back to the time when sublime efforts of adventure and sacrifice had attested the religious earnestness of their fathers, and, comparing it with their own day of absorption in secular interests, of relaxation in ecclesiastical discipline, and of imputed laxness of manners, they mourned that the ancient glory had been dimmed. The contrast made a standing topic of the election sermons preached before the government from year to year, from the time of John Norton down. When military movements miscarried, when harvests failed, when epidemic sickness brought alarm and sorrow, when an earthquake spread consternation, they interpreted the calamity or the portent as a sign of God's displeasure against their backsliding, and appointed fasts to deprecate his wrath, or resorted to the more solemn expedient of convoking synods to ascertain the conditions of reconciliation to the offended Majesty of Heaven.

That religion, so sickly, might be reinvigorated was the constant hope and aim of numbers of reflecting persons. From time to time there would be reports of remarkable success attending the labors of one or another devoted minister. Among such Mr. Solomon Stoddard was distinguished. In his ministry of nearly sixty years at Northampton, "he had five harvests, as he called them;" that is, there were five different times at which a large number of persons professed religious convictions, and attached themselves to his church. An earthquake which traversed a considerable part of inhabited New England was interpreted as a Providential admonition, and the ministers of various places, of Boston especially, availed themselves of the terror which it inspired as an instrument of religious effect. The shock was felt just before midnight. "On the next morning a very full assembly met at the North Church [Cotton Mather's] for the proper exercises on so extraordinary an occasion. At five in the evening a crowded concourse assembled at the Old Church [Dr. Chauncy's], and multitudes, unable to get in, immediately flowed to the South [Mr. Prince's], and in a few minutes filled that also. . . . At Lieutenant-Governor Dummer's motion . . . a day of extraordinary fasting and prayer was kept in all the

churches in Boston. . . . The ministers endeavored to set in with this extraordinary and awakening work of God in nature, and to preach his word in the most awakening manner;" and "in all the congregations many seemed to be awakened and reformed." But it was not till after the time of the political lull in Governor Belcher's administration, that in any quarter a religious movement took place of sufficient importance to attract wide attention.

Stoddard was succeeded as minister of Northampton by Jonathan Edwards, his grandson. In Edwards's judgment the people were suffering from want of a sufficiently distinct and earnest presentation of Calvinistic doctrine. He preached vehemently on "Justification by Faith" and "God's Absolute Sovereignty." Some of his friends were displeased, not by his doctrine, but by his exciting inferences from it, and would have discouraged him. But with an unimpassioned obstinacy he went on, and soon saw cause to rejoice in the fruit of his labors. "The spirit of God," he writes, "began extraordinarily to set in and wonderfully to work among us; and there were very suddenly, one after another, five or six persons who were to all appearance savingly converted, and some of them wrought upon in a very remarkable manner. . . . A great and earnest concern about the great things of religion and the eternal world became universal in all parts of the town, and among persons of all degrees and all ages; the noise among the dry bones waxed louder and louder; all other talk but about spiritual and eternal things was soon thrown by. . . . Other discourse than of the things of religion would scarcely be tolerated in any company. . . . There was scarcely a single person in the town, either old or young, that was left unconcerned; so that, in the spring and summer following, the town seemed to be full of the presence of God; it never was so full of love, nor so full of joy, and yet so full of distress, as it was then."

The people of the towns about "seemed not to know what to make of it; and there were many that scoffed at and ridiculed it, and some compared what was called conversion to certain distempers." But a session of the Supreme Court at Northampton brought numbers of people together there, and "those that came from the neighborhood were for the most part remarkably affected. Many . . . went home with wounded hearts, and with those impressions that never wore off till they had hopefully a saving issue. . . . The same work began evidently to appear and prevail in several other towns in the county." South Hadley, Hadley, Suffield, Sunderland, Deerfield, Hatfield, Springfield, West Springfield, Longmeadow, Northfield, besides many towns in Connecticut, caught the sympathy, and made their large contributions of converts,—as large, Edwards thought, in proportion to their population, as Northampton. Of his own town he wrote: "I hope that more than

three hundred souls were savingly brought home to Christ in the space of half a year; how many more I don't guess, and about the same number of males as females. I hope that by far the greater part of persons in the town above sixteen years of age were such as had the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and so, by what I heard, I suppose it is in some other places. . . . So far as I, by looking back, can judge from the particular acquaintance I have had with souls in this work, it appears to me probable to have been at the rate, at least, of four persons in a day, or near thirty in a week, take one with another, for five or six weeks together." About six hundred and twenty came to his communion-table, being nearly all the adults of his congregation. At one communion service a hundred new participants presented themselves; at another, eighty. Among his converts, ten were above sixty years of age, and two above seventy; "near thirty were to appearance so wrought upon, between ten and fourteen years of age; and two between nine and ten, and one of about four years of age."

The excitement, which in Massachusetts had been confined to towns on or near Connecticut River, ceased after about six months. Dr. Colman, of Boston, sent some account of it to England, and, in pursuance of a request from his correspondents there, obtained from Edwards a detailed description in a long letter, which was published in London by Dr. Watts and Dr. Guise, and from which the facts related above have been taken. The ministers of Boston kept the subject before the public mind. They circulated an edition of Dr. Edwards's letter, and several sermons, which were considered to have been serviceable in the recent movement. Dr. Colman did more. He sent an invitation to George Whitefield to visit New England, and in conjunction with his colleague, William Cooper, prepared a reception for him by publishing a sermon full of laudation of his gifts and graces by Josiah Smith, of South Carolina, prefaced by a eulogistic memoir of their own. Whitefield was now twenty-six years old. A year before he had been ordained a priest of the Church of England. He was at this time on his second visit to America, where his principal business had been the establishing of a hospital for orphans in General Oglethorpe's recently constituted colony of Georgia.

The marvellous preacher was received in New England with flattering honors. From Charleston, in South Carolina, he came by water to Newport, arriving at that place with the advantage of a favorable change of wind, which, as well as the offer of a hospitable lodging presently made to him by a stranger, he thought to be due to his prayers. In three days he preached six times at Newport to large assemblies. Four miles from Boston he was met on his way by "the governor's son and several other gentlemen," who had come out to conduct him to that

place. On the following day he "was visited by several gentlemen and ministers, and went to the governor's with Esquire Willard, Secretary of the Province, a man fearing God;" after which he "preached to about four thousand people in Dr. Colman's meeting-house, and, as he afterwards was told by several, with great success." The next day he "preached in the morning with much freedom and power to about six thousand hearers, in the Reverend Dr. Sewall's meeting-house," and afterwards on the Common to about eight thousand, and again at night to a company which crowded his lodgings. Then came a Sunday, when he had an audience of "about fifteen thousand," not far from three-quarters of the whole population of the town.

Whitefield remained ten days in Boston, exerting his prodigious powers of oratory with the same success as had attended them elsewhere. Crowds, listening to him, were dissolved in tears, and "cried out under the word like persons that were really hungering and thirsting after righteousness." Then he made a journey of a week to the eastward as far as York, preaching to great congregations in all the principal towns on the way. "Though," he writes, "I had rode a hundred and seventy-eight miles, and preached sixteen times, I trust, to the great benefit of thousands, yet I was not in the least wearied or fatigued." At Hampton he addressed "some thousands in the open air," but "not with so much freedom as usual. The wind was almost too high for him. Some, though not many, were affected." At Portsmouth he had "preached to a polite auditory, and so very unconcerned that he began to question whether he had been preaching to rational or brute creatures." But in a second trial, on his way back, he subdued them, and recovered his self-satisfaction. "Instead of preaching to dead stocks, I had now reason to believe I was preaching to living men. People began to melt soon after I began to pray, and the power increased more and more during the whole sermon. The word seemed to pierce through and through." This success put him in condition, and he "hastened after dinner to Hampton, and preached to some thousands of people with a good deal of life and power." The last day of a week passed at Boston, where he had spoken two or three times every day, he "went with the governor in his coach to the Common, where he preached his farewell sermon to near thirty thousand people." "I have observed," he records, "that I have had greater power than ordinary whenever the governor has been at public worship; a sign this, I hope, that the Most High intends to set him at his right hand." . . . .

"With the common mixture of remaining infirmities and corruptions," things went on most satisfactorily for a year and a half after Whitefield's appearance in Boston, at the end of which time the movement "unexpectedly came to an unhappy period." James Davenport, minister of

Southhold, on Long Island, was a person peculiarly esteemed by Whitefield and Tennent and their circle. His temperament was intensely enthusiastic, and the spirit of the times intoxicated him. What he heard, before they had met, of Whitefield's successes wrought him up to an unselfish frenzy of emulation. He is said to have begun by addressing his congregation in a discourse nearly twenty-four hours long, an exertion which brought on a brain fever. He promised to cure a sick woman by praying, and when she died he pronounced that to be her recovery. He hesitated to preach beyond the limits of his own parish till he understood himself to be instructed to that effect by opening his Bible at the passage where Jonathan and his armor-bearer are related to have assailed the Philistine camp. Thus encouraged, he went to the neighboring town of Easthampton, wading up to his knees in snow, and had the satisfaction there of making twenty converts. In New York and New Jersey he heard from Whitefield himself of the recent successes of the great preacher in Massachusetts. He went in Whitefield's train to Philadelphia, but in the following summer he returned to the North, and at Stonington, in Connecticut, is said to have "convicted" nearly a hundred persons in a single sermon, and registered about that number of converts in a week. He even stepped across the border of Rhode Island, and flattered himself that he had some harvest from that rugged soil.

Davenport's doctrine was conceited and exclusive. He went about the towns telling the people in one and another of them that they were imperilling their souls by listening to an unconverted minister. He waited on the ministers, as he journeyed, asking them for a recital of their religious experience, which, if his request were granted, he often found unsatisfactory, and denounced them accordingly, as well as when they declined to gratify his curiosity. The credit of being esteemed by Whitefield was for a time an advantage to him, but he presumed upon it, and gave extreme provocation. . . . .

After an absence of four years, Whitefield came a second time to New England, arriving by sea at York, in Maine. In the divided state of opinion, his reception was less flattering than it had been before, nor are such triumphs as he had once won of a nature to be repeated in the same field. Proceeding southward, he was detained at Portsmouth two or three weeks by illness, and scarcely appeared abroad except once, when he was borne from the pulpit so exhausted that fears were entertained for his life. Thence he came to Boston, where he preached in several of the churches. At Dr. Colman's request, he administered the communion in the church in Brattle Street. This occasioned much complaint, on the alleged ground that Whitefield was in orders in the Church of England. The newspapers began to assail him, carrying

their animosity so far as to charge him with dishonest use of the funds collected by him for his orphan house. Two associations of ministers in Essex County united in a published rebuke to the Boston ministers for inviting him to their pulpits. The Faculty of Harvard College (then under the Presidency of Edward Holyoke) published their testimony against him. . . . .

Whitefield was sore beset. In letters to various friends, he expressed more diffidence than might have been expected from a young man who had drunk so deeply into the intoxication of popular applause. "Wild fire," he wrote, "will necessarily blend itself with the pure fire that comes from God's altar. . . . It broke out and spread itself by the instrumentality of many good souls, who, mistaking fancy for faith and imagination for revelation, were guilty of great imprudence. . . . Some unguarded expressions, in the heat of less experienced youth, I certainly did drop. I was too precipitate in hearkening to and publishing private information, and, Peter-like, cut off too many ears." The tone of the defences which he judged it necessary to make was generally forbearing, and sometimes even self-distrustful. Continuing to affirm the integrity of his purpose, and the usefulness of his labors, he allowed that he had been "too unguarded" in his censures of ministers. He assured the Faculty of Harvard College of his "sorrow that he had published his private informations, though from credible persons, concerning the Colleges, to the world." He justified his "itinerancy" by the example of Knox and other reformers. He protested that he had "no intention of setting up a party for himself, or to stir up people against their pastors."

The flame which had burned so fiercely had consumed its fuel. It was going out, and would not be rekindled. Whitefield soon left Massachusetts, after some journeys to towns at the eastward. He was still followed by admirers, but the former tokens of his power were not repeated. Another excitement, presently to be mentioned, of a different character, had taken possession of the public mind. He came to Boston again for a short time in the summer, and again at different times in later years, ending his days at the neighboring town of Newburyport, where is pointed out the place of his burial, beneath the pulpit of his friend and fellow-laborer, Jonathan Parsons. But his first achievements were far the greatest. There was not enough in him of other attractions to compensate entirely for the loss of the charm of novelty. He continued to make wonderful exhibitions of oratorical power, but the subtle influences, which through the sympathy of an audience surrender it helpless to an orator's control, did not combine to aid him to the same degree, after the strain of the first experiment.

As to the character and results of the paroxysm which has been de-

scribed, it would be impossible to pronounce a judgment on a question which once agitated the mind of New England to its depths, and is still from time to time revived, without assuming an attitude of religious partisanship, which is not that of the historian. According to different estimates of favorable judges, the converts made in New England during the Great Awakening amounted to twenty-five thousand, or to double that number. The sober historian of Connecticut placed the number at thirty or forty thousand. The supposed number of twenty-five thousand new communicants has been thought not to represent sufficiently the number of new Christians, inasmuch as, under the fresh impressions made upon their minds, many communicants became convinced that they had been hitherto unregenerate persons.

John Gardiner Calkins Brainard.

Born in New London, Conn., 1796. Died there, 1828.

EPITHALAMIUM.

[*Literary Remains. Edited by John G. Whittier.* 1832.]

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat,
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

MR. MERRY'S LAMENT FOR "LONG TOM."

THY cruise is over now,
Thou art anchored by the shore,
And never more shalt thou
Hear the storm around thee roar;
Death has shaken out the sands of thy glass.
Now around thee sports the whale,
And the porpoise snuffs the gale,
And the night-winds wake their wail,
As they pass.

The sea-grass round thy bier
Shall bend beneath the tide,
Nor tell the breakers near
Where thy manly limbs abide;
But the granite rock thy tombstone shall be.
Though the edges of thy grave
Are the combings of the wave—
Yet unheeded they shall rave
Over thee.

At the piping of all hands,
When the judgment signal's spread—
When the islands, and the lands,
And the seas give up their dead,
And the south and the north shall come;
When the sinner is dismayed,
And the just man is afraid,
Then heaven be thy aid,
Poor Tom.

William Augustus Muhlenberg.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1796. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1877.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

[*Originally composed in* 1824.—*The Author's last revision.*—*From The Life and Work of W. A. M. By Anne Ayres.* 1880.]

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer:

Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for rest we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine, ere I'm captive again;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
Where he deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a dove,
To adore him—be near him—enwrapt with his love;
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord!

Charles Theodore Christian Follen.

Born in Romröd, Hesse Darmstadt, 1796. Perished in the burning of the steamboat *Lexington*, Long Island Sound, 1840.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

[*The Works of Charles Follen.* 1841.]

PERHAPS the most abundant source of history is the love of country, the desire of those, who look beyond their own narrow sphere, to make known to other nations, and to preserve to coming generations, the lives and deeds of their countrymen. This truly patriotic aspiration, which has incited the most distinguished historians of all ages, cannot mislead the writer, so far as patriotism is a philanthropic principle. Patriotism is a virtue, it is philanthropy, when it is an enlargement of our interest in ourselves and our principles to a whole nation. But as soon as it becomes a spirit of hostility and pride toward other nations, it is no longer a moral or philanthropic principle, since it is not an enlargement, but a restriction, of the noblest powers and best affections, which should take in the whole family of man. The writer, whose aim it is to exalt his whole nation to the disparagement of others, by hiding the faults of the former, and enhancing those of the latter; who misleads the minds of his countrymen, and particularly of the young, through principles of national pride and intolerance; such a writer, who does not deserve the name of an historian, commits as grievous a breach of international law, as any that is recognized as such by the law itself. His offence is equalled or surpassed only by that of him, who is base enough to disfigure what is really great and good in the history of his own country, to please and serve its enemies abroad and at home. The design of preserving to coming generations the deeds of their ancestors, is a patriotic aim, which sometimes leads the narrator to magnify them, so that they may serve as models for imitation. The historian, who relates the deeds of his own contemporaries to preserve their memory, is less exposed to this temptation, than he who undertakes to make known to the present generation the remarkable events in the history of their ancestors. This desire of magnifying the deeds of their forefathers, so common among ancient and modern historians, and frequently excused as an excess of exalted filial piety, is a serious error in regard to history, as well as morality and education. As soon as the historian of a nation ceases to think that posterity will be benefited by the knowledge of the faults, as well as the merits, of their ancestors, or rather, as soon as he has any other object in view than to represent them

as they actually were, whether deserving of censure or imitation, he forfeits his right to describe them.

The last remarks, in regard to a national historian, lead us to a more general observation, concerning the apparent predisposition, in some historians, to exalt antiquity above modern times, and in others, to retaliate this partiality by reversing it, instead of doing justice to both. We here see, in the department of history, the same difference, which, in that of education, appears in the partiality of some, for what is called classical learning; and of others, for what they technically designate useful knowledge. The partial admirers of antiquity are apt to overlook or slight what is classical in the productions of modern times, while their opponents restrict their conceptions of what is practical and useful, so much as to exclude the study of antiquity; as if the enlargement of the mind, which grows out of this study, was not as real as any economical advantage

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Francis Wayland.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1796. Died at Providence, R. I., 1865.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANALOGY.

[*Occasional Discourses.* 1833.]

YOU observe that I speak of the science of analogy, as something which is yet to be. It does not now exist, but it must exist soon. He who shall create it will descend to posterity with a glory in nowise inferior to that of Bacon or of Newton. He who would complete such a work must be acquainted with the whole circle of the sciences, and be familiar with their history; he must examine and analyze all the circumstances of every important discovery, and, from the facts thus developed, point out the laws by which is governed the yet unexplained process of original investigation. When God shall have sent that genius upon earth who was born to accomplish this mighty labor, then, one of the greatest obstacles will have been removed to our acquiring an unlimited control over all the agents of nature.

But passing this first part of the subject, I remark that, whenever the laws of such a science shall have been discovered, I think that they will be found to rest upon the two following self-evident principles.

First. A part of any system which is the work of an intelligent agent, is similar, so far as the principles which it involves are concerned, to the whole of that system.

And, secondly. The work of an intelligent and moral being must bear, in all its lineaments, the traces of the character of its Author. And, hence, he will use analogy the most skilfully who is most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the system, and at the same time most deeply penetrated with a conviction of the attributes of the First Cause of all things.

To illustrate this by a single remark. Suppose I should present before you one of the paintings of Raphael, and, covering by far the greater part of it with a screen, ask you to proceed with the work and designate where the next lines should be drawn. It is evident that no one but a painter need even make the attempt; and of painters, he would be the most likely to succeed, who had become best acquainted with the genius of Raphael, and had most thoroughly meditated upon the manner in which that genius had displayed itself in the work before him. So, of the system of the universe we see but a part. All the rest is hidden from our view. He will, however, most readily discover *where the next lines are drawn*, who is most thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Author, and who has observed, with the greatest accuracy, the manner in which that character is displayed, in that portion of the system which he has condescended to reveal to us.

All this is confirmed by the successive efforts of mind which resulted in the greatest of Sir Isaac Newton's discoveries. . . . I think it self-evident, that this first germ of the system of the universe would never have been suggested to any man whose mind had not been filled with exalted views of the greatness of the Creator, and who had not diligently contemplated the mode in which those attributes were displayed in that part of his works which science had already discovered to us.

And if this distinction be just, it will lead us to divide philosophers into, those who have been eminent for attainment in those sciences which are instruments of investigation; and those, who, to these acquisitions, have added unusual skill in foretelling where these instruments could with the greatest success be applied. Among the ancients, probably Aristotle belonged to the former, and Pythagoras and Archimedes to the latter class. Among the moderns, I think that infidel philosophers generally will be found to have distinguished themselves by the accurate use of the sciences, and Christian philosophers by the additional glory of foretelling when and how the sciences may be used. I am not aware that infidelity hath presented to the world any discoveries to be compared with those of Boyle and Pascal, and Bacon and Newton, or of Locke, and Milton, and Butler.

And here I may be allowed to suggest that, often as the character of Newton has been the theme of admiration, it has seemed to me that the most distinctive element of his greatness has commonly escaped the notice of his eulogists. It was neither in mathematical skill nor in

mathematical invention, that he so far surpassed his contemporaries; for in both these respects, he divided the palm with Huygens, and Kepler, and Leibnitz. It is in the wide sweep of his far-reaching analogy, distinguished alike by its humility and its boldness, that he has left the philosophers of all previous and all subsequent ages so immeasurably behind him. Delighted with his modesty and reciprocating his confidence, nature held communion with him as with a favorite son; to him she unveiled her most recondite mysteries; to him she revealed the secret of her most subtile transformations, and then taking him by the hand, she walked with him abroad over the wide expanse of universal being.

George Hill.

Born in Guilford, Conn., 1796. Died in New York, N. Y., 1871.

SONG OF THE ELFIN STEERSMAN.

[*From "Titania's Banquet, a Mask," in The Ruins of Athens, and Other Poems.* 1839.]

ONE elf, I trow, is diving now
For the small pearl; and one,
The honey-bee for his bag he
Goes chasing in the sun;
And one, the knave, has pilfered from
The nautilus his boat,
And takes his idle pastime where
The water-lilies float.

And some the mote, for the gold of his coat,
By the light of the will-o'wisp follow;
And others, they trip where the alders dip
Their leaves in the watery hollow;
And one is with the fire-fly's lamp
Lighting his love to bed:
Sprites, away! elf and fay,
And see them hither sped.

Haste! hither whip them with this end
Of spider's web—anon
The ghost will have fled to his grave-bed,
And the bat winked in the sun.
Haste! for the ship, till the moon dip
Her horn, I did but borrow;
And crowing cocks are fairy clocks,
That mind us of to-morrow.

The summer moon will soon go down,
And the day-star dim her horn,
O blow, then, blow, till not a wave
Leap from the deep unshorn!
Blow, sweep their white tops into mist,
As merrily we roam,
Till the wide sea one bright sheet be,
One sheet of fire and foam.

Blow, till the sea a bubble be,
And toss it to the sky,—
Till the sands we tread of the oçean-bed,
As the summer fountain's dry.
The upper shelves are ours, my elves,
Are ours, and soon the nether
With sea-flowers we shall sprinkled see,
And pearls like dew-drops gather.

The summer moon will soon go down,
And then our course is up;
Our frigate then the cockle-shell,
Our boat the bean-flower cup.
Sprites away! elf and fay,
From thicket, lake, and hollow;
The blind bat, look! flits to his nook,
And we must quickly follow.

Ha! here they come, skimming the foam,
A gallant crew. But list!
I hear the crow of the cock—O blow,
Till the sea-foam drift like mist.
Fairies, haste! flood and blast
Quickly bring, and stay
The moon's horn—look! to his nook
The blind bat flits—away!

Horace Mann.

Born in Franklin, Mass., 1796. Died at Yellow Springs, Ohio, 1859.

SUPERFLUOUS RICHES.

[*A Few Thoughts for a Young Man.* 1850.]

GREAT wealth is a misfortune, because it makes generosity impossible. There can be no generosity where there is no sacrifice; and a man who is worth a million of dollars, though he gives half of it

away, no more makes a sacrifice, than (if I may make such a supposition) a dropsical man, whose skin holds a hogshead of water, makes a sacrifice when he is tapped for a barrel. He is in a healthier condition after the operation than before it. If a donkey would be considered a fool among donkeys, for desiring to double the burden of gold that is already breaking his back, I see not why the shorter-eared variety should be judged by a different rule. The literal declaration, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, not only stands upon sacred authority, but is confirmed by all human reasoning. For, what kingdom of heaven can there possibly be, from which love and sympathy, and the tenderness of of a common brotherhood, are excluded? And the man who hoards superfluous wealth, while there is famishing in the next street; the man who revels in luxuries, while the houseless and breadless are driven from his door; the man who, through an ostentation of literature, walls himself in with libraries which he cannot read, while thousands of children around him are destitute even of school-books,—the very seed-wheat of all knowledge,—such a man has no love, nor sympathy, nor feeling of brotherhood, for his race; and, therefore, go where he will, the kingdom of heaven must be his antipode. One point in the circumference of a revolving wheel may as well attempt to overtake the opposite point, as he to reach that kingdom. The casting off of his loved burdens will alone give him the agility to attain it.

All above a fortune is usually the greatest of misfortunes to children. By taking away the stimulus to effort, and, especially, by taking away the restraints from indulgence, it takes the muscles out of the limbs, the brain out of the head, and virtue out of the heart. The same young man, who, with a moderate fortune, might retain the full vigor of his system till sixty, and be a blessing to the world all his life-long, is likely, under the depraving influence of a vast patrimony, to die a sot or a debauchee at forty-five, if he does not shoot himself as a *non compos* at thirty. The father may feel proud of his twenty per cent. or thirty per cent. stocks; but when the devil clutches the son for guiltily spending what he clutched the father for guiltily amassing, he doubles his capital by a single operation. Universal experience shows that the inheritor of a penny has a better chance for success in life than the inheritor of a "plum." But better far than either is the golden mean of Agur's perfect prayer.

Vast fortunes are a misfortune to the State. They confer irresponsible power; and human nature, except in the rarest instances, has proved incapable of wielding irresponsible power, without abuse. The feudalism of Capital is not a whit less formidable than the feudalism of Force. The millionnaire is as dangerous to the welfare of the community, in our

day, as was the baronial lord of the Middle Ages. Both supply the means of shelter and of raiment on the same conditions; both hold their retainers in service by the same tenure,—their necessity for bread; both use their superiority to keep themselves superior. The power of money is as imperial as the power of the sword; and I may as well depend upon another for my head, as for my bread. The day is sure to come, when men will look back upon the prerogatives of Capital, at the present time, with as severe and as just a condemnation as we now look back upon the predatory Chieftains of the Dark Ages. Weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, or even in the clumsy scales of human justice, there is no equity in the allotments which assign to one man but a dollar a day, with working, while another has an income of a dollar a minute, without working. Under the reign of Force, or under the reign of Money, there may be here and there a good man who uses his power for blessing and not for oppressing his race; but all their natural tendencies are exclusively bad. In England, we see the feudalism of Capital approaching its catastrophe. In Ireland, we see the catastrophe consummated. Unhappy Ireland! where the objects of human existence and the purposes of human government have all been reversed; where rulers, for centuries, have ruled for the aggrandizement of themselves, and not for the happiness of their subjects; where misgovernment has reigned so long, so supremely, and so atrociously, that, at the present time, the "Three Estates" of the realm are Crime, Famine, and Death!

William Ware.

Born in Hingham, Mass., 1797. Died at Cambridge, Mass., 1852.

AURELIAN SAVES ZENOBIA.

[*Zenobia; or the Fall of Palmyra.* 1838.]

A SOUND as of a distant tumult, and the uproar of a multitude, caught the ears of all within the tent.

"What mean these tumultuous cries?" inquired Aurelian of his attending guard. "They increase and approach."

"It may be but the soldiers at their game with Antiochus," replied Probus.

But it was not so. At the moment a Centurion, breathless, and with his head bare, rushed madly into the tent.

"Speak," said the Emperor, "what is it?"

"The legions!" said the Centurion, as soon as he could command his words, "the legions are advancing, crying out for the Queen of Palmyra! They have broken from their camp and their leaders, and in one mixed body come to surround the Emperor's tent.

As he ended, the fierce cries of the enraged soldiery were distinctly heard, like the roaring of a forest torn by a tempest. Aurelian, baring his sword, and calling upon his friends to do the same, sprang toward the entrance of the tent. They were met by the dense throng of the soldiers, who now pressed against the tent, and whose savage yells now could be heard,—

"The head of Zenobia."—"Deliver the Queen to our will."—"Throw out the head of Zenobia, and we will return to our quarters."—"She belongs to us."

At the same moment the sides of the tent were thrown up, showing the whole plain filled with the heaving multitude, and being itself instantly crowded with the ringleaders and their more desperate associates. Zenobia, supporting the Princess who clung to her, and pale through a just apprehension of every horror, but otherwise firm and undaunted, cried out to Aurelian, "Save us, O Emperor, from this foul butchery!"

"We will die else!" replied the Emperor; who with the word sprang upon a soldier making toward the Queen, and with a blow clove him to the earth. Then swinging round him that sword which had drunk the blood of thousands, and followed by the gigantic Sandarion, by Probus, and Carus, a space around the Queen was soon cleared.

"Back, ruffians," cried Aurelian, in a voice of thunder, "for you are no longer Romans! back to the borders of the tent. There I will hear your complaints." The soldiers fell back, and their ferocious cries ceased.

"Now," cried the Emperor, addressing them, "what is your will, that thus in wild disorder you throng my tent?"

One from the crowd replied—"Our will is that the Queen of Palmyra be delivered to us as our right, instantly. Thousands and thousands of our bold companions lie buried upon these accursed plains, slain by her and her fiery engines. We demand her life. It is but justice, and faint justice too."

"Her life!"—"Her life!"—arose in one shout from the innumerable throng.

The Emperor raised his hand, waving his sword dropping with the blood of the slain soldier; the noise subsided; and his voice, clear and loud like the tone of a trumpet, went to the farthest bounds of the multitude.

"Soldiers," he cried, "you ask for justice; and justice you shall have."—"Aurelian is ever just!" cried many voices.—"But you shall not have the life of the Queen of Palmyra."—He paused; a low murmur went

through the crowd.—"Or you must first take the life of your Emperor, and of these who stand with him."—The soldiers were silent.—"In asking the life of Zenobia," he continued, "you know not what you ask. Are any here who went with Valerian to the Persian war?" A few voices responded, "I was there,—and I,—and I."—"Are there any here whose parents, or brothers, or friends, fell into the tiger clutches of the barbarian Sapor, and died miserably in hopeless captivity?"—Many voices everywhere throughout the crowd were heard in reply, "Yes, yes, —Mine were there, and mine."—"Did you ever hear it said," continued Aurelian, "that Rome lifted a finger for their rescue, or for that of the good Valerian?"—They were silent, some crying, "No, no."—"Know then, that when Rome forgot her brave soldiers and her Emperor, Zenobia remembered and avenged them; and Rome fallen into contempt with the Persian, was raised to her ancient renown by the arms of her ally, the brave Zenobia, and her dominions throughout the East saved from the grasp of Sapor only by her valor. While Gallienus wallowed in sensuality and forgot Rome, and even his own great father, the Queen of Palmyra stood forth, and with her royal husband, the noble Odenatus, was in truth the savior of the empire. And is it her life you would have? Were that a just return? Were that Roman magnanimity? And grant that thousands of your brave companions lie buried upon these plains: it is but the fortune of war. Were they not slain in honorable fight, in the siege of a city, for its defence unequalled in all the annals of war? Cannot Romans honor courage and conduct, though in an enemy? But you ask for justice. I have said you shall have justice. You shall. It is right that the heads and advisers of this revolt, for such the senate deems it, should be cut off. It is the ministers of princes who are the true devisers of a nation's acts. These, when in our power, shall be yours. And now, who, soldiers! stirred up this mutiny, bringing inexpiable shame upon our brave legions? Who are the leaders of the tumult?"

Enough were found to name them;

"Firmus! Carinus! the Centurions Plancus! Tatius! Burrhus! Valens! Crispinus!"

"Guards! seize them and hew them down. Soldiers! to your tents." The legions fell back as tumultuously as they had come together; the faster, as the dying groans of the slaughtered ringleaders fell upon their ears.

The tent of the Emperor was once more restored to order. After a brief conversation, in which Aurelian expressed his shame for the occurrence of such disorders in the presence of the Queen, the guard were commanded to convey back to the palace of Seleucus, whence they had taken, Zenobia and the Princess.

THE TRIUMPH OF AURELIAN.

[*From the Same.*]

AURELIAN has arrived—the long expected day has come—and is gone. His triumph has been celebrated, and with a magnificence and a pomp greater than the traditionary glories of those of Pompey, Trajan, Titus, or even the secular games of Philip.

I have seen Zenobia!

The sun of Italy never poured a flood of more golden light upon the great capital and its surrounding plains than on the day of Aurelian's triumph. The airs of Palmyra were never more soft. The whole city was early abroad, and, added to our own overgrown population, there were the inhabitants of all the neighboring towns and cities, and strangers from all parts of the empire, so that it was with difficulty and labor only, and no little danger too, that the spectacle could be seen. I obtained a position opposite the capitol, from which I could observe the whole of this proud display of the power and greatness of Rome.

A long train of elephants opened the show, their huge sides and limbs hung with cloth of gold and scarlet, some having upon their backs military towers or other fanciful structures, which were filled with the natives of Asia or Africa, all arrayed in the richest costumes of their countries. These were followed by wild animals, and those remarkable for their beauty, from every part of the world, either led, as in the case of lions, tigers, leopards, by those who from long management of them possessed the same power over them as the groom over his horse, or else drawn along upon low platforms, upon which they were made to perform a thousand antic tricks for the amusement of the gaping and wondering crowds. Then came not many fewer than two thousand gladiators in pairs, all arranged in such a manner as to display to the greatest advantage their well-knit joints, and projecting and swollen muscles. Of these a great number have already perished on the arena of the Flavian, and in the sea fights in Domitian's theatre. Next, upon gilded wagons, and so arranged as to produce the most dazzling effect, came the spoils of the wars of Aurelian—treasures of art, rich cloths and embroideries, utensils of gold and silver, pictures, statues, and works in brass, from the cities of Gaul, from Asia, and from Egypt. Conspicuous here over all were the rich and gorgeous contents of the palace of Zenobia. The huge wains groaned under the weight of vessels of gold and silver, of ivory, and of the most precious woods of India. The jewelled wine cups, vases, and golden sculpture of Demitrius attracted the gaze and excited the admiration of every beholder. Immediately after these came a crowd of youths richly habited in the costumes of a thousand different tribes,

bearing in their hands, upon cushions of silk, crowns of gold and precious stones, the offerings of the cities and kingdoms of all the world, as it were, to the power and fame of Aurelian. Following these came the ambassadors of all nations, sumptuously arrayed in the habits of their respective countries. Then an innumerable train of captives, showing plainly in their downcast eyes, in their fixed and melancholy gaze, that hope had taken its departure from their breasts. Among these were many women from the shores of the Danube, taken in arms fighting for their country, of enormous stature, and clothed in the warlike costume of their tribes.

But why do I detain you with these things, when it is of one only that you wish to hear. I cannot tell you with what impatience I waited for that part of the procession to approach where were Zenobia and Julia. I thought its line would stretch on forever. And it was the ninth hour before the alternate shouts and deep silence of the multitudes announced that the conqueror was drawing near the capitol. As the first shout arose, I turned toward the quarter whence it came, and beheld, not Aurelian as I expected, but the Gallic Emperor Tetricus—yet slave of his army and of Victoria—accompanied by the prince his son, and followed by other illustrious captives from Gaul. All eyes were turned with pity upon him, and with indignation too that Aurelian should thus treat a Roman, and once—a Senator. But sympathy for him was instantly lost in a stronger feeling of the same kind for Zenobia, who came immediately after. You can imagine, Fausta, better than I can describe them, my sensations, when I saw our beloved friend—her whom I had seen treated never otherwise than as a sovereign Queen, and with all the imposing pomp of the Persian ceremonial—now on foot, and exposed to the rude gaze of the Roman populace—toiling beneath the rays of a hot sun, and the weight of jewels, such as both for richness and beauty, were never before seen in Rome—and of chains of gold, which, first passing around her neck and arms, were then borne up by attendant slaves. I could have wept to see her so—yes, and did. My impulse was to break through the crowd and support her almost fainting form—but I well knew that my life would answer for the rashness on the spot. I could only therefore, like the rest, wonder and gaze. And never did she seem to me, not even in the midst of her own court, to blaze forth with such transcendent beauty—yet touched with grief. Her look was not that of dejection, of one who was broken and crushed by misfortune—there was no blush of shame. It was rather one of profound heart-breaking melancholy. Her full eyes looked as if privacy only was wanted for them to overflow with floods of tears. But they fell not. Her gaze was fixed on vacancy, or else cast toward the ground. She seemed like one unobservant of all around her, and buried in thoughts

to which all else were strangers, and had nothing in common with. They were in Palmyra, and with her slaughtered multitudes. Yet though she wept not, others did; and one could see all along, wherever she moved, the Roman hardness yielding to pity, and melting down before the all-subduing presence of this wonderful woman. The most touching phrases of compassion fell constantly upon my ear. And ever and anon as in the road there would happen some rough or damp place, the kind souls would throw down upon it whatever of their garments they could quickest divest themselves of, that those feet, little used to such encounters, might receive no harm. And as when other parts of the procession were passing by, shouts of triumph and vulgar joy frequently arose from the motley crowds, yet when Zenobia appeared, a death-like silence prevailed, or it was interrupted only by exclamations of admiration or pity, or of indignation at Aurelian for so using her. But this happened not long. For when the Emperor's pride had been sufficiently gratified, and just there where he came over against the steps of the capitol, he himself, crowned as he was with the diadem of universal empire, descended from his chariot, and, unlocking the chains of gold that bound the limbs of the Queen, led and placed her in her own chariot—that chariot in which she had fondly hoped herself to enter Rome in triumph—between Julia and Livia. Upon this the air was rent with the grateful acclamations of the countless multitudes. The Queen's countenance brightened for a moment as if with the expressive sentiment, "The gods bless you!" and was then buried in the folds of her robe. And when after the lapse of many minutes it was again raised and turned toward the people, every one might see that tears burning hot had coursed her cheeks, and relieved a heart which else might well have burst with its restrained emotion. Soon as the chariot which held her had disappeared upon the other side of the capitol, I extricated myself from the crowd and returned home. It was not till the shades of evening had fallen, that the last of the procession had passed the front of the capitol, and the Emperor reposed within the walls of his palace.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

[*Probus.* 1838.—*Revised, and entitled "Aurelian,"* 1848.]

THE day appointed for the death of Probus has arrived, and never did the sun shine upon a fairer one in Rome. It seems as if some high festival were come, for all Rome is afoot. Heralds parade the streets, proclaiming the death of Probus, Felix, and other Christians, in

the Flavian, at the hour of noon. At the corner of every street, and at all the public places, the name of "Probus the Christian, condemned to the beasts," meets the eye. Long before the time of the sacrifice had come, the avenues leading to the theatre, and all the neighborhood of it, were crowded with the excited thousands of those who desired to witness the spectacle. There was little of beauty, wealth, fashion, or nobility in Rome that was not represented in the dense multitude that filled the seats of the boundless amphitheatre. Probus had said to me, at my last interview with him, "Piso, you may think it is a weakness in me, but I would that one at least, whose faith is mine, and whose heart beats as mine, might be with me at the final hour. I would, at that hour, meet one eye that can return the glance of friendship. It will be a source of strength to me, and I know not how much I may need it." I readily promised what he asked, though, as you may believe, Fausta, I would willingly have been spared the trial. So that making part of that tide pouring toward the centre, I found myself borne along at the appointed hour to the scene of suffering and death. . . . .

The Emperor was not as yet arrived, but the amphitheatre, in every part of it, was already filled with its countless thousands. All were seated idly conversing, or gazing about as at the ordinary sports of the place. The hum of so many voices struck the ear like the distant roar of the ocean. How few of those thousands—not one perhaps—knew for what it was that Probus and his companions were now about to suffer a most cruel and abhorred death! They knew that their name was Christian, and that Christian was of the same meaning as enemy of the gods and of the empire; but what it was which made the Christian so willing to die, why it was he was so ready to come to that place of horror and give up his body to the beasts—this they knew not. It was to them a riddle they could not read. And they sat and looked on with the same vacant unconcern, or with the same expectation of pleasure, as if they were to witness the destruction of murderers and assassins. . .

The long peal of trumpets, and the shouts of the people without, gave note of the approach and entrance of the Emperor. In a moment more, with his swift step, he entered the amphitheatre, and strode to the place set apart for him, the whole multitude rising and saluting him with a burst of welcome that might have been heard beyond the walls of Rome. The Emperor acknowledged the salutation by rising from his seat and lifting the crown from his head. He was instantly seated again, and at a sign from him the herald made proclamation of the entertainments which were to follow. He who was named as the first to suffer was Probus.

When I heard his name pronounced, with the punishment which awaited him, my resolution to remain forsook me, and I turned to rush

from the theatre. But my recollection of Probus's earnest entreaties that I would be there, restrained me and I returned to my seat. I considered, that as I would attend the dying bed of a friend, so I was clearly bound to remain where I was, and wait for the last moments of this my more than Christian friend; and the circumstance that his death was to be shocking and harrowing to the friendly heart was not enough to absolve me from the heavy obligation. I therefore kept my place, and awaited with patience the event.

I had waited not long when, from beneath that extremity of the theatre where I was sitting, Probus was led forth and conducted to the centre of the arena, where was a short pillar to which it was customary to bind the sufferers. Probus, as he entered, seemed rather like one who came to witness what was there than to be himself the victim, so free was his step, so erect his form. In his face there might indeed be seen an expression, that could only dwell on the countenance of one whose spirit was already gone beyond the earth, and holding converse with things unseen. There is always much of this in the serene, uplifted face of this remarkable man; but it was now there written in lines so bold and deep, that there could have been few in that vast assembly but must have been impressed by it, as never before by aught human. It must have been this, which brought so deep a silence upon that great multitude—not the mere fact that an individual was about to be torn by lions—that is an almost daily pastime. For it was so, that when he first made his appearance, and, as he moved toward the centre, turned and looked round upon the crowded seats rising to the heavens, the people neither moved nor spoke, but kept their eyes fastened upon him as by some spell which they could not break.

When he had reached the pillar, and he who had conducted him was about to bind him to it, it was plain, by what at that distance we could observe, that Probus was entreating him to desist and leave him at liberty; in which he at length succeeded, for that person returned, leaving him alone and unbound. O sight of misery!—he who for the humblest there present would have performed any office of love, by which the least good should redound to them, left alone and defenceless, they looking on and scarcely pitying his cruel fate!

When now he had stood there not many minutes, one of the doors of the vivaria was suddenly thrown back, and bounding forth with a roar, that seemed to shake the walls of the theatre, a lion of huge dimensions leaped upon the arena. Majesty and power were inscribed upon his lordly limbs; and as he stood there where he had first sprung, and looked round upon the multitude, how did his gentle eye and noble carriage, with which no one for a moment could associate meanness, or cruelty, or revenge, cast shame upon the human monsters assembled to

behold a solitary, unarmed man torn limb from limb! When he had in this way looked upon that cloud of faces, he then turned and moved round the arena through its whole circumference, still looking upward upon those who filled the seats—not till he had come again to the point from which he started, so much as noticing him who stood, his victim, in the midst. Then—as if apparently for the first time becoming conscious of his presence—he caught the form of Probus; and moving slowly toward him, looked steadfastly upon him, receiving in return the settled gaze of the Christian. Standing there, still, awhile—each looking upon the other—he then walked round him, then approached nearer, making, suddenly and for a moment, those motions which indicate the roused appetite; but as it were in the spirit of self-rebuke, he immediately retreated a few paces and lay down in the sand, stretching out his head toward Probus, and closing his eyes as if for sleep.

The people, who had watched in silence, and with the interest of those who wait for their entertainment, were both amazed and vexed, at what now appeared to be the dulness and stupidity of the beast. When however he moved not from his place, but seemed as if he were indeed about to fall into a quiet sleep, those who occupied the lower seats began both to cry out to him and shake at him their caps, and toss about their arms in the hope to rouse him. But it was all in vain; and at the command of the Emperor he was driven back to his den.

Again a door of the vivaria was thrown open, and another of equal size, but of a more alert and rapid step, broke forth, and, as if delighted with his sudden liberty and the ample range, coursed round and round the arena, wholly regardless both of the people and of Probus, intent only as it seemed upon his own amusement. And when at length he discovered Probus standing in his place, it was but to bound toward him as in frolic, and then wheel away in pursuit of a pleasure he esteemed more highly than the satisfying of his hunger.

At this, the people were not a little astonished, and many who were near me hesitated not to say, "that there might be some design of the gods in this." Others said plainly, but not with raised voices, "An omen! an omen!" At the same time Isaac turned and looked at me with an expression of countenance which I could not interpret. Aurelian meanwhile exhibited many signs of impatience; and when it was evident the animal could not be wrought up, either by the cries of the people, or of the keepers, to any act of violence, he too was taken away. But when a third had been let loose, and with no better effect, nay, with less—for he, when he had at length approached Probus, fawned upon him, and laid himself at his feet—the people, superstitious as you know beyond any others, now cried out aloud, "An omen! an omen!" and made the sign that Probus should be spared and removed.

Aurelian himself seemed almost of the same mind, and I can hardly doubt would have ordered him to be released, but that Fronto at that moment approached him, and by a few of those words, which, coming from him, are received by Aurelian as messages from Heaven, put within him a new and different mind; for rising quickly from his seat he ordered the keeper of the vivaria to be brought before him. When he appeared below upon the sands, Aurelian cried out to him,

"Why, knave, dost thou weary out our patience thus—letting forth beasts already over-fed? Do thus again, and thou thyself shalt be thrown to them. Art thou too a Christian?"

"Great Emperor," replied the keeper, "than those I have now let loose, there are not larger nor fiercer in the imperial dens, and since the sixth hour of yesterday they have tasted nor food nor drink. Why they have thus put off their nature 'tis hard to guess, unless the general cry be taken for the truth, 'that the gods have touched them.'"

Aurelian was again seen to waver, when a voice from the benches cried out,

"It is, O Emperor, but another Christian device! Forget not the voice from the temple! The Christians, who claim powers over demons, bidding them go and come at pleasure, may well be thought capable to change, by the magic imputed to them, the nature of a beast."

"I doubt not," said the Emperor, "but it is so. Slave! throw up now the doors of all thy vaults, and let us see whether both lions and tigers be not too much for this new necromancy. If it be the gods who interpose, they can shut the mouths of thousands as of one."

At those cruel words, the doors of the vivaria were at once flung open, and an hundred of their fierce tenants, maddened both by hunger and the goads that had been applied, rushed forth, and in the fury with which in a single mass they fell upon Probus—then kneeling upon the sands—and burying him beneath them, no one could behold his fate, nor, when that dark troop separated and ran howling about the arena in search of other victims, could the eye discover the least vestige of that holy man.——I then fled from the theatre as one who flies from that which is worse than death.

Felix was next offered up, as I have learned, and after him more than fourscore of the Christians of Rome.

Anonymous.

DATE uncertain.

THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR.

[*Words and Music Printed, for the first time, in Commodore Luce's "Naval Songs."* 1883.]

"As to the authorship of the words or music of this fine old song, of Paul Jones's cruise in '*The Ranger*' (Irish Channel, 1778), I am quite unable to speak. It was given me by a gentleman whose brother heard the sailors sing it, and in that way picked it up. I am confident, however, that it is one of those songs that have been 'handed down' to us from near the time of the exploit which it commemorates."—*Letter from* COMM. STEPHEN B. LUCE, U. S. N., 21 *Aug.*, 1885.

'TIS of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west blew through the pitch-pine spars,
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon the gale;
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old Head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew steady and strong,
As gayly over the sparkling deep our good ship bowled along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cat-head.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib, the boom bent like a hoop!
And the groaning water-ways told the strain that held her stout main-tack,
But he only laughed as he glanced aloft at a white and silvery track.

The mid-tide meets in the channel waves that flow from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Featherstone to Dunmore
And that sterling light in Tusker Rock where the old bell tolls each hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright was quench'd on Waterford Tower.

The nightly robes our good ship wore were her three topsails set
Her spanker and her standing jib—the courses being fast;
"Now, lay aloft! my heroes bold, lose not a moment yet!"
And royals and top-gallant sails were quickly on each mast.

What looms upon our starboard bow? What hangs upon the breeze?
'Tis time our good ship hauled her wind abreast the old Saltee's,
For by her ponderous press of sail and by her consorts four
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.

Up spake our noble Captain then, as a shot ahead of us past—
"Haul snug your flowing courses! lay your topsail to the mast!"
Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside from the decks of our patriot bark.

"Out booms! out booms!" our skipper cried, "out booms and give her sheet,"
And the swiftest keel that was ever launched shot ahead of the British fleet,
And amidst a thundering shower of shot, with stun'-sails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer just at the break of day.

Hugh Swinton Legaré.

Born in Charleston, S. C., 1797. Died in Boston, Mass., 1843.

PAPER MONEY BENEFICIAL TO THE LABORING CLASSES.

[*From a Speech in the U. S. H. of R., Oct.*, 1837.—*Writings of Hugh Swinton Legaré.* 1846.]

I HAVE already remarked that one of the effects of an increasing currency is to a distribution of the wealth of society more favorable to the industrious classes of it—to confiscate, in a manner, the property of those who lived on fixed incomes, for the benefit of those who produce the commodities on which those incomes are laid out. It is for this reason that the radicals of England—Mr. Atwood, for example—are all strenuous advocates of paper money, and even of inconvertible paper. The idea that the poor are to gain by a return to metallic currency is, so far as I know, confined to their friends in this country, whose zeal is certainly greater than their knowledge. It is true, sir, that, among other disadvantages attending frequent fluctuations in the currency, it is said that wages are the last thing that rises in a case of expansion. And that may be so in countries where the supply of labor is greater than the demand, but the very reverse is most certainly the fact here where the demand—especially, when stimulated by any extraordinary increase, real or fictitious, of capital—is always greater than the supply. All price is a question of *power*, or relative necessity between two parties, and everybody knows that in a period of excitement here wages rise immediately, and out of all proportion more than anything else, because the population of the country is entirely inadequate to its wants. During the last year, for instance, the price of labor became so exorbitant, that some of the most fertile land in South Carolina, rice-fields which have been cultivated a hundred years, were in danger of being abandoned from the impossibility of paying for it. Sir, as a Southern man, I represent equally rent, capital and wages, which are all confounded in our estates—and I protest against attempts to array, without cause, without a color of pretext or plausibility, the different classes of society against one another, as if, in such a country

as this, there could be any natural hostility, or any real distinction between them—a country in which all the rich, with hardly an exception, have been poor, and all the poor may be rich—a country in which banking institutions have been of immense service, precisely because they have been most needed by a people who all had their fortunes to make by good character and industrious habits. Look at that remarkable picture—remarkable not as a work of art, but as a monument of history—which you see in passing through the Rotunda. Two out of five of that immortal committee were mechanics, and such men! In the name of God, sir, why should any one study to pervert the natural good sense and kindly feelings of this moral and noble people, to infuse into their minds a sullen envy towards one another, instead of that generous emulation which everything in their situation is fitted to inspire, to breathe into them the spirit of Cain, muttering deep curses and meditating desperate revenge against his brother, because the smoke of his sacrifice has ascended to heaven before his own! And do not they who treat our industrious classes as if they were in the same debased wretched condition as the poor of Europe, insult them by such an odious comparison? Why, sir, you do not know what poverty is—we have no poor in this country, in the sense in which that word is used abroad. Every laborer, even the most humble, in the United States, soon becomes a capitalist; and even, if he choose, a proprietor of land, for the West with all its boundless fertility is open to him. How can any one dare to compare the mechanics of this land (whose inferiority in any substantial particular—in intelligence, in virtue, in wealth—to the other classes of our society, I have yet to learn) with that race of outcasts, of which so terrific a picture is presented by recent writers—the poor of Europe? A race, among no inconsiderable portion of whom famine and pestilence may be said to dwell continually—many of whom are without morals, without education, without a country, without a God! and may be said to know society only by the terrors of its penal code, and to live in perpetual war with it. Poor bondmen! mocked with the name of liberty, that they may be sometimes tempted to break their chains, in order that, after a few days of starvation in idleness or dissipation, they may be driven back to their prison-house, to take them up again, heavier and more galling than before:—severed, as it has been touchingly expressed, from nature, from the common air and the light of the sun; knowing only by hearsay that the fields are green, that the birds sing, and that there is a perfume in flowers. And it is with a race, whom the perverse institutions of Europe have thus degraded beneath the condition of humanity, that the advocates, the patrons, the protectors of our working men, presume to compare them? Sir, it is to treat them with a scorn, at which their spirit should revolt, and does revolt!

Walter Colton.

Born in Rutland, Vt., 1797. Died in Philadelphia, Penn., 1851.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

[*Three Years in California.* 1859.]

MONDAY, May 29. Our town was startled out of its quiet dreams to-day, by the announcement that gold had been discovered on the American Fork. The men wondered and talked, and the women too; but neither believed. The sibyls were less sceptical. They said the moon had, for several nights, appeared not more than a cable's length from the earth; that a white raven had been seen playing with an infant; and that an owl had rung the church bells. . . . .

Monday, June 5. Another report reached us this morning from the American Fork. The rumor ran that several workmen, while excavating for a mill-race, had thrown up little shining scales of a yellow ore that proved to be gold; that an old Sonorarian, who had spent his life in gold mines, pronounced it the genuine thing. Still the public incredulity remained, save here and there a glimmer of faith, like the flash of a fire-fly at night. One good old lady, however, declared that she had been dreaming of gold every night for several weeks, and that it had so frustrated her simple household economy, that she had relieved her conscience by confessing to her priest—

"Absolve me, father, of that sinful dream."

Tuesday, June 6. Being troubled with the golden dream almost as much as the good lady, I determined to put an end to the suspense, and despatched a messenger this morning to the American Fork. He will have to ride, going and returning, some four hundred miles, but his report will be reliable. We shall then know whether this gold is a fact or a fiction—a tangible reality on the earth, or a fanciful treasure at the base of some rainbow, retreating over hill and water-fall, to lure pursuit and disappoint hope. . . . .

Monday, June 12. A straggler came in to-day from the American Fork, bringing a piece of yellow ore weighing an ounce. The young dashed the dirt from their eyes, and the old from their spectacles. One brought a spy-glass, another an iron ladle; some wanted to melt it, others to hammer it, and a few were satisfied with smelling it. All were full of tests; and many, who could not be gratified in making their experiments, declared it a humbug. One lady sent me a huge gold ring, in the hope of reaching the truth by comparison; while a gentleman placed

the specimen on the top of his gold-headed cane and held it up, challenging the sharpest eyes to detect a difference. But doubts still hovered on the minds of the great mass. They could not conceive that such a treasure could have lain there so long undiscovered. The idea seemed to convict them of stupidity. There is nothing of which a man is more tenacious than his claims to sagacity. He sticks to them like an old bachelor to the idea of his personal attractions, or a toper to the strength of his temperance ability, whenever he shall wish to call it into play. . . . .

Tuesday, June 20. My messenger, sent to the mines, has returned with specimens of the gold; he dismounted in a sea of upturned faces. As he drew forth the yellow lumps from his pockets, and passed them around among the eager crowd, the doubts, which had lingered till now, fled. All admitted they were gold, except one old man, who still persisted they were some Yankee invention, got up to reconcile the people to the change of flag. The excitement produced was intense; and many were soon busy in their hasty preparations for a departure to the mines. The family who had kept house for me caught the moving infection. Husband and wife were both packing up; the blacksmith dropped his hammer, the carpenter his plane, the mason his trowel, the farmer his sickle, the baker his loaf, and the tapster his bottle. All were off for the mines, some on horses, some on carts, and some on crutches, and one went in a litter. An American woman, who had recently established a boarding-house here, pulled up stakes, and was off before her lodgers had even time to pay their bills. Debtors ran, of course. I have only a community of women left, and a gang of prisoners, with here and there a soldier, who will give his captain the slip at the first chance. I don't blame the fellow a whit; seven dollars a month, while others are making two or three hundred a day! that is too much for human nature to stand.

Saturday, July 15. The gold fever has reached every servant in Monterey; none are to be trusted in their engagement beyond a week, and as for compulsion, it is like attempting to drive fish into a net with the ocean before them. General Mason, Lieutenant Lanman, and myself, form a mess; we have a house, and all the table furniture and culinary apparatus requisite; but our servants have run, one after another, till we are almost in despair: even Sambo, who we thought would stick by from laziness, if no other cause, ran last night; and this morning, for the fortieth time, we had to take to the kitchen, and cook our own breakfast. A general of the United States army, the commander of a man-of-war, and the Alcalde of Monterey, in a smoking kitchen, grinding coffee, toasting a herring, and peeling onions! These gold mines are going to upset all the domestic arrangements of society, turning the

head to the tail, and the tail to the head. Well, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good: the nabobs have had their time, and now comes that of the "niggers." We shall all live just as long, and be quite as fit to die.

Tuesday, July 18. Another bag of gold from the mines, and another spasm in the community. It was brought down by a sailor from Yuba river, and contains a hundred and thirty-six ounces. It is the the most beautiful gold that has appeared in the market; it looks like the yellow scales of the dolphin, passing through his rainbow hues at death. My carpenters, at work on the school-house, on seeing it, threw down their saws and planes, shouldered their picks, and are off for the Yuba. Three seamen ran from the "Warren," forfeiting their four years' pay; and a whole platoon of soldiers from the fort left only their colors behind. One old woman declared she would never again break an egg or kill a chicken, without examining yolk and gizzard. . . . .

Thursday, July 27. I never knew mosquitoes turned to any good account, save in California; and here it seems they are sometimes ministers of justice. A rogue had stolen a bag of gold from a digger in the mines, and hid it Neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to reveal the place of its concealment. He was at last sentenced to a hundred lashes, and then informed that he would be let off with thirty, provided he would tell what he had done with the gold; but he refused. The thirty lashes were inflicted, but he was still stubborn as a mule.

He was then stripped naked and tied to a tree. The mosquitoes with their long bills went at him, and in less than three hours he was covered with blood. Writhing and trembling from head to foot with exquisite torture, he exclaimed, "Untie me, untie me, and I will tell where it is." "Tell first," was the reply. So he told where it might be found. Some of the party then, with wisps, kept off the still hungry mosquitoes, while others went where the culprit had directed, and recovered the bag of gold. He was then untied, washed with cold water, and helped to his clothes, while he muttered, as if talking to himself, "I couldn't stand that anyhow." . . . .

Saturday, Aug. 12. My man, Bob, who is of Irish extraction, and who had been in the mines about two months, returned to Monterey four weeks since, bringing with him over two thousand dollars, as the proceeds of his labor. Bob, while in my employ, required me to pay him every Saturday night, in gold, which he put into a little leather bag and sewed into the lining of his coat, after taking out just twelve and a half cents, his weekly allowance for tobacco. But now he took rooms and began to branch out; he had the best horses, the richest viands, and the choicest wines, in the place. He never drank himself, but it filled him with delight to brim the sparkling goblet for others. I met Bob to-day,

and asked him how he got on. "Oh, very well," he replied, "but I am off again for the mines." "How is that, Bob? You brought down with you over two thousand dollars; I hope you have not spent all that; you used to be very saving; twelve and a half cents a weeks for tobacco, and the rest you sewed into the lining of your coat." "Oh, yes," replied Bob, "and I have got *that* money yet; I worked hard for it; and the devil can't get it away; but the two thousand dollars came asily by good luck, and has gone as asily as it came." Now Bob's story is only one of a thousand like it in California, and has a deeper philosophy in it than meets the eye. Multitudes here are none the richer for the mines. He who can shake chestnuts from an exhaustless tree, won't stickle about the quantity he roasts.

Thursday, Aug. 16. Four citizens of Monterey are just in from the gold mines on Feather River, where they worked in company with three others. They employed about thirty wild Indians, who are attached to the rancho owned by one of the party. They worked precisely seven weeks and three days, and have divided seventy-six thousand eight hundred and forty-four dollars,—nearly eleven thousand dollars to each. Make a dot there, and let me introduce a man, well known to me, who has worked on the Yuba River sixty-four days, and brought back, as the result of his individual labor, five thousand three hundred and fifty-six dollars. Make a dot there, and let me introduce another townsman, who has worked on the North Fork fifty-seven days, and brought back four thousand five hundred and thirty-four dollars. Make a dot there, and let me introduce a boy, fourteen years of age, who has worked on the Mokelumne fifty-four days, and brought back three thousand four hundred and sixty-seven dollars. Make another dot there, and let me introduce a woman, of Sonorarian birth, who has worked in the dry diggings forty-six days, and brought back two thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Is not this enough to make a man throw down his ledger and shoulder a pick? But the deposits which yielded these harvests were now opened for the first time; they were the accumulation of ages; only the foot-prints of the elk and wild savage had passed over them. Their slumber was broken for the first time by the sturdy arms of the American emigrant.

Tuesday, Aug. 28. The gold mines have upset all social and domestic arrangements in Monterey; the master has become his own servant, and the servant his own lord. The millionnaire is obliged to groom his own horse, and roll his wheelbarrow; and the hidalgo—in whose veins flows the blood of all the Cortes—to clean his own boots! Here is Lady L——, who has lived here seventeen years, the pride and ornament of the place, with a broomstick in her jewelled hand! And here is Lady B——, with her daughter—all the way from "old Virginia," where they graced

society with their varied accomplishments—now floating between the parlor and kitchen, and as much at home in the one as the other! And here is Lady S——, whose cattle are on a thousand hills, lifting, like Rachel of old, her bucket of water from the deep well! And here is Lady M. L——, whose honeymoon is still full of soft seraphic light, unhouseling a potato, and hunting the hen that laid the last egg. And here am I, who have been a man of some note in my day, loafing on the hospitality of the good citizens, and grateful for a meal, though in an Indian's wigwam. Why, is not this enough to make one wish the gold mines were in the earth's flaming centre, from which they sprung? Out on this yellow dust! it is worse than the cinders which buried Pompeii, for there, high and low shared the same fate!

Samuel Joseph May.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1797. DIED at Syracuse, N. Y., 1871.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. CHILD.

[*Some Recollections of our Antislavery Conflict.* 1869.]

THERE is one of whom I must speak now, because I have already passed the time, at which her inestimable services commenced. In July, 1833, when the number, the variety, and the malignity of our opponents had become manifest, we were not much more delighted than surprised by the publication of a thorough-going antislavery volume, from the pen of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. She was at that time, perhaps, the most popular as well as useful of our female writers. None certainly, excepting Miss Sedgwick, rivalled her. . . . That such an author —ay, such an authority—should espouse our cause just at that crisis, I do assure you, was a matter of no small joy, yes, exultation. She was extensively known in the Southern as well as the Northern States, and her books commanded a ready sale there not less than here. We had seen her often at our meetings. We knew that she sympathized with her brave husband in his abhorrence of our American system of slavery; but we did not know that she had so carefully studied and thoroughly mastered the subject. Nor did we suspect that she possessed the power, if she had the courage, to strike so heavy a blow. Why, the very title-page was pregnant with the gist of the whole matters under dispute between us,—"Immediate Abolitionists," and the slave-holders on the one hand, and the Colonizationists on the other,—"*An Appeal in Favor of*

that class of Americans CALLED *Africans.*" The volume, still prominent in the literature of our conflict, is replete with facts showing, not only the horrible cruelties that had been perpetrated by individual slave-holders or their overseers, but the essential barbarity of the system of slavery, its dehumanizing influences upon those who enforced it scarcely less than upon those who were crushed under it. Her book did us an especially valuable service in showing, to those who had paid little attention to the subject, that the Africans are not by *nature* inferior to other—even the *white*—races of men; but that "Ethiopia held a conspicuous place among the nations of ancient times." . . . Mrs. Child's exposure of the fallacy of the Colonization scheme, as well as the falsity of the pretensions put forth by its advocates, amply sustained all Mr. Garrison's accusations. And her *exposé* of the principles of the "Immediate Abolitionists" was clear, and her defence of them was impregnable.

This "Appeal" reached thousands who had given no heed to us before, and made many converts to the doctrines of Mr. Garrison.

Of course, what pleased and helped us so much gave proportionate offence to slave-holders, Colonizationists, and their Northern abettors. Mrs. Child was denounced. Her effeminate admirers, both male and female, said there were "some very indelicate things in her book," though there was nothing narrated in it that had not been allowed, if not perpetrated, by "the refined, hospitable, chivalric gentlemen and ladies" on their Southern plantations. The politicians and statesmen scouted the woman who "presumed to criticise so freely the constitution and government of her country. Women had better let politics alone." And certain ministers gravely foreboded "evil and ruin to our country, if the women generally should follow Mrs. Child's bad example, and neglect their domestic duties to attend to the affairs of state."

Mrs. Child's popularity was reversed. Her writings on other subjects were no longer sought after with the avidity that was shown for them before the publication of her "Appeal." Most of them were sent back to their publishers from the Southern bookstores, with the notice that the demand for her books had ceased. The sale of them at the North was also greatly diminished. It was said at the time that her income from the productions of her pen was lessened six or eight hundred dollars a year. But this did not daunt her. On the contrary, it roused her to greater exertion, as it revealed to her more fully the moral corruption which slavery had diffused throughout our country, and summoned her patriotism as well as her benevolence to more determined conflict with our nation's deadliest enemy. Indeed, she consecrated herself to the cause of the enslaved. Many of her publications since then have related to the great subject, viz.: The Oasis, Antislavery Catechism, Authentic Anecdotes, Evils and Cure of Slavery, Other Tracts, Life of Isaac T. Hopper, and, more

than all, her letters to Governor Wise, of Virginia, and to Mrs. Mason, respecting John Brown. Those letters had an immense circulation throughout the free States, and were blazoned by all manner of anathemas in the Southern papers. Her letter to Mrs. Mason especially was copied by hundreds of thousands, and was doubtless one of the efficient agencies that prepared the mind of the North for the final great crisis.

Thurlow Weed.

BORN in Cairo, N. Y., 1797. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1882.

CABINET-MAKING WITH MR. LINCOLN.

[*Autobiography of Thurlow Weed. Edited by his Daughter, Harriet A. Weed.* 1883.]

AFTER this subject had been talked up, and over, and out, Mr. Lincoln remarked, smiling, "that he supposed I had had some experience in cabinet-making; that he had a job on hand, and as he had never learned that trade, he was disposed to avail himself of the suggestions of friends." Taking up his figure, I replied, "that though never a boss cabinet-maker, I had as a journeyman been occasionally consulted about State cabinets, and that although President Taylor once talked with me about reforming his cabinet, I had never been concerned in or presumed to meddle with the formation of an original Federal cabinet, and that he was the first President elect I had ever seen." The question thus opened became the subject of conversation, at intervals, during that and the following day. I say at intervals, because many hours were consumed in talking of the public men connected with former administrations, interspersed, illustrated, and seasoned pleasantly with Mr. Lincoln's stories, anecdotes, etc. And here I feel called upon to vindicate Mr. Lincoln, as far as my opportunities and observation go, from the frequent imputation of telling indelicate and ribald stories. I saw much of him during his whole presidential term, with familiar friends and alone, when he talked without restraint, but I never heard him use a profane or indecent word, or tell a story that might not be repeated in the presence of ladies.

Mr. Lincoln observed that "the making of a cabinet, now that he had it to do, was by no means as easy as he had supposed; that he had, even before the result of the election was known, assuming the probability of success, fixed upon the two leading members of his cabinet, but that in looking about for suitable men to fill the other departments, he had been

much embarrassed, partly from his want of acquaintance with the prominent men of the day, and partly, he believed, that while the population of the country had immensely increased, really great men were scarcer than they used to be." He then inquired whether I had any suggestions of a general character affecting the selection of a cabinet to make. I replied that, along with the question of ability, integrity, and experience, he ought, in the selection of his cabinet, to find men whose firmness and courage fitted them for the revolutionary ordeal which was about to test the strength of our government; and that in my judgment it was desirable that at least two members of his cabinet should be selected from slave-holding States. He inquired whether, in the emergency which I so much feared, they could be trusted, adding that he did not quite like to hear Southern journals and Southern speakers insisting that there must be no "coercion;" that while he had no disposition to coerce anybody, yet after he had taken an oath to execute the laws, he should not care to see them violated. I remarked that there were Union men in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, for whose loyalty, under the most trying circumstances and in any event, I would vouch. "Would you rely on such men if their States should secede?" "Yes, sir; the men whom I have in my mind can always be relied on." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "let us have the names of your white crows, such ones as you think fit for the cabinet." I then named Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland; John M. Botts, of Virginia; John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina; and Bailey Peyton, of Tennessee. As the conversation progressed, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he intended to invite Governor Seward to take the State, and Governor Chase the Treasury Department, remarking that, aside from their long experience in public affairs, and their eminent fitness, they were prominently before the people and the convention as competitors for the presidency, each having higher claims than his own for the place which he was to occupy. On naming Gideon Welles as the gentleman he thought of as the representative of New England in the cabinet, I remarked that I thought he could find several New England gentlemen whose selection for a place in his cabinet would be more acceptable to the people of New England. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "we must remember that the Republican party is constituted of two elements, and that we must have men of Democratic as well as of Whig antecedents in the cabinet."

Acquiescing in this view the subject was passed over. And then Mr. Lincoln remarked that Judge Blair had been suggested. I inquired, "What Judge Blair?" and was answered, "Judge Montgomery Blair." "Has he been suggested by any one except his father, Francis P. Blair, Sr.?" "Your question," said Mr. Lincoln, "reminds me of a story," and he proceeded with infinite humor to tell a story, which I would

repeat if I did not fear that its spirit and effect would be lost. I finally remarked that if we were legislating on the question, I should move to strike out the name of Montgomery Blair, and insert that of Henry Winter Davis. Mr. Lincoln laughingly replied, "Davis has been posting you up on this question. He came from Maryland, and has got Davis on the brain. Maryland must, I think, be like New Hampshire, a good State to move from." And then he told a story of a witness in a neighboring county, who, on being asked his age, replied, "Sixty." Being satisfied that he was much older, the judge repeated the question, and on receiving the same answer, admonished the witness, saying that the court knew him to be much older than sixty. "Oh," said the witness, "you're thinking about that fifteen year that I lived down on the eastern shore of Maryland; that was so much lost time, and don't count." This story, I perceived, was thrown in to give the conversation a new direction. It was very evident that the selection of Montgomery Blair was a fixed fact; and although I subsequently ascertained the reasons and influences that controlled the selection of other members of the cabinet, I never did find out how Mr. Blair got there.

Gerrit Smith.

BORN in Utica, N. Y., 1797. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1874.

HIS POLITICAL CREED.

[*Letter to his Constituents.* 1852.—*From the Biography by O. B. Frothingham.* 1878.]

MY nomination, as I supposed it would, has resulted in my election, —and that too, by a very large majority. And now, I wish that I could resign the office which your partiality has accorded to me. But I must not—I cannot. To resign it would be a most ungrateful and offensive requital of the rare generosity, which broke through your strong attachments of party, and bestowed your votes on one the peculiarities of whose political creed leave him without a party. Very rare, indeed, is the generosity, which was not to be repelled by a political creed, among the peculiarities of which are:

1. That it acknowledges no law and knows no law for slavery; that not only is slavery not in the federal constitution, but that, by no possibility could it be brought either into the federal or into a State constitution.

2. That the right to the soil is as natural, absolute and equal as the right to the light and air.

3. That political rights are not conventional but natural,—inhering in all persons, the black as well as the white, the female as well as the male.

4. That the doctrine of free trade is the necessary outgrowth of the doctrine of the human brotherhood; and that to impose restrictions on commerce is to build up unnatural and sinful barriers across that brotherhood.

5. That national wars are as brutal, barbarous and unnecessary as are the violence and bloodshed to which misguided and frenzied individuals are prompted; and that our country should, by her own Heaven-trusting and beautiful example, hasten the day when the nations of the earth "shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

6. That the province of government is but to protect—to protect persons and property; and that the building of railroads and canals and the care of schools and churches fall entirely outside of its limits, and exclusively within the range of "the voluntary principle." Narrow, however, as are those limits, every duty within them is to be promptly, faithfully, fully performed:—as well, for instance, the duty on the part of the federal government to put an end to the dram-shop manufacture of paupers and madmen in the city of Washington, as the duty on the part of the State government to put an end to it in the State.

7. That as far as practicable, every officer, from the highest to the lowest, including especially the President and Postmaster, should be elected directly by the people.

I need not extend any further the enumerations of the features of my peculiar political creed; and I need not enlarge upon the reason which I gave why I must not and cannot resign the office which you have conferred upon me. I will only add that I accept it; that my whole heart is moved to gratitude by your bestowment of it, and that, God helping me, I will so discharge its duties as neither to dishonor myself nor you.

John Hughes.

Born in County Tyrone, Ireland, 1797. Died in New York, N. Y., 1864.

A PATRIOT-CHURCHMAN.

[*Complete Works of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York.* 1866.]

IT may be that God, for some design of his own, which future generations will appreciate, has permitted this calamity to scourge the country in order to bring from these results benefit to the whole human race. These are circumstances, the results of which no man can fathom, they depend upon so many conditional circumstances. But there is one question that ought to be clear to every mind, and it is this—that if such a warfare should continue for years, it is recognized as the privilege of other nations, in the name of humanity, to try and put an end to it. The people themselves should put an end to it with as little delay as possible. It is not a scourge that has visited this nation alone. Wars have been from the beginning of the world, nations against nations, and that most terrible of all wars, civil war, in which brother is arrayed against brother.

How long is this to go on? As it goes on, it is affording a pretext for all the nations to combine against us; but even then, I say their interference should not be permitted, except in the way of benevolence; but, if with the sword, we should unite in setting them at defiance. But I would say if they do interfere, and interfere successfully—if the country and the Government are not sustained by every sacrifice that is necessary, then your United States will become a Poland. Then it will become divided into fragments; then the strife will hover on all the borders; every State will claim to be independent, and render itself an easy prey to foreign powers. Oh! let not this be so. I know little of what has occurred since I left. I have had scarcely time to look at a paper since my return; but, by all accounts, much has been attempted, but not much realized, towards terminating this unnatural war. Volunteers have been appealed to, and they have answered the appeal; but for my own part, if I had a voice in the councils of the nation, I would say, let volunteers continue, and the draft be made. If three hundred thousand men be not sufficient, let three hundred thousand more be called upon, so that the army, in its fulness of strength, shall be always on hand for any emergency. This is not cruelty; this is mercy; this is humanity—anything that will put an end to this draggling of human blood across the whole surface of the country. Then, every man, rich and poor, will have to take his share; and it ought not to be left to the

Government to plead with the people, to call upon them to come forward, and to ask if they will permit themselves to be drafted. No; but the people themselves should insist upon being drafted, and be allowed to bring this unnatural strife to a close. Other efforts will be made on the other side; and who can blame them, since they have cast their die on the issue? But, any way, this slow, lingering waste of human life should be cut short.

In the mean while, it is enough for us to weep over this calamity; it is enough for us to pray to God that it be brought to an end. It is enough for us to make a sacrifice of everything to sustain the power, and the authority, and the unity of the only Government that we profess to acknowledge. But it is not necessary to hate our opponents, nor to be cruel in the battle; it is necessary to be brave, to be patriotic—to do what the country needs; and for this God will give us His blessing, as a recompense for discharging our duty without violating any just laws, divine or human.

Samuel Gardner Drake.

BORN in Pittsfield, N. H., 1798. DIED in Boston, Mass., 1875.

THE BOSTON LECTURE—ITS ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION.

[*The History and Antiquities of Boston.* 1856.]

THE Thursday Lecture, which had its beginning in Boston, soon after the arrival of Mr. Cotton, has, with some intermissions, been kept up until the present generation. It was an excellent institution, and early exercised a good influence. Many of the discourses at this lecture were printed during the last century, and constitute a valuable portion of its literary history. At these lectures subjects were sometimes discussed which were of too secular a nature, as was then thought, for the pulpit on Sundays. Thus, Mr. Cotton took occasion at one of these early lectures to discuss the propriety of women's wearing veils. Mr. Endicott being present, he spoke in opposition to Mr. Cotton's views; and, "after some debate, the Governor, perceiving it to grow to some earnestness, interposed, and so it brake off." What effect, if any, the lecture had to bring the veil into disuse here at that time, no mention is made. But about this time, whether before or after, is not quite certain, but probably before, Mr. Cotton lectured at Salem on the same grave question, with great effect. His arguments against veils were so conclusive to the females of the congregation, that, though they all wore

them in the forenoon, in the afternoon they all came without them. This may have taken Governor Endicott by surprise, and he may have come up to Boston to counteract this wholesale, and, as he believed, unscriptural denunciation of a necessary appendage to the attire of all modest women, especially, as Mr. Williams and Mr. Skelton had proved conclusively from Scripture, that it ought to be worn in public assemblies. For females to wear veils, they maintained, was no badge of superstition, while the Cross in the King's colors was evidently of that character; or so Mr. Endicott considered it, and he forthwith proceeded to cut it out. Roger Williams is accused of agitating this matter, and therefore accountable for the trouble that it occasioned; and as it was done in accordance with his views, it was of course condemned by all those who had denounced him as promulgating heretical doctrines. Upon this Mr. Hubbard sarcastically adds, "What that good man would have done with the Cross upon his coin, if he had any left that bore that sign of superstition, is uncertain." Mr. Endicott cut out the red Cross from an entire conscientious conviction, that it was idolatrous to let it remain; arguing, and truly, that it had been given to the King of England by the Pope; and that it was a relic of Antichrist. Mr. Richard Browne, Ruling Elder of the church of Watertown, complained of the act to the Court of Assistants, as a high-handed proceeding, which might be construed, in England, into one of rebellion. To conclude the account of this matter by anticipating the order of events, it may be briefly stated, that the Court issued an attachment against Ensign Richard Davenport, then the ensign-bearer of Salem, whose Colors had been mutilated, to appear at the next Court. When that Court came together, which was a year after the Cross was cut out, "Endicott was judged to be guilty of a great offence;" inasmuch as he had, "with rash indiscretion, and by his sole authority," committed an act, "thereby giving occasion to the Court of England to think ill of them;" that, therefore, "he was worthy of admonition, and should be disabled from bearing any public office for one year."

This affair of the Cross would hardly have been noticed, probably, but for the opportunity it afforded the people of Boston to punish those of Salem for their adherence to Roger Williams. And thus early is seen that spirit of dictation, which has ever since been conspicuous in this metropolis; and though it has, in a measure, made it what it is, it also shows that, what Boston undertakes, Boston will do.

John Adams Dix.

Born in Boscawen, N. H., 1798. Died in New York, N. Y., 1879.

RECURRENT TENDENCY OF HUMAN LIFE AND THOUGHT.

[*Address on the "Social and Political Evils of the Day." New York, 3 January,* 1876.—*Memoirs.* 1883.]

WITH all these physical improvements it is doubtful whether our acquaintance with the agencies which enter into and govern our inner life have made any sensible progress from the period to which our earliest historical records reach. Some conception of the stupendous problem of human life may be gathered from the consideration that, during an existence not more extended than my own, at least two thousand millions of people have come into the world and gone out of it. It may be fairly questioned whether there can be found among the millions who are actors in the great social drama any lives which have not had their counterpart in other times, with little variation in the detail, and whether any sentiment or thought can be expressed now which has not been expressed heretofore. So far as the memorials of the past extend, they show that the outpourings of feeling and passion which were heard ages ago on the shores of the Ganges, the banks of the Nile, the Tiber, the Arno, and the Avon, and by the still waters of Siloam, are the same as those which are heard now, in the varied forms of speech, wherever the human intellect rises above the level of mere animal necessities. It is thus in eras of civilization far distant from each other that mind is linked to mind and heart to heart by those mysterious bonds of sympathy which, in spite of the throes of intervening ages, still stretch unbroken across the chasm where empire after empire has gone down into the abyss beneath.

No one who has traced the current of human thought from the earliest sources revealed to us down to the present time can fail to be struck with its uniformity. Indeed, the writers in succeeding ages seem, at first glance, to be but a succession of plagiarists; and yet they are evidently, on a closer view, unconscious imitators—constrained to be so, because the current of thought in all that relates to the abstract runs forever in the same channels. Thus the utterances of the present are little else than echoes of the voices of the past. There are passages in Cicero almost word for word like others in the Psalms of David, and in St. Paul's epistles word for word like others in the works of Cicero. In the great folio of Erasmus, of two thousand pages, on the adages of all ages and nations, you may trace to the ancient Israelites, and to the Greeks

and Romans, almost every saying or proverb which is current among us to-day. Even the "almighty dollar" of Washington Irving has its equivalent in the *regina pecunia* of Horace. The ancient philosophers, groping without the light of the Gospel for great moral truths, were sometimes successful in grasping them amid the spiritual darkness in which they were involved, manifesting unmistakably that their minds were illumined by rays of the Eternal Essence which created and controls the universe. It is a remarkable fact that the precept which lies at the foundation of the Christian code—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"—was proclaimed as a moral axiom centuries before the advent of the Saviour, and that he did not disdain to adopt it, stamping it with divine authority, and prescribing it for the government of mankind. If we are to contend successfully against the social and political evils which beset us, it must be through a better observance of this and his other kindred commands. *In hoc signo*—in this sign only can we hope to conquer. The two altars of our religious and political faith should stand side by side. Then may we trust that their fires will ascend in a common flame to heaven, and call down the blessings of prosperity and peace upon our beloved country.

Mirabeau Bonaparte Lamar.

BORN in Louisville, Ga., 1798. DIED at Richmond, Texas, 1859.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

[*Copied for this work by the late De Rosset Lamar.*]

O LEND to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountain,
And lend to me your cadences,
O rivers of the mountain!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star,
The evening star how tender,—
The light of both is in her eyes,
Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light
They were too dazzling for the sight,
And when she shuts them, all is night—
The daughter of Mendoza.

O ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
The rainbow in thy smiling;
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we no more meet,—
What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light
Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette—
Thou art too bright a star to set,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

Francis Lister Hawks.

Born in New Berne, N. C., 1798. Died in New York, N. Y., 1866.

THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE.

[*History of North Carolina. Second Edition.* 1857.]

ROUGH but brave men, for the most part, were these colonists under Lane, and let us honor them, at least, for the courage with which they encountered privations and hardships. But they could be pioneers only, for they had among them none of the gentler sex. They were but laying foundations that others might come in and help them to build thereon. But Providence saw fit to call *them* all away; and now, under White, another set of actors is on the stage, even that "lost" colony whose sad story we have told already. And here are women and children. Daily life, we may imagine, was somewhat different now. The men are probably not so rough-visaged and so untidy. They have been partially humanized by the gentleness of woman and the caresses of children. True, they have a hard battle to fight, but they have also a stake to fight for. But, alas! here is an enemy more to be dreaded than even the vindictive and treacherous savage—*starvation!* And now the father wishes that wife and children were but in safety in the land whence he brought them. He can suffer himself, but it unmans him to see them suffer. That skeleton child for whom the mother has starved herself in vain; he has laid it in its coffin and buried it in the ground, and he turns sadly

away from the task of comforting its desolate mother; for his own heart is breaking: that mother must go next. Domestic life was monotonous enough now. It was one long sad gaze over the waters: the eye might strain itself over the sea, but it looked in vain for the coming ship. No vessel ever came. "Hungry famine had them in the wind," and gaunt spectacles of suffering humanity, attenuated almost to transparency, flitted like ghosts around. The spectral crew vanished by degrees, how, God knoweth; and whether they found a grave in the ocean's depths, or on the land, is reserved for the revelations of that day when "the earth and the sea shall give up their dead." . . . .

We find no mention made of individual ownership acquired in the land cultivated: none of the stimulus created in man by the consideration that he is improving his own property; no awakening of forethought for the comfort of that period when age should overtake the colonist, and call for a repose from labor, to be enjoyed on the fruits of earlier industry. All, as far as appeared, labored for the benefit of a common stock out of which all were to live. Now, however such a system may answer for a short time in the beginning, in exploration for instance, it is not a system to insure success, when permanent settlement is once begun. The history of colonization presents no instance of success under such a system, because such a plan runs counter to human nature: it leaves out of view that consideration of personal interest which is left by Heaven in man, as a stimulus to exertion. There is too much equality in the return made alike to laborious toil and evasive idleness: industry is taxed to supply the deficiencies of indolence; and community of interest is not likely to produce economy of expenditure. Hence the plan is soon not merely seen, but felt to be inequitable, and men are not apt to make a prosperous community where they are treated unjustly. The colonization of Virginia, some twenty years later, commenced on this defective system. It never prospered until men were permitted to secure an individual right in their land and their labor.

Again: too little attention, probably, was paid to individual character in the selection of colonists. Doubtless, this was then as it is now, in some degree, unavoidable. The affluent, and the possessors of moderate comfort, in the home of their youth, are not likely to sever all ties and cross an ocean to people a wilderness. There must ordinarily be some strong moral influence to prompt such men to remove. But it is from among such men only, refined by culture, accustomed to some comforts, and disciplined, by their position, to orderly habits, and a proper respect for lawful authority, that good colonists are likely to come. Such men, only, meet privations with a cheerful spirit, and seek to supply their deficiencies. The outcasts of London prisons and the sweepings of London kennels, then as now, doubtless could furnish their quota to

every ship-load of adventurers. The dissipated scions of respectable families were gladly sent off, lest they should finally tarnish ancestral honors by a felon's fate at home: the inmates of the vile slums and alleys of the metropolis were but too glad to escape the grasp of violated law; to leave a country where they had nothing to gain and everything to lose, because they had reached an infamy and attained to a notoriety in guilt, which left them no further hope of committing crime with impunity. In short, we may not doubt that some of the earliest colonists belonged to that class which the poet has described as "the cankers of a long peace, and a calm world."

But we are inclined to think that these causes would not have prevented the successful establishment of White's colony, had it not been subjected to the horrors of famine. Time and experience would probably have corrected the evils we have named; but for starvation there was no remedy; and so, after the toil and suffering of years, the expenditure of much precious treasure, and the loss of still more precious life, the waves of Albermarle rolled, as of old, their ripples up the deserted island beach, and the only voice heard was that of the fitful winds, as they sighed through the forests of Roanoke, and broke upon the stillness of nature's rough repose. The white man was there no longer.

George Washington Doane.

Born in Trenton, N. J., 1799. Died at Burlington, N. J., 1859.

EVENING.

[*Life and Writings.* 1860.]

Psalm cxli. 2.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee:

Thou, whose all-pervading eye,
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

"HOC ERAT IN VOTIS."

[*Written in Northfield Vicarage, England,* 1841.]

THIS was in all my prayers, since first I prayed:—
A Parsonage, in a sweet garden's shade;
The Church adjoining, with its ivied tower;
A peal of bells, a clock to tell the hour;
A rustic flock, to feed from day to day,
And kneel with them, at morn, and eve, and pray.
He, who "doth all things well," denied my prayer,
And bade me take th' Apostle's staff and bear,
The scattered sheep o'er hill and dale pursue,
Feed the old flocks and gather in the new;
Count ease, and health, and life, and all things loss,
So I make known the blessed bleeding Cross.
These quiet scenes, that never can be mine,
This home-bred happiness, dear friend! be thine;
Each choicest gift, and influence from above,
Descend on thee, and all that share thy love;
Peace, which the world gives not, nor can destroy,
The prelibation of eternal joy.

Robert Charles Sands.

Born in Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y., 1799. Died at Hoboken, N. J., 1832.

THE MAN WHO BURNT JOHN ROGERS.

[*Writings, in Prose and Verse.* 1834.]

ON board of one of the ships sent out by Walter Raleigh under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, to make discoveries along the North American coast, was a passenger of a singular and melancholy aspect,

who from the first moment of departure was regarded by all the company with eyes of doubt and suspicion. There was a settled gloom upon his countenance, mingled with an expression that seemed sinister and malign, at the same time that it was timorous; and there was a restlessness and uneasiness in his deportment and gait which it was disagreeable for one who noted him to observe. He would sometimes start when there was neither sound nor sight, nor other cause of agitation. Sometimes he was seen, as darkness was descending over the waters, to conceal himself near the ship's stern, or among ropes and coils of cable; on which occasions he would start and turn pale, as if detected in guilty musings, or would assume a savage aspect, as if he wished to destroy the intruder on his stolen privacy. The horrors of a guilty conscience seemed evidently to possess him. It seemed as if its workings had given him an unnatural appearance of premature age. The lines of his face and the furrows of his brow were deeply impressed; and a morbid imagination might almost trace, in the dusky red characters of the latter, the thunder-scars of the fallen angels. His hair in some places had turned completely gray. And yet, on the whole, he seemed not to have numbered more than forty years.

He entered the vessel under the general invitation, unknown to any of the ship's company. A rumor was soon current that his assumed name was fictitious, and that he had done some deed which rendered him odious among mankind. His crime was variously surmised, and, among other things, it was whispered that he had been an executioner. There were in that ship many desperadoes, and many who were flying from justice at home for crimes which in any country would have made them infamous. But no man inquired into or cared for his neighbor's character, though notoriously bad. This man alone, convicted by his peculiar and disagreeable physiognomy and manner, was the mark of aversion to all his fellow-voyagers. The awkward attempts which he made, during the first few days of their voyage, to form acquaintances, met with such unpromising reception that he desisted, and became uniformly silent. The women passengers avoided his glance, or looked at him askance, with a mingled expression of curiosity and horror; and at night they stifled the cries of their children by telling them that the Strange Man was coming. At meal-times, a solitary corner became his own by prescription, where his food was given and received in silence: and at night he retired to a couch, from the vicinity of which the occupants of the adjacent dormitories had removed; as they said his motions, groans, and cries prevented them from sleeping. The sailors regarded him with a superstitious dislike, as the Jonas of their vessel, and avoided, or coarsely repulsed him, when he drew near them at their work. He frequently overheard their comments on his situation, and their surmises as to the

cause of his revolting appearance, and the disgust it excited; which were all, however various, alike disgraceful to him.

Thus, on the bosom of the ocean, and within the narrow prison of a ship, without friend or counsellor, or the power of vindicating himself (for who can fight single-handed with prejudice?) among hundreds of his fellow-beings, men of like passions with himself, this wretched exile found himself the focal object of aversion, hatred, and disgust. He seemed to be in the situation of a guilty ghost; more tormented in its unnatural exposure to the living world than in its congenial hell; or like some of the prodigies with which the superstitions of different ages have teemed; like one who had been bitten by a rabid wolf; or who, having had his own veins sucked by a visitant from the charnel-house, had become himself possessed by the horrible appetite for blood. He was like the first-born Cain, bearing an obvious but inexplicable mark, which was at once the stamp of his guilt and his protection from the death which he coveted; or like the Jew who insulted our Divine Redeemer, as he passed on to his closing passion, branded with the indelible stigma which men trembled at and fled from. But the first murderer and the wandering Israelite had the world before them, with its solitudes and lurking-places, where no human countenance could obtrude with its expression of scorn, or fear, or detestation. This man was tied to his stake, with a tether whose shortness only allowed him to make idle and maddening efforts to hide himself from the many hundred eyes that glanced distrustfully and with loathing upon him. The Hindoo who has lost his caste can mingle with others, who, however despised by millions around them, at least form a community and fellowship of misery. But this man was alone; and the hatred for all his persecutors, which he gave them back in return for their aversion, was silently consuming his heart.

There was, however, a young man, named Rogers, among the company, whose sympathy for the desolate state of this individual overcame the repugnance which, in common with the others, he could not help feeling. He had, once or twice, made an effort, when none observed him, to break through the sphere of repulsion with which the lonely man had become invested. But the latter, supposing his object was derision or insult, avoided his looks and retreated from his advance. Rogers, however, had marked him, when he apparently thought himself secure from notice. He had observed that he wore a shirt of coarse hair under his upper garments, and had seen him in the attitude of prayer telling his beads. He naturally concluded that the source of so much anguish was some dreadful and unforgiven crime, for which he was undergoing penance.

The weather, which had long been threatening in appearance, now

indicated an approaching storm; and the symptoms increased in terror and in certainty. A tremendous gale rendered it impossible for the ship to carry any canvas; and night came on with tenfold darkness. The commander of this vessel, now separated from the others, was in the utmost perplexity; and the ship was alternately rolling and driving under bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At first a murmur, and soon a shout was heard among the crew, that the strange man should be brought forth and thrown overboard.

Roused by the clamor and the sound of his name, reiterated amid the uproar, the unfortunate being sprung from his troubled slumbers, and rushed upon deck. He trembled in every joint and fibre; his hair rose in distinct bristles; and his eyes, after wandering wildly, fixed in an intense gaze that spoke of expected evil, dreadful and inevitable. It seemed as if he had been summoned to reveal to the assembled universe the secret that overburdened his heart, and to receive the forfeit of some unpardonable sin, among the hootings and cursings of mankind. No one approached him who regarded his countenance by the fitful light of the lanterns; but those immediately before him shrunk backward, under the overpowering influence of preternatural terror. Two stout seamen, however, sprang from behind, and were hurrying him rapidly towards the gangway. He was urged along so speedily, that he made no resistance until on the verge of destruction. The ship rolled downward on the side whence he was about to be precipitated; and a ruddy flash which streamed from a lantern held near the spot, fell upon the troubled waste beyond. They were on the summit of an immeasurable mountain-wave; and the wretch looked downward and downward into infinite darkness; while stretching high above, before him, another advancing Alp of waters was impending over the gulf, which was to be to him the abyss of eternity. He uttered one long and shrill and piercing shriek; and clung, in the agony of his struggle, so firmly to his conductors, that they in vain endeavored to shake him off; but when they had pushed him from his foothold, he adhered, with the tenacity of despair, to the gripe he had taken of each of them, and was thus suspended over the yawning shades below. One was advancing with a cutlass to sever him from his tormentors and from life, when the vessel, shifting its position, threw all three backward. His grasp relaxed; he fell, as if exanimate, and rolled against the mast. The two men, having sprung again on their feet, were kicking him towards the opposite quarter; when Rogers, who had been standing near, interrupted them, and arrested the body of their intended victim in its progress. The whole scene had passed in a few moments; but in that brief interval the poor Jonas of the ship had passed through all the bitterness of death. Rogers now remonstrated with the seamen, but to no purpose. In vain he repre-

sented that the man had an equal right with themselves to the precarious protection which the ship yet yielded them; that they might one day be called to account for it; and that, though they should escape from human tribunals, they must eventually, and might, perhaps, in a few moments, follow this now living being, who had never offended them, to the last common audit, to answer for their usurpation of the attribute of God.

His intercession would have been altogether ineffectual, had not the commander himself at that moment appeared, and restored order by directing the execution of some new manœuvre. While the attention of the men was thus diverted, Rogers dragged the insensible being down to his couch, and deposited him there in darkness and temporary safety. He opened his eyes, which fixed for a moment on his deliverer; then, turning on his face, he enveloped himself in his covering, and lay coiled in the farthest corner of the recess which had been allotted him to sleep in.

The storm abated, and courage and confidence returned to the crew. On the day following the night of his jeopardy the strange being crawled from his lurking-place, unobserved, until he suddenly made his appearance in his usual place at the hour of dining. His danger on the preceding night was not generally known; but the company looked at him with a creeping sensation of superstitious awe, when they saw that his hair had turned completely white. His lower jaw seemed to have dropped. His head was bowed low over the trencher, from which, with trembling hands he took his allotted fare. Silence for some time prevailed in the cabin; and when the spell was passing away, the speakers addressed each other in an undertone, that sounded unnaturally to themselves, rebuked as it was by the fear that had fallen upon them. From a furtive glance which he threw towards him, Rogers thought that the object of so much terror recognized him as having been his preserver. He soon took an opportunity, unobserved, of beckoning to him, and the man followed him to a retired corner. Not without some emotion, Rogers requested him to meet him, at midnight, on the quarter-deck. "I will, sir," replied the man: "I believe I owe you my life. Would to God I had never incurred the debt. May I know the name of one, who, at any rate, meant to befriend me?"—"Rogers." At this word the man recoiled. His limbs seemed seized with a sudden paralysis, and he was only sustained from sinking by a projecting timber. "I know you not," said Rogers: "you never did me any injury: I may do you some good. Remember your appointment." So saying, he left him.

Whether curiosity or humanity had most influence with the young man in seeking this interview, is a question which, probably, he did not

ask himself. Whatever was the original motive, the former inducement was now exceedingly strong. He determined to gain from the stranger a confession of the cause of his situation; and though it could not possibly interest him, though it might involve him in a troublesome confidence, or stamp on his memory some disagreeable picture with which his imagination might be ever after haunted, though the supposed possession of the man's secret, or even a discovery of their private conference might render him obnoxious to the dislike of all his companions, —he still felt impatient until the hour should come which was to gratify his desire of penetrating this mystery. Such is the disease of the mind, however denominated, or by whatsoever cause excited, inseparably connected with the thirst for knowledge. Eve could not have disbelieved the warning which she heard from the lips of Omnipotence; that evil, however darkly apprehended as to its nature, must follow the breach of the Divine prohibition; and yet she plucked and ate, and death came into the world.

The wind had lulled, but a universal darkness covered the face of the deep as the appointed hour drew nigh. Save the watch and himself, all the inhabitants of the vessel were resting below from the fatigues and alarms of the previous night and day, as Rogers was slowly pacing the quarter-deck. The lights from the binnacle glimmered with wan and melancholy rays, deepening the infinity of gloom around. The ocean seemed moaning, as if after its recent tortures. There was no other sight nor sound, until a stifled groan fell on the ear of Rogers—a sob of deep agony, which the sufferer seemed vainly endeavoring to repress. He looked in the direction whence it came, and indistinctly discerned a figure advancing with irregular movements, and half-crawling towards him. He began to experience an unaccountable nervous agitation. This man was probably insane; perhaps unnaturally visited by some demoniac possession. Credulity was rife with stories of the kind at that time. Why had he sought this intimacy? Why summoned him in private, at this untimely and ghostly hour? But the figure had reached him, and after a little timid observation, the strange being stood up and began to gaze earnestly on Rogers' countenance, as the dim light played flittingly across its features. There was nothing to terrify the subject of its scrutiny, either in the gaze, or in the appearance of the examiner. For the former soon changed from the expression of anxiety to that of humble entreaty; and the figure shook as with decrepitude. And, indeed, after a short time he fell down on his knees, took hold of his young defender by the skirts, and looked up to him with an imploring eye. Rogers drew him from his abject situation to the stem of the vessel, and there bade him sit down beside him.

Silence succeeded for a few moments; when, with some hesitation, he

addressed him: "I believe I did, indeed, preserve your life last night. You say you cannot rejoice at your deliverance. I have felt compassion for you, because you are alone among so many. Confide in me, and I will extend my protection still further. Whatever crime you may have committed, you are going to the deserts of a new world, where you may begin a new existence. The arm of retributive justice cannot reach you there; and the face of man cannot behold you, if you choose to fly into its solitudes. I have a strong desire to learn your history, and promise, most solemnly, never to betray your trust, without your consent."

"I have committed no crime," replied the man, "for which I am amenable to human laws. In what I have performed, I have been told I did Heaven service. But could I fly from man, nay, could I escape from the presence of God, beyond the uttermost parts of the earth or the depths of hell, I cannot fly from myself. I have prayed for madness; but I am not mad. I can reason, and, alas! too well remember. Here it is, printed on my brain, a picture of fire; and it burns, and will burn forever, unless the soul can be annihilated. I would not commit an offence which I believe would consign me to perdition; or I would, long since, have laid down this tormenting load of life: yet how could I be happy in heaven, if memory is there, or if there I am to meet any of the countenances that are now looking upon me, though you cannot see them,—so sad, so horror-struck, so agonized? Have you not read how heathens, in old times, guilty of parricide, or other inexpiable offence, were followed over all the earth, and even to the thresholds of their temples, by terrible women, shaking unquenchable firebrands, with living serpents hissing and twisting around their heads? I am beset by many followers; but they do not threaten me, but look fixedly and sorrowfully upon me; and I seem sinking down and down beneath their looks into a fathomless pit. Last night I saw them, too, deep in the monstrous womb of the ocean; and now I see them; and I shall see them forever. The heathens, I have read, could cling to their altars; and the Jews had certain places where the avenger of blood could not pursue. But I have no sanctuary, and no city of refuge, in all the wide world of land and waters that basks in the sunlight;—and I cannot look for it in the grave."

And here he lay down on his face, and a strong convulsion shook him like an ague fit. He regained some composure, and continued: "Since I have been on board of this vessel the torments of my earthly purgatory have been condensed to an intensity greater and more unremitting, than ever the persecutions of those who follow me have been constant. Every living thing around has mocked at and shunned me; until each human countenance seems to be that of a fiend to whom the penal torture has been assigned of persecuting, and mouthing, and chattering at the

guilty; but I could abide all this, if *they* were not with me. I have seen them in crowded capitals; in the Arabian deserts; and in the dungeons of the infidels; but never, though long years have passed, more distinctly than now.

"But why should I weary you with what you cannot understand, and have no interest in. You ask to know the source of my calamity. I will endeavor to tell you as briefly and intelligibly as I can. I was the son of an industrious and frugal woollen-draper, in the city of London, and his only child. I was much indulged; and my father, having bound me apprentice to himself, did not chastise me when I neglected his business, but was satisfied to reprove me for my present offences. I did not acquire any vices; but I was an idle youth, and loved to see spectacles of all kinds. In particular, I attended all public executions; and was very sure never to be absent when any tragic scene was to be acted on Tower-hill or at Tyburn. I loved to watch the countenances of men going to be separated instantly from the bustle of life; and felt a strange excitement at the parade and circumstances which attend the awful execution of law. I did not go with the common feelings of the multitude, who thought no more of the event after it had passed, but dispersed to other places of amusement, or to their every-day business. The procession to the scaffold or the tree; the prayer, and the psalm, and the dying speech; the preparations for the block or the halter; the descending axe or the withdrawing cart; the hushed pause of the countless spectators; the mangling of the bodies afterward—were all to me so many acts of a stage-play, in which I took a fearful but intense delight. It became a passion, paramount above all others; insomuch, that I sometimes envied the vile executioner, all stained as he was, and besmeared with the blood, and tearing the vitals of his often yet conscious victims; because he enjoyed a nearer prospect of the scene, from which I was kept back by the crowd and the soldiery.

"I have seen, in the East, men who derived their sustenance from mortal poisons; and others who kept tame snakes in their bosoms, and would caress the slimy monsters, as they were wrapped in their grisly and glittering folds. I have heard, too, of cannibals, and of forlorn creatures who haunt graveyards and prey upon dead carcasses. Not more unaccountable even to myself than the fancies and appetites of these extraordinary creatures was the desire that possessed me of witnessing the sufferings of human beings previous to the separation of soul and body. I have reasoned upon it since, and found no satisfactory cause; for in my nature, if I know what it was in childhood, there was no cruelty nor malice against my fellow-men. But so it was, that the contemplation of all these scenes of bloodshed and terror was my constant employment, and visions of executions, in all their terrible variety

of pain, and fear, and agony, held their infernal sabbath in my mind, so that I neglected business and regular occupation of every kind.

"The persecution of the heretics began, and burnings took place in every part of the country. I had never attended an exhibition of this sort, and imagined, according to the craving of my diseased curiosity, that it must surpass in terror and sublimity all I had witnessed of the closing drama of penal justice. It so happened that I had made acquaintance with one of the sheriff's men, with whom I had held much communion on the subject always uppermost in my thoughts; and he came one morning to inform me that a minister was to be burnt the next day, and that I might, if I pleased, be close to the pile, and see everything as it occurred. This was a golden opportunity for me; and one for which I had long and vainly sighed. I was, however, not a little damped in my eagerness, when he told me it was necessary I should light the pile myself. From this office, although a good Catholic, and esteeming, even as I still do (but forgive me—you are a Protestant), the consuming of heretics as an acceptable thing to God;—from this function, I say, I recoiled, as unbecoming the son of an honest man, out of whose province it was entirely to perform the part of the common hangman. My acquaintance, however, told me, that I could gain a near access to the stake on no other condition; and gave me a mask which was adapted to the upper part of my face, and which, he said, would prevent any person from recognizing me. He added, that he would call for me the next morning, and so saying, he left me.

"All the rest of that day I was uneasy, irresolute, and almost beside myself, pondering between my desire to indulge a long-cherished curiosity, and the repugnance I felt to execute an office considered disgraceful even when prescribed to an individual as his legal duty. Before I fell asleep, I had made up my mind to depart from home early in the morning, and to behold the spectacle from a distance among the multitude. My dreams, prophetic of all I have ever had since, were troubled, wild, and agonizing; and I awoke in a feverish state of excitement. Very soon the populace was seen pouring from various quarters to the field where the execution was to be; and while I was yet meditating whether to evade my appointment by flight, or to refuse accompanying the sheriff's follower, he made his appearance, and beckoned to me, and as if by a fatal, uncontrollable impulse, I slipped quickly out of my father's shop, and accompanied him on his way. Turning down a narrow alley, he equipped me with my mask, and hurried, or rather dragged me towards the prison. No notice was taken of me, as, by the side of my companion, I mingled among the retainers of the law. Very soon the inner gates were opened, and there came forth among the officers a man in black vestments, a little advanced in years. His countenance, though not dis-

composed, was sad; for, as I heard, he had just parted from his family. And behind the escort I saw them slowly advancing, but did not then note them particularly; for a heavy load had fallen upon my heart. I heard not distinctly what was uttered around me, and turned my face neither to the right nor the left, but was led by the arm, mechanically, by my companion; following, with the other attendants, the cart in which the victim intended for the present sacrifice was placed.

"In this stupor I walked on the whole distance, unroused by the great following of the people, or the occasional interruptions that took place in our progress, until we arrived at the spot where the stake and the fagots were prepared. I kept my eyes fixed, as if by enchantment, on that fatal pile, and was dragged along unresistingly, while a ring was formed around the scene of torture. With dim and dreaming vision, I saw the minister descend from the cart, and walk tranquilly and firmly, as it seemed, to the goal of his earthly pilgrimage. There were other things passing, which swam indistinctly before my sight. There was a priest with an angry countenance, holding a cross, from whom the heretic minister turned away; and a proclamation was read, of which I heard the sounds, without perceiving the meaning of the words. Then they fastened the prisoner to the stake by iron hoops, and closed up the circle of fagots around him. At this moment I was thrust forward so suddenly by my companion, that I was urged within a few feet of the pile. I stood without motion, rather as a machine than a thinking being, and a torch was put into my hand by a halberdier. The sheriff, who stood by, addressed me, but I understood not his words. I only comprehended from his gesture that I was to light the pyre. A dead silence prevailed among all the assembled people, and we might have heard the whisper of an infant, or the falling of a leaf. A brief struggle passed through my frame, and hastily, by the same seemingly mechanical impulse, of which alone I appeared to be conscious, I advanced with the fatal brand. One instant I cast my eyes upwards on the victim. His countenance was serene and cheerful; and he bent his eyes upon me with a settled calmness and forgiveness, which now lives before my sight as though it were yesterday. I thrust the torch among the light stuff and combustibles at the foot of the pile; and the flame speedily ran all around it, and mounted among the wood. I thought I felt it at the same moment encircling my own brain. I dropped the torch and returned to my companion. There was a weight upon my feet that seemed to clog them to the earth at every step, and a deathlike coldness at my heart. Then, as I lifted up my eyes, I beheld, behind the surrounding guards, a melancholy train in sable apparel. There was a mother with a little infant in her bosom. She was tall and of a dignified aspect; but her cheeks were pale; and her eyes, swollen and red, were fixed in the di-

rection of the pile where her husband was suffering. There were two lusty and stately youths, who stood gazing sternly and sadly; but as the fire began to crackle fiercely behind me, they lifted up their voices and wept aloud. There was a maiden just arrived at womanhood, slender and graceful, with a saintly countenance, such as I have seen in pictures of the Holy Virgin; and she clung weeping to her elder brother. There was a younger girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, like a young cherub, weeping, shrieking out for mercy for her father, and a boy, deformed, and supporting himself with a crutch, who had an obliquity in one eye, that gave to the agony of grief, expressed in his face, a strange peculiarity. And there were little children clinging around their mother's garments, all crying bitterly; the youngest, poor souls, for company, not knowing why the rest were so afflicted. Methought that, at the same instant, they all directed their eyes towards me; and ever since I have retained the individual expression of each of those woe-begone faces. I turned around, and saw the father of this family surrounded by the ascending blaze, that burnt fiercely, but with a pale unnatural lustre, in the broad glare of day. His look was serene, and he stretched out his hands, and washed them in the consuming element."

(*Here there is a large defect in the manuscript.*)

The vessels were in sight of the coast of Florida. A delightful perfume was wafted from the shore, and the adventurers beheld the banks, even down to the edge of the water, covered with luxuriant vines and groves of magnolia. Some boats put off from the ship in which Rogers was a passenger, for the purpose of paying a visit to this land of promise; and in one of them the unhappy man, whose history is herein before recorded, went on shore. He was never seen more. Those who were in the same boat with him said that he had wandered into the interior of the country, and could not be recalled in time. It is more probable that they purposely left him.

The ship under command of Sir Francis Drake, a few years afterwards, took from the Virginian coast the remnant of the colonists, who were unfortunate in their settlement. Among the survivors, Rogers returned to England, by whom the foregoing facts were narrated. And notwithstanding many traditions and legends that have been popular, the above are the only authentic particulars in relation to the MAN WHO BURNT JOHN ROGERS.

Hæc scripsi, invitâ Minervâ, RICHMOND, *August 27th,* 1724.

William Bourne Oliver Peabody.

Born in Exeter, N. H., 1799. Died at Springfield, Mass., 1847.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

[*Literary Remains.* 1850.]

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The wind breathes low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the the dews of night,
The yellow star appears:
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

Oliver William Bourne Peabody.

Born in Exeter, N. H., 1799. Twin brother of Dr. Peabody. Died at Burlington, Vt., 1848.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

[*Attributed to O. W. B. P. It appeared in "The Christian Examiner,"* 1824.]

AY, there ye shine, and there have shone
  In one eternal hour of prime;
Each rolling, burningly alone,
  Through boundless space and countless time!
Ay, there ye shine—the golden dews
  That pave the realms by seraphs trod,
There through yon echoing vault diffuse
  The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst
  Young Eden's birthnight saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
  Yet sparkling from the hand divine;
Yes, bright as then ye smiled to catch
  The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold your high immortal watch;
  And gird your God's pavilion there!

Gold frets to dust,—yet there ye are;
  Time rots the diamond,—there ye roll,
In primal light, as if each star
  Enshrined an everlasting soul!
And do they not—since yon bright throngs
  One all-enlightening Spirit own,
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
  Eternal, glorious, blessed, and lone?

Could man but see what ye have seen,
  Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been,
  The glance how rich, the range how vast!
The birth of time—the rise, the fall
  Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships—all
  The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw rapt Zoroaster send
  His soul into your mystic reign;
Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend—
  The living hills his mighty fane!
Beneath his blue and beaming sky
  He worshipped at your lofty shrine,

And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of a mortal sire!
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and flood, and flame,
All Nature's ills (and Life's worst woes),
Are naught to you—ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay, there ye roll—emblems sublime
Of Him, whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world he loves;
Nor is one scene to mortals given,
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of heaven—
Yon burning blazonry of God!

Rufus Choate.

BORN in Essex, Mass., 1799. DIED at Halifax, N. S., 1859.

THE ELOQUENCE OF REVOLUTIONARY PERIODS.

[*Lecture delivered in* 1857.—*Addresses and Orations of Rufus Choate.* 1878.]

IF you bear in mind that the aim of deliberative eloquence is to persuade to an action, and that to persuade to an action it must be shown that to perform it will gratify some one of the desires or affections or sentiments,—you may call them, altogether, *passions*,—which are the springs of all action, some love of our own happiness, some love of our country, some love of man, some love of honor, some approval of our own conscience, some fear or some love of God, you see *that* eloquence will be characterized,—first, by the nature of the actions to which it persuades; secondly, by the nature of the desire or affection or sentiment,—the nature of the passion, in other words,—by appeal to which it seeks to persuade to the action; and then, I say, that the capital peculiarity of the eloquence of all times of revolution, as I have described revolution, is that the actions it persuades to are the highest and most heroic which men can do, and the passions it would inspire, in order to persuade to them, are the most lofty which man can feel.

"High actions and high passions,"—such are Milton's words,—high actions through and by high passions; these are the end and these the means of the orator of the revolution.

Hence are his topics large, simple, intelligible, affecting. Hence are his views broad, impressive, popular; no trivial details, no wire-woven developments, no subtle distinctions and drawing of fine lines about the boundaries of ideas, no speculation, no ingenuity; all is elemental, comprehensive, intense, practical, unqualified, undoubting. It is not of the small things of minor and instrumental politics he comes to speak, or men come to hear. It is not to speak or to hear about permitting an Athenian citizen to change his tribe; about permitting the Roman Knights to have jurisdiction of trials equally with the Senate; it is not about allowing a £10 house-holder to vote for a member of Parliament; about duties on indigo, or onion-seed, or even tea.

"That strain you hear is of an higher mood."

It is the rallying cry of patriotism, of liberty, in the sublimest crisis of of the State,—of man. It is a deliberation of empire, of glory, of existence on which they come together. To be or not to be,—that is the question. Shall the children of the men of Marathon become slaves of Philip? Shall the majesty of the senate and people of Rome stoop to wear the chains forging by the military executors of the will of Julius Cæsar? Shall the assembled representatives of France, just waking from her sleep of ages to claim the rights of man,—shall they disperse, their work undone, their work just commencing; and shall they disperse at the order of the king? or shall the messenger be bid to go, in the thunder-tones of Mirabeau,—and tell his master that "we sit here to do the will of our constituents, and that we will not be moved from these seats but by the point of the bayonet?" Shall Ireland bound upward from her long prostration, and cast from her the last link of the British chain, and shall she advance "from injuries to arms, from arms to liberty," from liberty to glory?

Shall the thirteen Colonies become, and be, free and independent States, and come unabashed, unterrified, an equal, into the majestic assembly of the nations? These are the thoughts with which all bosoms are distended and oppressed. Filled with these, with these flashing in every eye, swelling every heart, pervading electric all ages, all orders, like a visitation, "an unquenchable public fire," men come together,—the thousands of Athens around the Bema, or in the Temple of Dionysius,—the people of Rome in the forum, the Senate in that council-chamber of the world,—the masses of France, as the spring-tide, into her gardens of the Tuileries, her club-rooms, her hall of the convention,—the representatives, the genius, the grace, the beauty of Ireland into the Tuscan

Gallery of her House of Commons,—the delegates of the Colonies into the Hall of Independence at Philadelphia,—thus men come, in an hour of revolution, to hang upon the lips from which they hope, they need, they demand, to hear the things which belong to their national salvation, hungering for the bread of life.

And then and thus comes the orator of that time, kindling with their fire; sympathizing with that great beating heart; penetrated, not subdued; lifted up rather by a sublime and rare moment of history made real to his consciousness; charged with the very mission of life, yet unassured whether they will hear or will forbear; transcendent good within their grasp, yet a possibility that the fatal and critical opportunity of salvation will be wasted; the last evil of nations and of men overhanging, yet the siren song of peace—peace when there is no peace—chanted madly by some voice of sloth or fear,—there and thus the orators of revolutions come to work their work! And what then is demanded, and how it is to be done, you all see; and that in some of the characteristics of their eloquence they must all be alike. *Actions*, not law or policy, whose growth and fruits are to be slowly evolved by time and calm; actions daring, doubtful but instant; the new things of a new world,—these are what the speaker counsels; large, elementary, gorgeous ideas of right, of equality, of independence, of liberty, of progress through convulsion,—these are the principles from which he reasons, when he reasons,—these are the pinions of the thought on which he soars and stays; and then the primeval and indestructible sentiments of the breast of man,—his sense of right, his estimation of himself, his sense of honor, his love of fame, his triumph and his joy in the dear name of country, the trophies that tell of the past, the hopes that gild and herald her dawn,—these are the springs of action to which he appeals,—these are the chords his fingers sweep, and from which he draws out the troubled music, "solemn as death, serene as the undying confidence of patriotism," to which he would have the battalions of the people march! Directness, plainness, a narrow range of topics, few details, few but grand ideas, a headlong tide of sentiment and feeling; vehement, indignant, and reproachful reasonings,—winged general maxims of wisdom and life; an example from Plutarch; a pregnant sentence of Tacitus; thoughts going forth as ministers of nature in robes of light, and with arms in their hands; thoughts that breathe and words that burn,—these vaguely, approximately, express the general type of all this speech.

WEBSTER AS A STATESMAN.

[*Eulogy on Daniel Webster. Pronounced at Dartmouth College,* 1853.—*From the Same.*]

IT was while Mr. Webster was ascending through the long gradations of the legal profession to its highest rank, that by a parallel series of display on a stage, and in parts totally distinct, by other studies, thoughts, and actions, he rose also to be at his death the first of American statesmen. The last of the mighty rivals was dead before, and he stood alone. Give this aspect also of his greatness a passing glance. His public life began in May, 1813, in the House of Representatives in Congress, to which this State had elected him. It ended when he died. If you except the interval between his removal from New Hampshire and his election in Massachusetts, it was a public life of forty years. By what political morality, and by what enlarged patriotism, embracing the whole country, that life was guided, I shall consider hereafter. Let me now fix your attention rather on the magnitude and variety and actual value of the service. Consider that from the day he went upon the Committee of Foreign Relations, in 1813, in time of war, and more and more, the longer he lived and the higher he rose, he was a man whose great talents and devotion to public duty placed and kept him in a position of associated or sole command; command in the political connection to which he belonged, command in opposition, command in power; and appreciate the responsibilities which that implies, what care, what prudence, what mastery of the whole ground,—exacting for the conduct of a party, as Gibbon says of Fox, abilities and civil discretion equal to the conduct of an empire. Consider the work he did in that life of forty years—the range of subjects investigated and discussed; composing the whole theory and practice of our organic and administrative politics, foreign and domestic: the vast body of instructive thought he produced and put in possession of the country; how much he achieved in Congress as well as at the bar, to fix the true interpretation, as well as to impress the transcendent value of the Constitution itself, as much altogether as any jurist or statesman since its adoption; how much to establish in the general mind the great doctrine that the government of the United States is a government proper, established by the people of the States, not a compact between sovereign communities,—that within its limits it is supreme, and that whether it is within its limits or not, in any given exertion of itself, is to be determined by the Supreme Court of the United States—the ultimate arbiter in the last resort—from which there is no appeal but to revolution; how much he did in the course of the discussions which grew out of the proposed mission to Panama, and, at a later day, out of the removal of the deposits, to place the executive de-

partment of the government on its true basis, and under its true limitations; to secure to that department all its just powers on the one hand, and on the other hand to vindicate to the legislative department, and especially to the Senate, all that belong to them; to arrest the tendencies which he thought at one time threatened to substitute the government of a single will, of a single person of great force of character and boundless popularity, and of a numerical majority of the people, told by the head, without intermediate institutions of any kind, judicial or senatorial, in place of the elaborate system of checks and balances, by which the Constitution aimed at a government of laws, and not of men; how much, attracting less popular attention, but scarcely less important, to complete the great work which experience had shown to be left unfinished by the judiciary act of 1789, by providing for the punishment of all crimes against the United States; how much for securing a safe currency and a true financial system, not only by the promulgation of sound opinions, but by good specific measures adopted, or bad ones defeated; how much to develop the vast material resources of the country, and to push forward the planting of the West—not troubled by any fear of exhausting old States—by a liberal policy of public lands, by vindicating the constitutional power of Congress to make or aid in making large classes of internal improvements, and by acting on that doctrine uniformly from 1813, whenever a road was to be built, or a rapid suppressed, or a canal to be opened, or a breakwater or a light-house set up above or below the flow of the tide, if so far beyond the ability of a single State, or of so wide utility to commerce and labor as to rise to the rank of a work general in its influences—another tie of union because another proof of the beneficence of union; how much to protect the vast mechanical and manufacturing interests of the country, a value of many hundreds of millions—after having been lured into existence against his counsels, against his science of political economy, by a policy of artificial encouragement—from being sacrificed, and the pursuits and plans of large regions and communities broken up, and the acquired skill of the country squandered by a sudden and capricious withdrawal of the promise of the government; how much for the right performance of the most delicate and difficult of all tasks, the ordering of the foreign affairs of a nation, free, sensitive, self-conscious, recognizing, it is true, public law and a morality of the State, binding on the conscience of the State, yet aspiring to power, eminence, and command, its whole frame filled full and all on fire with American feeling, sympathetic with liberty everywhere—how much for the right ordering of the foreign affairs of such a State—aiming in all his policy, from his speech on the Greek question in 1823, to his letters to M. Hulsemann in 1850, to occupy the high, plain, yet dizzy ground which separates influence from intervention, to avow and promulgate warm

good-will to humanity, wherever striving to be free, to inquire authentically into the history of its struggles, to take official and avowed pains to ascertain the moment when its success may be recognized, consistently, ever, with the great code that keeps the peace of the world, abstaining from everything that shall give any nation a right under the law of nations to utter one word of complaint, still less to retaliate by war—the sympathy, but also the neutrality, of Washington—how much to compose with honor a concurrence of difficulties with the first power in the world, which anything less than the highest degree of discretion, firmness, ability, and means of commanding respect and confidence at home and abroad would inevitably have conducted to the last calamity—a disputed boundary line of many hundred miles, from the St. Croix to the Rocky Mountains, which divided an exasperated and impracticable border population, enlisted the pride and affected the interests and controlled the politics of particular States, as well as pressed on the peace and honor of the nation, which the most popular administrations of the era of the quietest and best public feelings, the times of Monroe and of Jackson, could not adjust; which had grown so complicated with other topics of excitement that one false step, right or left, would have been a step down a precipice—this line settled forever—the claim of England to search our ships for the suppression of the slave-trade silenced forever, and a new engagement entered into by treaty, binding the national faith to contribute a specific naval force for putting an end to the great crime of man—the long practice of England to enter an American ship and impress from its crew, terminated forever; the deck henceforth guarded sacredly and completely by the flag—how much by profound discernment, by eloquent speech, by devoted life to strengthen the ties of Union, and breathe the fine and strong spirit of nationality through all our numbers—how much, most of all, last of all, after the war with Mexico, needless if his counsels had governed, had ended in so vast an acquisition of territory, in presenting to the two great antagonistic sections of our country so vast an area to enter on, so imperial a prize to contend for, and the accursed fraternal strife had begun—how much then, when rising to the measure of a true and difficult and rare greatness, remembering that he had a country to save as well as a local constituency to gratify, laying all the wealth, all the hopes, of an illustrious life on the altar of a hazardous patriotism, he sought and won the more exceeding glory which now attends—which in the next age shall more conspicuously attend—his name who composes an agitated and saves a sinking land—recall this series of conduct and influences, study them carefully in their facts and results—the reading of years—and you attain to a true appreciation of this aspect of his greatness—his public character and life.

THE NATION'S ORATOR.

[*From the Same Eulogy.*]

LET the downward age of America find its orators and poets and artists to erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying; be it ours to go up with Webster to the rock, the monument, the capitol, and bid "the distant generations hail!"

In this connection remark, somewhat more generally, to how extraordinary an extent he had by his acts, words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us, with every historical incident, or at least with every historical epoch; with every policy; with every glory; with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown; to the various scenes of colonial life in peace and war; to the opening and march and close of the revolutionary drama,—to the age of the Constitution; to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson; to the whole train of causes from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be Republicans; to that other train of causes which led us to be Unionists,—look round on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed, and protected,—look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common beam and swelling a common harmony,—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America.

We seem to see his form and hear his deep grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness;" our encircling ocean; the resting-place of the Pilgrims; our new-born sister of the Pacific; our popular assemblies; our free schools; all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and material policy and law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on; what subject of American interest will you study; what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge that it does not recall him?

Amasa Walker.

Born in Woodstock, Conn., 1799. Died at North Brookfield, Mass., 1875.

A CONSISTENT PROTECTIVE-TARIFF IMPRACTICABLE IN A DEMOCRACY.

[*The Science of Wealth. Third Edition.* 1867.]

THAT great caution and forbearance are necessary, in removing even a false institution, is not a maxim which economy has to teach politics.

And here we come face to face with the great practical difficulty of protection in our country; that which, if all its principles were triumphantly proved in general reasoning, should still throw it out of our legislation. If it were proved harmless, if it were proved beneficial, there is a strong reason against ever attempting to realize it here. That difficulty resides in the varying politics of our country. Injurious as protection is to the best interests of the country, any system of it, however severe, would be preferable to the "open-and-shut" policy, absolutely unavoidable in a government like ours. It is not within the bounds of reason to suppose that the alternate successes of parties will not continue to convulse our national legislation; and therefore it is with emphasis true, that a consistent system of protection is only possible in a government with great conservative force and great central powers. A representative body, embracing the most opposite interests, swayed by such influences and intrigues as notoriously possess such an organization, and changed in all its parts every few years, is not the place in which to adjust accurately and dispassionately the economical parts of a nation, and distribute the agencies of production.

It is our felicity, that our well-being does not depend on such counsels, but that great Nature has fixed the forces of industry in perfect harmony, and to the most beneficent ends. . . . .

We see that the important fact of our condition is unequalled agricultural power. Possessing such an advantage, with an active, enlightened, and enterprising population, and an industry perfectly untrammelled, we should naturally become the granary of the world, and create, as a certain consequence, the most extensive and powerful commercial and naval marine on the globe. We should secure, by sea and land, a greater power to give help to friends, or hurt to foes, than any other people, and should rapidly attain our best national condition.

We should have, not only the most profitable, but the most salutary industry, as favorable to the acquisition of unlimited wealth as to a sound physical development and high moral culture. We should have

manufactures, also, in their spontaneous growth. They would arise—they were arising previous to any tariff—as fast as the best interests of the country required them.

States and sections, like New England, would naturally and profitably undertake manufactures, because they have a thinner soil, a denser population, and a larger capital relatively, than others. Such regions would be the workshops of the nation, while the prairies of the West, and the rich uplands of the Middle States would be the nation's farms.

What manufactures arise of themselves should be welcomed, for they come in obedience to natural laws; they are founded on extraordinary facilities, on high natural protection, on local necessities. But we bind the swelling thews of the youth when we endeavor to force on America the industry of Europe. We grow enough every year to cover some of the kingdoms of the old world. Every year's growth stretches over and appropriates some country, fertile as the plains of the Nile, and bearing every manner of precious or useful ore. Here is our destiny. This is our wealth.

Grenville Mellen.

Born in Biddeford, Me., 1799. Died in New York, N. Y., 1841.

THE BUGLE.

[*The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and Other Poems.* 1833.]

O WILD enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls on echo there,
Till a new melody is born;—

Wake, wake again! the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon,
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay.

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old, remembered shout.

Oh, have ye heard that peal
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have ye, in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go! no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound.

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